

REAL **COLD-HEARTED MOUNTAIN MURDERER** WHO KILLED A FAMILY IN THE REMOTE FRENCH ALPS?

CRIME



Shocking new interview

“WHY DID YOU KILL MY DAUGHTER?”

**Melanie Road's mother is stonewalled
by a killer hiding more dark secrets**

SKYDIVE SABOTAGE

A few simple snips cut her
love rival out of his life



BRIGHT LIGHT CITY BLOODSHED

Minute-by-minute, how a Las
Vegas gig became a bloodbath

Future



**30
YEARS OF
HARD TIME**

Prison screw's
close calls



**GLAMOUR
AND GORE**



**BOSSING THE
CHICAGO OUTLAWS**



**WHERE DID HE
PUT HER BODY?**

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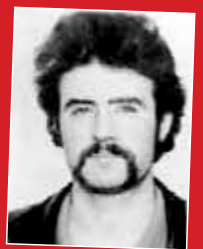
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Detective Monthly

DECEMBER 2017

**DID IRISH WIFE
MURDER HUSBAND
ON CHRISTMAS EVE?**

**"STILL A
DANGER
TO THE
PUBLIC"**



**The Man Who
Killed Candice, 13**

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Killer Sold
Victims As
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**The Skull
That
Trapped
A Wife-
Killer**



**DID JUDY HAVE
HUBBY
SHOT
THROUGH
THE EYES?**



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WELCOME

For the bereft family of the victims no murder can ever have a truly satisfactory conclusion. But at least in the case of the 1984 murder of Melanie Road there's been almost total closure, following decades without a hint of a possible breakthrough. Though the capture of her killer won't bring Melanie back, her mother and siblings have lived to see Christopher Hampton being put away for the rest of his life. And for detective Julie Mackay, her tenacity and sheer belief in her own instincts have paid off with a career-making crime bust. We've spoken to both DCI

Mackay and Jean Road in our cover feature on page 14. A question still remains though: Melanie's murder was sexually motivated and exceptionally brutal, but Hampton went on to lead a normal life without raising any suspicion. The profile of a psychopathic killer doesn't match well with this husband and father, unless he's committed other serious crimes. Could there be more cold case murder files that Hampton could shed some light on?

BEN BIGGS
EDITOR



A tent covers the place where Melanie Road's body was found after she was brutally murdered and raped

CORRECTION

On page 22 of issue 30, we wrote that Christine Hart "falsely accused Brady of sexually assaulting her": Christine Hart never accused Brady of this. We apologise for any stress caused by this statement.



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CONTRIBUTORS



ROBERT MURPHY

An award-winning correspondent for *ITV News* based in Bristol, Robert has reported on well-known crimes such as the murders of Joanna Yeates, Sian O'Callaghan, Melanie Road and Melanie Hall. His first-hand experience of the Melanie Road case makes him the ideal writer for our cover feature on page 14.



DR. CHARLIE OUGHTON

Charlie is a broadcaster, author, lecturer and journalist specialising in taboo (particularly serial killers), horror and gender studies. He's written about Harvey Glatman this issue, the fake photographer who lured his glamour model victims to bondage and death. Read it on page 24.



TANITA MATTHEWS

Tanita has a background in reporting and newspaper journalism and, as *Real Crime's* resident staffer, she's had a hand in multiple parts of the magazine. On page 32 Tanita meets two women living in witness protection after their husbands, the Flores brothers, turned on cartel boss El Chapo.



CATHERINE CURZON

Catherine is a historian with an interest in classic crimes, who specialises in the 18th century. She has an extensive list of credits and is currently working on her fifth non-fiction work, cataloguing grisly royal deaths. Catherine has put together the Breakthrough case of a deathbed confession that went wrong on page 66.



SETH FERRANTI

Seth began his career in journalism after serving 21 years of his 25-year sentence for an LSD kingpin conviction. He is now free and writes regularly for *Real Crime* magazine. On page 76 he's spoken to 'Big Pete' James, former boss of the Chicago Outlaws, on leading a notorious motorcycle club.



JOANNA ELPHICK

Jo is an academic lawyer and lecturer specialising in criminal law, forensics, crime and deviance. She has created courses and given talks on subjects like Jack the Ripper. Her book *Murderous East Anglia* is available on Amazon. Jo gives killer Joran van der Sloot the trial he never had on page 58.

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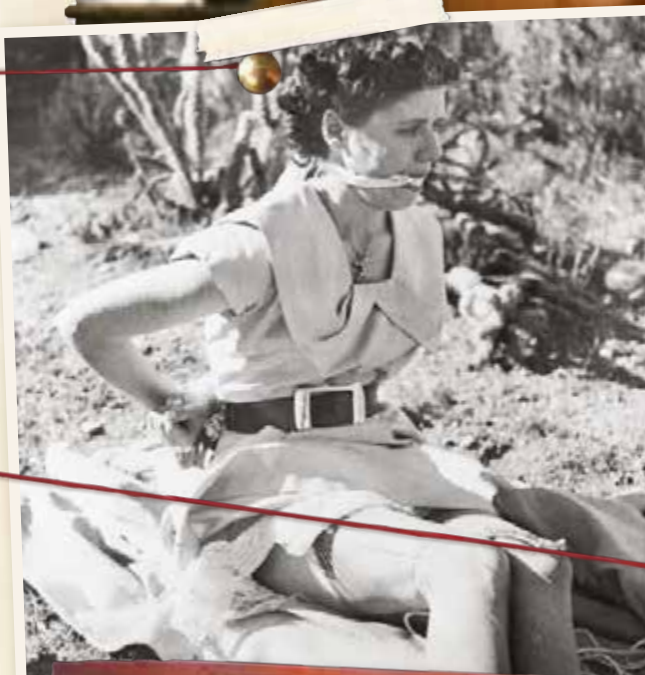
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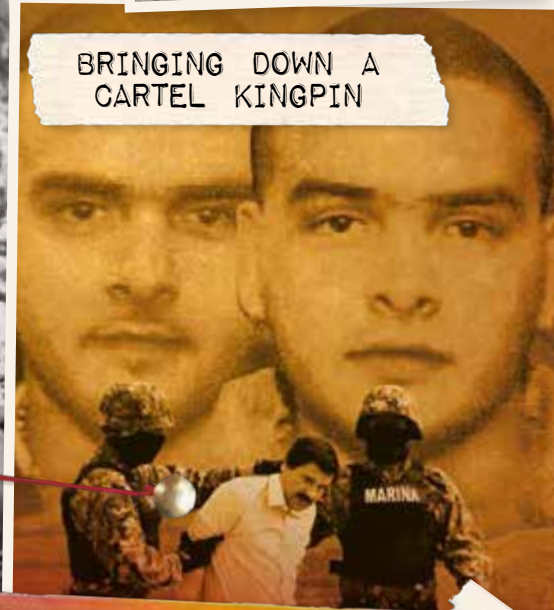
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66 DEATHBED CONFESSION GOES WRONG

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BRINGING DOWN A
CARTEL KINGPIN



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In the unwritten 'Idiot's guide to getting away with robbery' not posting pictures of yourself in the act online and boasting about it is rule number one

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CALIFORNIA, USA, 13 JANUARY 1994

DEADLOCK FOR DEADLY DUO

Charged with killing both their parents, brothers Lyle and Erik Menendez stare unwaveringly as the jury remained deadlocked in the original trial of the century

Erik and Lyle Menendez sat in silence as two juries (one per defendant) announced they had failed to reach a decision over the guilt of the brothers in the murder of their parents Jose and Kitty Menendez. The couple had been brutally slain at the family's multimillion-dollar home in Beverley Hills in August 1989.

After a lavish spending spree as orphans, the brothers were finally arrested and sent to trial. Erik had confessed the murder to a psychologist before their arrest, so the question was not if

they had killed their parents; it was why they had done it.

Court TV televised what would be the first of two trials. After allegations of the brothers suffering sexual abuse at the hands of their parents, the drama peaked when the two juries were deadlocked. The foreman revealed that the two sides had refused to budge on their decisions since deliberations began three weeks ago. Male jurors favoured a guilty verdict, whereas the female jurors stood by a not guilty verdict due to

the argument by the brothers' attorneys that the attack had been in self-defence.

Los Angeles County District Attorney Gil Garcetti announced that Erik and Lyle, who were by this point 23 and 26 years old respectively, would be retried. The second trial, which was less publicised, resulted in the brothers being found guilty of two counts of first-degree murder and conspiracy to commit murder. They were later sentenced to life in prison without the possibility of parole.



UZYNAGASH, KAZAKHSTAN, DECEMBER 1980

LEFTOVERS OF METAL FANG'S LAST MEAL

After discovering a cannibal operating in the area, police found some shocking evidence about a seemingly ordinary man to sink their teeth into

When police searched the home of Nikolai Dzhumagaliev they dreaded what they might find hidden away among his possessions. They had arrested Dzhumagaliev on suspicion of murder, but it soon became clear that the man had more than just murder on his mind. Police had been alerted and called to his home in Uzynagash, Kazakhstan, after two friends had been invited back to Dzhumagaliev's home for 'snacks', where they found the head and intestines of a woman on the kitchen counter ready for cooking.

Dzhumagaliev's cannibalistic ways, police soon discovered, involved luring a young woman to his favoured spot – a dark and desolate corner of the town near a riverbank. Concealed, he would use this opportunity to stab and rape her, often sexually assaulting the stab wounds, before butchering the victim with the tools that he carried with him. The body was then taken home to be eaten.

With the desired parts of the cadaver carved and cooked, he would invite his friends over to unknowingly feast with him on the flesh of the freshly killed victim. The media dubbed him 'Metal Fang' due to the white metal dentures that had been affixed after his original teeth had been knocked out in a fight.

After months of investigation, police gathered enough evidence to secure seven murder charges against him. A previous diagnosis of schizophrenia meant he was found not guilty by reason of insanity. He was sent for compulsory treatment at a closed mental hospital in Tashkent, Uzbekistan.







CALIFORNIA, USA, 23 MAY 2014

ELLIOT RODGER'S DAY OF RETRIBUTION

Elliot Rodger's desire for revenge on those he felt had snubbed him resulted in a mass killing California would never forget

Officers from the Santa Barbara County Sheriff's Office were called to a total of 17 crime scenes following a killing spree by a sexually frustrated gunman determined to make the young men and women of California pay for his social inadequacy. What they found were the casualties of a killer's cold 'revenge'.

For months 22-year-old Elliot Rodger had been recording a series of Youtube videos venting his rage at the beautiful young women of California who overlooked him as a partner and the young men who he believed stole their attentions, leaving Rodger to endure "loneliness, rejection and unfulfilled desires".

Seething with anger, he posted one last rambling video on Youtube and sent a 107,000-word manifesto titled *My Twisted World: The Story of Elliot*

Rodger to several people before he launched a cold-blooded assault on Santa Barbara.

Rodger stabbed and shot 20 young adults, preying on those who "looked down" at him and treated him as an "inferior man". Rodger was found dead in his car following the attack that killed six students from Santa Barbara's University of California campus.

Three of the fatalities – George Chen, Cheng Yuan 'James' Hong and Weihan 'David' Wang – were found at Rodger's apartment. The remaining fatalities – Katherine Cooper, Christopher Michaels-Martinez and Veronika Weiss – were found outside the Alpha Phi sorority house and inside the Isla Vista Deli Mart. The victims had suffered a catalogue of horrific injuries ranging from a single gunshot to the chest to 94 stab wounds.



BRISTOL, UK, 7 JULY 2016

“IT’S MURDER ISN’T IT?”

Avon and Somerset Police were called by a drunken killer who, through slurred words, admitted he had slain his neighbour but claimed diminished responsibility

Heavily intoxicated, 56-year-old Jeffrey Barry, a paranoid schizophrenic with a history of mental illness, climbed the stairs of the apartment building where he rented a second-floor flat in Bristol and knocked on a neighbour's door. It was 1.30am, but his neighbour Kamil Ahmad, a Kurdish refugee well known to Barry, answered the door. Once inside the flat Barry launched a horrendous attack on the victim, stabbing him 25 times in the face and eyes before further mutilating the body by slicing off the victim's penis. After 45 minutes inside the flat Barry re-emerged covered in blood. This had been recorded on CCTV. He then phoned Avon and Somerset Police announcing his crime.

Speaking to the emergency call handler, Barry falsely claimed that the victim was a rapist and a terrorist, before telling the man on the other end of the phone, “He’s dead now. It’s murder isn’t it? I’m going to say diminished responsibility.”

Just hours beforehand Barry had been released from a mental hospital where he had been sectioned under the Mental Health Act the previous month. A mental health tribunal declared that he be released from their care after he promised not to drink or take drugs, despite the arguments of psychiatrists that he was not fit to be discharged. Barry spent several hours in a pub consuming almost a litre of rum before returning home and stabbing Ahmad to death. After a two-week trial at Bristol Crown Court Barry was unanimously found guilty of murder.



WHY DID YOU KILL MY DAUGHTER?

MELANIE ROAD WAS STABBED AND RAPED ON A SUMMER'S NIGHT IN 1984. IT TOOK OVER 30 YEARS AND A DEDICATED TEAM TO CRACK THE CASE, BUT WAS HERS THE ONLY FAMILY DEPRIVED OF A DAUGHTER BY HER KILLER?

WORDS ROBERT MURPHY



The car drove through the streets of historic Bath, England, past pavements packed with tourists enjoying the early evening summer sun. Its radio could easily have been playing the UK number one chart song of June 1984, *Two Tribes* by Frankie Goes To Hollywood. If a news bulletin had interrupted the music, it might have broadcast reports of increasing tensions between striking miners and Margaret Thatcher's government: there had been fights outside the Houses of Parliament just days before. More than 3 million people were jobless.

None of these events would have been bothering 17-year-old Melanie Road though, who was in the front passenger seat. She had so much to look forward to. Her teachers said she was bright and hard-working; one more year to go, and if her results went as expected, perhaps she would have her choice of universities next summer. Melanie Road was young, she was clever, and she was beautiful. She was meeting friends for a night out.

Melanie asked her mother, Jean, to drop her in Queen Square. They pulled up in front of the Francis Hotel, which welcomed visitors in an old-fashioned, luxurious way. "Melanie got out of the car," Jean Road remembered. "She said, 'Look, there's a red carpet laid out for me. What a way to go.' Those were her last words. We didn't see her again until she was dead."

Within 12 hours Melanie Road would be the victim of a frantic, psychopathic knife attack and receive 26 stab wounds, and in an act of ultimate depravity her killer would rape her twice as she lay dying.

Three hours after the attack a milkman and his ten-year-old son were on their rounds when they made the discovery that would destroy Jean Road's life and strike fear into the hearts of every parent and teenager in Bath. Melanie Road was found next to garages in St Stephen's Court, just 100 metres from her home.

In the only interview Jean Road has ever given to a reporter, she said, "We realised that Melanie hadn't slept in her bed on the Saturday morning. The next thing I heard

BIO | JULIE MACKAY



DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR

Julie Mackay started with Avon and Somerset Police in 1988 and worked her way up to the rank of DCI. She headed the cold case team while also working on live investigations. She has now transferred to Gloucestershire Police. She later said of the Melanie Road case, "I'm so proud to be the person responsible for getting him to court and bringing him to justice."

BIO | GARY MASON



CASE REVIEW CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION OFFICER

Gary Mason set up Avon and Somerset Police's Cold Case team in 2003. He retired as a detective sergeant in 2008 and returned as a civilian employee working in the review team. He described the Melanie Road murder as one of his two big cases. The other was the murder of a Bristol nightclubber, Jenny King, who died in 1998.

was the loudspeaker calling out 'Melanie'. My husband and I just looked at each other. I ran to the window and there was a police officer's car going past, and he was calling out 'Melanie' - that's all I heard. I opened the front door and ran after the car, banging on the boot. 'Please stop, please stop'.

"He stopped, and he said, 'what did you want?' I said, 'We have a daughter Melanie, and she hasn't come home.'"

Melanie's keyring with her name on it had been found lying on a wall near her body. "I got into the car and he took me back to the house. And that's when all hell let loose, and I knew my daughter was never coming back again. And our whole life was taken over by this horrible deed. Melanie did not deserve that. Nobody deserves what happened to her."

FINDING A KILLER

The murder of Melanie Road hit the tourist city of Bath like a blood-stained thunderbolt. It prompted a media frenzy, as correspondents and comment writers were dispatched from Fleet Street to report on the city that was 'gripped with fear'.

The lead detective, Malcolm 'Ginger' Hughes, assembled a team of officers and police staff in an operation that would later be codenamed 'Rhodium'. The decisions detectives made in June 1984 would lead to the killer's capture 30 years later, in ways that none of them could have possibly understood at the time.

They had clues: Melanie had put up a fight, and the killer had been cut with his own knife. Police and forensic teams found a blood trail that led from Melanie's body down the gentle hill of St Stephen's Road and then descended a steep, curving flight of stone steps into Camden Crescent. The blood spots stopped soon after that. Forensic officers worked for three weeks swabbing the trail, working out which samples were from the victim and which were from the killer.

Forensic scientists analysed the killer's blood. The murderer and Melanie were both Group A, but a more detailed analysis showed the killer had a rare protein pattern in their blood. Only three per cent of the

LEFT Melanie Road was a 17-year-old A-Level student who lived with her mother and father in Bath. They had only moved to the city two years earlier, and her mother said Melanie loved it more than anywhere she'd lived before

TOP RIGHT A team of detectives and police staff was assembled for Operation Rhodium. They made meticulous notes of the house-to-house enquiries in which they questioned hundreds of people

MURDER IN BATH

This girl was murdered in Bath in the early hours of SATURDAY 9th JUNE 1984



Melanie Anne Road
17 yrs, 5' 7", fair hair, wearing a black woollen cardigan, navy blue trousers that finish just below the knee and light-coloured slip-on shoes. She was carrying a black leather clasp purse.

1. Did you know Melanie?
2. Could you have seen her Friday evening or early Saturday morning (8th/9th June 1984)?
3. Were you in or near the Broad Street or Lansdown Road area between 1 am — 6 am Saturday 9th June 1984?

Bath Police need your help.
All information is useful.
Please call at

BATH POLICE STATION
PHONE BATH 60943

Headlines told of Melanie's grim fate. The murder stunned the city of Bath and led to parents and teenagers worrying about safety after dark



Television reconstructions were broadcast in the aftermath and in subsequent years. It was after one on the 25th anniversary of the murder when a new witness came forward

male population had this. It would be years before DNA developments meant forensics were capable of positively identifying a killer, but even back in 1984 police had this unusual evidence, which allowed detectives to eliminate suspects very quickly.

And elimination was something the investigation team was doing a lot of. An area was specified for house-to-house enquiries: all men in that zone were asked where they had been and what they had been doing in the early hours of 9 June 1984. This was backed up by an exhaustive filing system, and Malcolm Hughes insisted on perfect records of the house-to-house enquiries.

The country had been appalled by the brutality of Melanie's murder. There were national television appeals, posters in nightclubs, reconstructions. Detectives were making arrests – 94 men were held within the first 12 months. All were released without charge as samples of their blood were taken and they were eliminated.

The days started to pass. Despite the determination of Malcolm Hughes and his team with their house-to-house enquiries, their questions, their media campaigns and their blood analysis, there were no breakthroughs.

Those days became weeks, and the inquiry team was reduced as those weeks became months and eventually years. Melanie Road's case was reviewed every so often. Yes, there had been developments and improvements in forensic

science, but the years became decades, and Melanie's killer still eluded police – and justice.

A NEW PAIR OF EYES

It was in 2009, a quarter of a century after Melanie's murder, when Detective Chief Inspector Julie Mackay was transferred to Avon and Somerset Police's review team. She had heard about Melanie's case, but this was her first direct involvement in it. "It was mesmerising. It was all-absorbing. Solvable. I always had a gut instinct that I was going to solve it," she said.

"I sat at my desk, and I went back to day one. I went back to what would be called 'policy files' today. They were called 'decision logs'. It's like stepping back in time and understanding: what did they do then in policing? How did they investigate? Had they done everything? Is there anything new today that we could have used then and didn't use? It was so thorough. All those statements, every little detail of it was recorded. I started reading. I was fascinated."

"OUR WHOLE LIFE WAS TAKEN OVER BY THIS HORRIBLE DEED. MELANIE DIDN'T DESERVE THAT. NOBODY DESERVES WHAT HAPPENED TO HER"



Melanie's keys were found on a wall next to her body. They were the first lead police had as to who the murder victim was

DCI Mackay also met Melanie's mother Jean and brother Adrian. By then they had resigned themselves to never seeing justice. "To see that even after 25 years, that they were still living with it day-in, day-out – just understanding it from their perspective was humbling. I said to Adrian, 'I'm going to find him.' And he said, 'Julie, you're probably the seventh senior officer that's walked in the door. And you're the first one I believe. But I don't want to talk to you anymore about it, because mentally and emotionally I can't cope with this rollercoaster ride. So don't talk to me again until you've got some news.'"

But already there was new life in this old investigation, and on the 25th anniversary of Melanie Road's death, detectives had arranged for a special report to be shown on the BBC's *Crimewatch*.

DESCRIPTION OF A KILLER

It would take nine months for a man who saw that television appeal to summon up the courage to call detectives. This witness had assumed Melanie's murder had been solved. He had seen Melanie out in the early hours of 9 June 1984 and remembered a man with her. The man was around 30 years old and had mousey hair. He was a little taller than the witness, and the witness was completely convinced he had seen this phantom in Bath at least two times previously.

Descriptions were one thing, but DNA was the key. The team knew the only way they could place a suspect at the scene was if his blood matched the sample trailing away from St Stephen's Court.

ABOVE The garages in St Stephen's Court where Melanie's body was found are in the Landsown suburb of Bath, just north of some of the city's finest Georgian streets

INSET After Melanie's keys were found by police on the wall, they used a loudhailer to shout her name. That was when Jean Road realised her daughter could be in grave danger

There had been many developments in DNA science since the original investigation, and forensic scientists were now able to make 'familial' DNA matches. This meant they did not need Melanie's killer to have his DNA on the database – they would get an alert if a blood relative was on it.

DCI Julie Mackay was given funding for a 'round' of familial testing in 2011. She had been to police conferences where they boasted of the merits of familial DNA testing. Her expectations were high. "Everyone I visited around the country, and the people I got help from, said, 'Oh, it always works, it's great this familial stuff,' and we were quite convinced from that first round that we would get a result."

DCI Mackay and her team awaited the results from the labs – results that would see their hopes dashed. Neither the killer nor a relative were on the database.

The investigation continued. Working with DCI Mackay was Gary Mason, a retired detective sergeant who had set up Avon and Somerset Police's Cold Case unit years earlier. Together they reviewed the initial investigation and had a list of possible names. But the list from the 1980s card index was huge – 12,500 names. Could the killer be one of these? They started slowly, laboriously inputting these names on the national Holmes police database. It was an effort that would take 12 months.

DCI Mackay and Mr Mason spent months applying a 'matrix' to these names, working out which were more likely to be the killer. This reduced the long list to 8,500 men. And then they started swabbing people for DNA samples.

HAMPTON'S BLOODY ATTACK

CHRISTOPHER HAMPTON WENT INTO THE NIGHT ARMED WITH A KNIFE. HE USED IT TO STAB MELANIE AFTER SHE PASSED HIM ON THE STREET

STAB WOUNDS TO RIGHT CHEST

Most of the fatal wounds Melanie suffered were to her right chest. Detectives thought her killer was left-handed, although this proved to be incorrect.

CUTS TO STOMACH

The savagery of Hampton's stabbing continued. Melanie suffered four more cuts to her abdomen of varying depths.

CUTS TO NECK

Hampton stabbed his 17-year-old victim in the right side of her neck. Hampton's violence has led police to wonder if he killed or raped before or after Melanie.

BACK STAB

Most of the stab wounds were to Melanie's front, but Hampton also attacked her rear, stabbing her five times in her back.

GRAZED ARMS

Melanie was pushed, pulled and raped, and Hampton grazed her arms in the attack.

BRUISES TO THE LEG

Hampton also grabbed and squeezed Melanie's left leg. He raped her twice as she lay dying.

“THE WITNESS WAS COMPLETELY CONVINCED HE HAD SEEN THIS PHANTOM IN BATH AT LEAST TWO TIMES PREVIOUSLY”

Some of the names were of men who had died. Mr Mason had the delicate task of asking close family members for samples – in case their late loved one was the faceless killer of Melanie Road. They had leads from psychics, deathbed confessions that proved to be lies and alibis that proved to be false. Over the years the cold case team would eliminate 2,500 men – but they still couldn't uncover a killer.

Who was the murderer? What had he been doing for all these years? Had he indeed died and taken his bloody secret to his grave? Had he fled? Or was he alive, spending his days smiling at his friends and family, while inside he guarded a dark past?

THE BREAKTHROUGH BEGINS

It was a broken necklace that provided the missing link in the chain. Two things happened: an administrative error and a minor offence.

In late 2014 Julie Mackay applied for another round of familial DNA testing. Another million names had been added to the DNA register since the last run in 2011. But her application paperwork got lost by administrators. In the meantime, officers in Bath were called to a disturbance in a flat. A man had complained that his partner had attacked him

and broken his necklace. It was listed as a 'domestic' offence. Avon and Somerset Police had a new policy of 'positive intervention' in domestic cases, and officers took a DNA swab from the 41-year-old woman, Clare Hampton, for this relatively minor matter.

Back in her inquiry room in Bristol, Julie Mackay chased up her lost paperwork. It was found, and the DNA search was approved. Had the paperwork been processed without the delay, the search would have been conducted before Clare Hampton was added to the DNA database.

On 22 May 2015 Gary Mason received a list from the Forensic Science Service. There were two names that seemed like good leads. Top of the list was a 41-year-old woman from Bath – Clare Hampton. But it was the following name that sent shivers down the investigator's spine.

"The second name on the list happened to be someone who had been on a previous list, and everyone was so convinced [the killer] could have been her father at the time, because they give you a likelihood ratio. And her likelihood ratio was so much bigger than any others. They were saying it's very, very similar. It's got to be her dad."

The inquiry team was electrified. Was this, after 31 years, the lead that would bring them to Melanie's killer? A swab and DNA test later would shatter their hopes again. That man was eliminated.

So they looked at Clare Hampton. Mr Mason's research showed she lived in Bath, that her father had been born, had lived and got married in Bath. He thought it was 'a good shout'. Mr Mason contacted Clare, and she passed on her father's mobile number.

Then, in a process Mr Mason had completed dozens of times before, he called the man up. His name was Christopher Hampton. He was a decorator who had moved from Bath and now lived in the city next door, in the Fishponds area of Bristol, with his second wife and their daughter. Hampton took the call. Mr Mason explained what he was doing and what he was investigating, and Hampton agreed that he would give a voluntary DNA swab. They arranged to meet in a car park in front of a building Hampton was decorating in south Bristol. Mr Mason pulled up in his marked police car.

"He was no different to anyone else I swabbed throughout my entire time in the investigation. He was no more nervous or less nervous than the next person. I shook his hand as I normally do, introduced myself, explained what I was swabbing for, explained the process, got him to sign the consent form. And having explained the process, I leant across and rubbed the swab inside his mouth. I asked him if he wanted to be notified of the results and he said, 'Yes please.' I shook his hand and said, 'Cheerio'."

The sample was not sent off immediately – the team had to wait until they had a batch of samples from 20 men. One of the other swabs was from the brother of a man who had disappeared from Bath in the 1980s after rumours he had killed someone. Could he be the killer? The polite, amenable decorator from the car park in Bristol still did not stand out.

It was a July morning. Julie Mackay was on leave, so Gary Mason logged on to his computer. There was an email from the forensic scientist who had processed the batch of 20 samples. It read, "I think I finally have good news regarding Operation Rhodium. I am currently double and triple checking everything, and I've also requested the original files to check, so this is all to be confirmed. However, I'm pretty confident that we have a DNA match with one of the last elimination samples sent in."

"I was amazed, excited," said Mr Mason, "[I was] a bit shocked that the chap who I had sat alongside as I had swabbed him, knowing he was being swabbed for a murder that he knew he had committed, had shown no signs whatsoever that the swab I was taking from him was going to prove his guilt." He called Julie Mackay at home. She said, "Gary rang me. He said, 'Julie, we've had a hit on Rhodium.' And it did not compute in my brain. The next thing that came in my head was 'Oh my God, Melanie, we've done it for you.' It was amazing."

A DOUBLE LIFE EXPOSED

Hampton was arrested at home. As the arresting detectives led him out of his front door, his confused wife said, "I'll see you later". His reply was, "No you won't". But Hampton refused to play ball. In police interviews he said nothing. His lawyer had a prepared statement saying his client had nothing to do with the murder of Melanie Road.

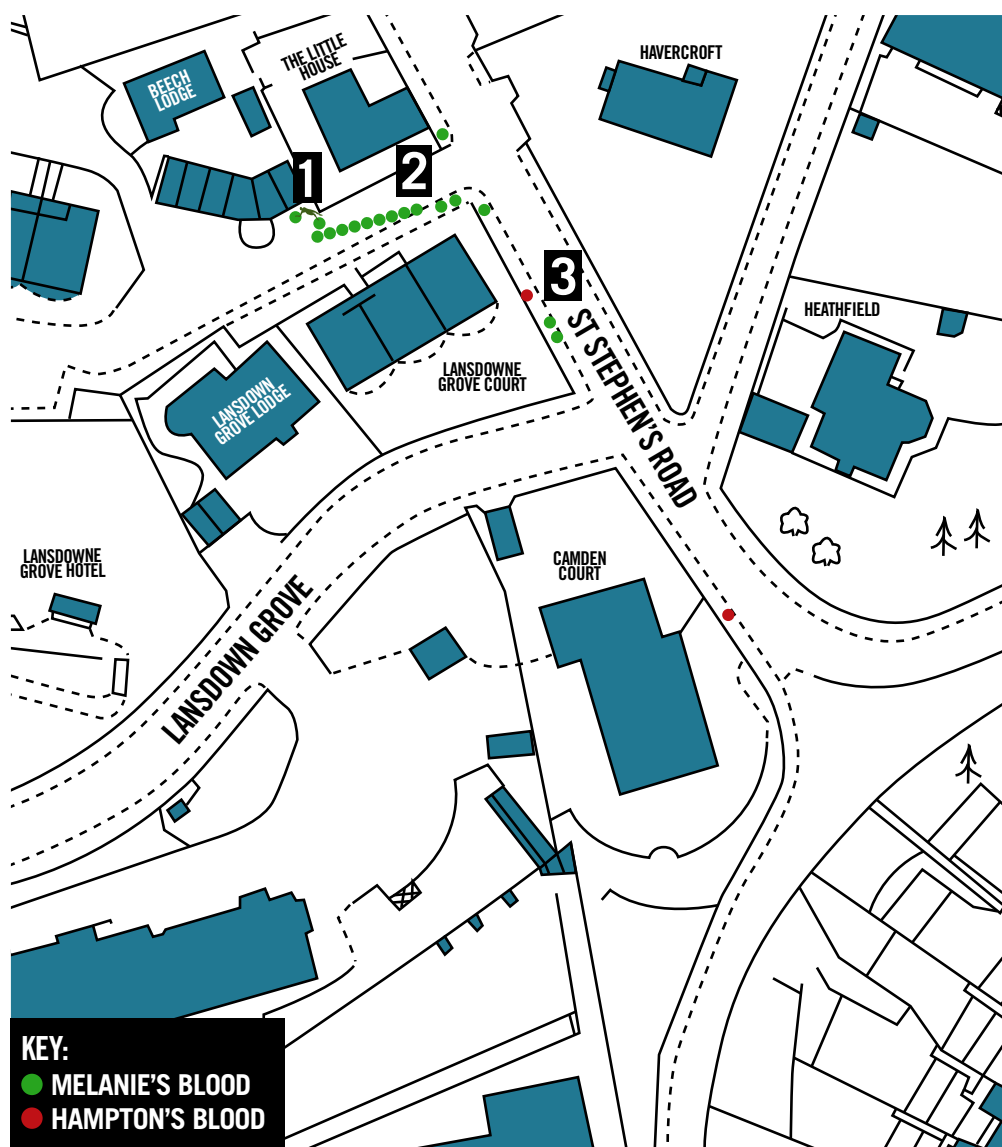
The evidence proved otherwise. It was as strong as a cold case could be. As well as the DNA link matching Christopher Hampton to the killer's trail of blood, detectives could prove he was living in Bath at the time of Melanie's murder. His home was just yards outside the area established for house-to-house enquiries. He had never been interviewed as part of the original investigation, he wasn't in the system, and a photo of him in the early 1980s showed a striking resemblance to the man described by the witness on the 25th anniversary of Melanie's death.

HAMPTON'S GETAWAY

DETECTIVES DREW A MAP AND RECORDED A VIDEO OF THE AFTERMATH OF THE ATTACK, SHOWING HOW MELANIE'S KILLER FLED AND LEFT A TRAIL OF HIS BLOOD

1 MURDER SCENE

Melanie's body was discovered where the police tent was later erected, by garages in St Stephen's Court. She lived only 100 metres away from this spot.





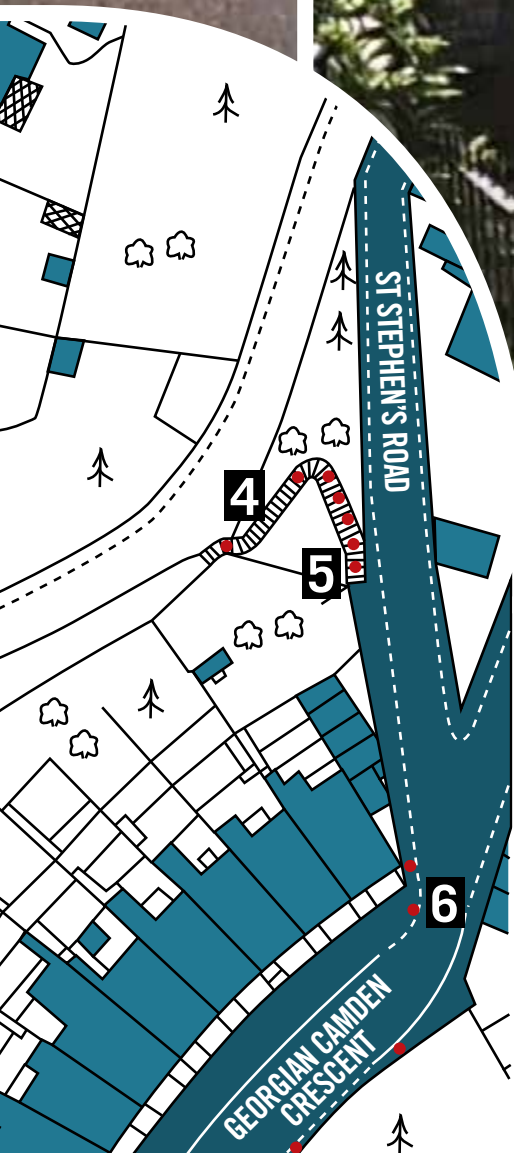
2 VICTIM'S BLOOD TRAIL

The trail of blood led east from the murder spot. These samples discovered by forensics officers belonged to Melanie. Was she attacked here? Or dragged here afterwards?



3 MURDERER'S TRAIL

The blood trail continued south into St Stephen's Road. The first spots of Hampton's blood were discovered near where the cones are.



4 THE TRAIL CONTINUES

The blood trail proved Hampton used these stone steps as his getaway. Police spent three weeks swabbing the samples left by the murderer.



5 CONCENTRATION OF BLOOD

Seven blood spots were found on the steps – the biggest concentration. All of them belonged to Hampton, none to Melanie. But these were the days before DNA, and it would be more than 20 years before familial sampling.



6 END OF THE TRAIL

The grand sweep of Georgian Camden Crescent. Jane Austen set some of *Persuasion* along this street. Hampton fled not on the pavement but the road. The blood samples trail off here.

“YOU CHOSE TO MURDER A DEFENCELESS CHILD. A CHILD, ONLY 17. YOU HAVE NO COMPASSION, YOU HAVE NO RIGHT, YOU KILLED A CHILD”

“I personally charged him with the murder, which was really satisfying,” said Julie Mackay. “To be able to stand there and tell him he was charged with the murder of Melanie Road in 1984. I looked into his eyes. How could you live 31 years and not accept that this has happened and that you did this and be as you are? I thought of him as insignificant. What he had done wasn’t insignificant, it was extreme. But he was insignificant.”

Julie Mackay told Melanie’s family that, after more than three decades of searching, they had finally found her killer. “I didn’t believe her. I never thought she would actually find him,” said Jean Road. “I can’t remember her exact words, but somehow they convinced me. But it was when we finally went to the court and I saw this man standing there. I thought, ‘He’s not a man, he’s a monster.’ How could he do that? Then I realised that his wife and his daughter were sitting behind me. Both had blonde hair, the same as Melanie. How could he do that to somebody and then live with people like that and them not knowing?”

“I always said if I got hold of him I’d strangle him or stick a knife into him, and that’s how I felt. But I wouldn’t even use my energy up on him. I feel he should be shut up in a dungeon like they used to in the olden days and just left to rot, because he’s not worth looking after.”

Hampton was still refusing to confess. He maintained his silence. And as the police and prosecutors prepared for trial, they had to get their paperwork in order: all 30,000 documents compiled during the 30 years of investigating.

On 9 May 2016 at Bristol Crown Court, there had been a message: Christopher Hampton wanted to change his plea. But no one was really sure. Jean Road was there with her daughter Karen and son Adrian. The press benches were full.

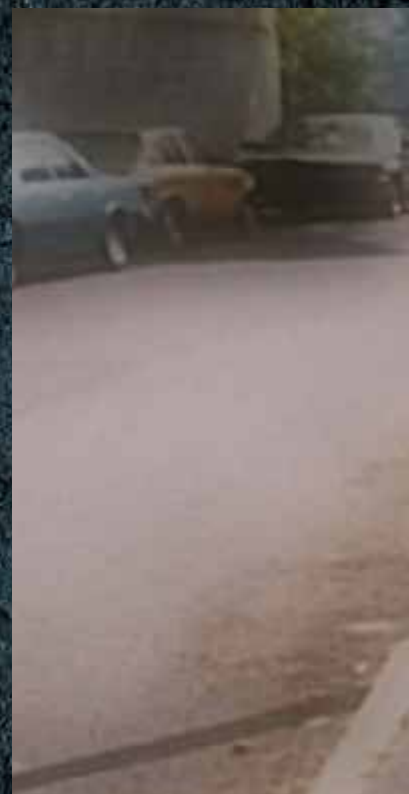
The police were ready: boxes full of thousands of documents, bags full of evidence in case Hampton maintained his innocence. Hampton was led in, a female security guard standing next to him.

The clerk of the court read the charge to Hampton: “You are charged with the murder of Melanie Road. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?” Hampton opened his mouth. He said one word – a word Melanie’s family and a generation of police officers had waited 32 years to hear. “Guilty,” he said, looking straight ahead at the judge.

What followed was one of the most emotional moments Bristol Crown Court has seen in its long history. Melanie’s sister Karen made a Victim Impact Statement. Through tears, she told Hampton, “I’ve had 32 years to fill in the gaps. Melanie has died hundreds of times, in hundreds of different ways in my mind. I could tell you that it’s like being in a nightmare, but you wake from a nightmare and life returns to normal. This is a nightmare I can’t ever wake up from.”

Melanie’s brother Adrian said, “You chose to murder a defenceless child. A child, only 17. You have no compassion, you have no right, you killed a child. A child who posed no threat to you, who was more interested in whether she would get three A-levels, which would enable her the choice of university. You have no right. 32 years I have patiently waited for the telephone call to say, ‘Adrian, we have him.’”

And 81-year-old Jean Road went up to the witness box, refusing to use her walking stick – showing her daughter’s killer her physical and emotional strength. She looked directly at the man who had destroyed her life and said, “Where Melanie’s blood was spilled, I prayed that it would not rain to wash it away, and when it did I cursed the rain for finally taking it away. I felt even the weather was against

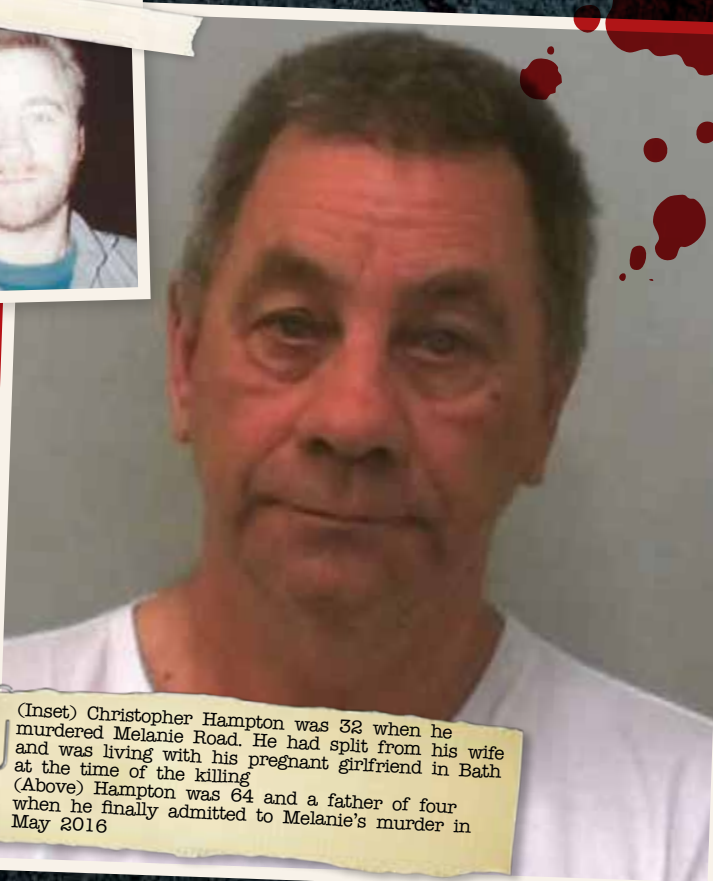


FAMILIAL DNA

HOW CHRISTOPHER HAMPTON WAS LINKED TO MELANIE’S MURDER – EVEN THOUGH HIS DNA WAS NOT ON THE NATIONAL DATABASE

As of June 2017 there were 5.3 million people on Britain’s National Criminal Intelligence DNA database – a number that is growing all the time. Only those who are not charged or are found not guilty will have their DNA removed from the database after a certain period. DNA has been used successfully in policing since the conviction of Colin Pitchfork for two murders in 1986. But finding criminals through their close blood relatives’ presence on the database is a newer innovation. If there is no exact match on the database to the DNA found at a crime scene, analysts can look to see if there is a close match to the same DNA profile – likely to be a blood relative. This narrows down the search for the offender to a handful of people.

When Clare Hampton’s DNA bore a striking similarity to the DNA at Melanie Road’s murder scene, it was clear to detectives the killer would have been her father, brother or son. Her father, Christopher, was the only candidate who would have been the right age at the time.



(Inset) Christopher Hampton was 32 when he murdered Melanie Road. He had split from his wife and was living with his pregnant girlfriend in Bath at the time of the killing
(Above) Hampton was 64 and a father of four when he finally admitted to Melanie’s murder in May 2016



Melanie and the family. We sat for hours, traumatised by the horror of knowing Melanie was gone forever. To never see her beautiful smile and girlish laughter hurts beyond repair.”

As Jean Road said these words to a silenced courtroom, Christopher Hampton looked straight ahead, unmoved. The security guard next to him had descended into a fit of uncontrollable tears.

Christopher Hampton was jailed for life with a minimum tariff of 22 years. He remains an enigma.

In 1984 he was living in Bath with his pregnant girlfriend. He had split from his first wife, and later he and this partner would part ways too. He would meet a second wife, Julie, and they would have their daughter together in 1991. His friends and family were stunned by the news that this quiet painter and decorator was really a psychopathic killer.

Julie Mackay is convinced he is responsible for other attacks: probably rapes, possibly murders. “How do you go from nothing? This was a savage attack. This wasn’t consensual sex that went wrong. This was someone who went armed with a knife. She was stabbed 26 times and raped at least twice. There was something going on there, I don’t know what it is. But I can’t believe you can go from zero to that,” Julie Mackay said.

They have looked at other possible cases. “He has never been arrested for anything. His DNA has not been identified as being left at any other crime scene,” said Gary Mason. “Of all my cold cases where we’ve had semen from women who were raped, none of that DNA was his. But that does not mean he has never attacked or raped someone in the past. It just means we haven’t got the evidence that shows he has.”

Julie Mackay said she wants to speak with Hampton about his double life but thinks he isn’t in ‘that place’ where he might open up.

Their lives have been destroyed by the murder, but at least the Road family finally has justice for Melanie. Forensic science doesn’t link Christopher Hampton to other killings. Perhaps his conscience will.

ABOVE This photograph was taken in the days before Melanie was murdered, just a few yards from where it would happen. It was released by police on the 30th anniversary

BELOW Jean Road’s only ever interview in May 2016. She was 49 when her daughter was murdered. She had to wait until she was in her 80s to see Melanie’s killer caught and admit his guilt

THE WORDS OF MELANIE’S FAMILY

JEAN ROAD

“We put on a face for the outside world. Once asleep I hoped I would never wake up so that I could be with Melanie and comfort her.

The thought of what our lovely daughter had to endure on that fateful night still sucks the energy from within me.

The horror of the way our daughter died hangs over us like a heavy lead weight which never moves away.”

ADRIAN ROAD

“I have spent the last 32 years worrying about every man that ever walked down the street, asking myself, ‘Did you kill our little sister Melanie?’

Every man that sat near to me in a restaurant: ‘Did you kill our little sister Melanie?’ Every man that I have ever met: ‘Could you have killed our little sister Melanie?’

Even my friends: ‘Did they kill our little sister Melanie?’ But now I know, thankfully, none of them killed Melanie.

You did, you killed Melanie, you raped her, you mutilated her, and you chose to abandon her, you abandoned her when she was dying, our little sister Melanie.”



GLATMAN, GLAMOUR & DEATH

HARVEY GLATMAN LURED MODELS INTO PULP FICTION BONDAGE SHOTS THAT WOULD TURN INTO A REAL NIGHTMARE. HOW DID HE GET AWAY WITH THESE DEPRAVED MURDERS — AND HOW MANY MORE VICTIMS COULD THERE BE?

WORDS DR. CHARLIE OUGHTON





His muscles stretch as he reaches upwards and loops the rope into place. He knows what's coming. Sinews tense as, with a little difficulty, he ties the knot. His toes are only just touching the ground. They jiggle a little. A fumble or two later and his breathing has quickened. His heart beat speeds up by the minute. The world blurs, and he can feel his hairline tingle. His nerve endings are lining themselves with moisture as the door opens and his mother's eyes lock on the jumping erection blooming within his pants, as his hands claw to a halt.

It was just a temporary pause – he was barely a teenager but unashamed at being found in this deviant act of self-pleasuring by his own mother. Years later Harvey Glatman would use those same body parts to rape and murder at least three young women in America in the late 1950s before being caught and sentenced to death. He approached these ladies with offers of crime-fiction modelling jobs or through lonely hearts adverts. Conversely for someone with his libido, the idea of actually talking to a girl was unfathomable. What motivated Glatman? How many other women had the misfortune to cross Glatman? The discovery of the identity of a long-forgotten 'Boulder Jane Doe' suggests the sultry Hollywood Hills could be the final resting place for other young women whose lives he cut short.

MOVE OVER, MISS MONROE

The woman's legs seem to go on forever. She's standing next to a huge photograph of her close-up. Her head's tilted down a little and her 'cat-flick' eyeliner is sexy and sweet but not too suggestive. Audrey Hepburn is classy and conquering LA with her film *Funny Face*. She's the one every girl wants to be – it's the promise of Hollywood, after all. A girl can make it, so they say, if she has the charm, the dream and the determination. She'll even be kissed by that glowing sun while she makes her way across the streets that have paved over the dusty acres. And come the girls did.

Judith Dull was down in the valley in 1957. Not unlike the Norma Jean who would become Marilyn Monroe, Judith was the polar-opposite of her old-fashioned name, and she had as much reason as any to believe she would be a star. Blessed

LEFT With his unslicked hair and without his glasses, Harvey Glatman's police mugshot is disarmingly average



SHIRLEY ANN BRIDGEFORD
Murdered 8 March 1958

Calling himself George Williams, Glatman offered to take Shirley's photograph for a lonely hearts magazine. When she spurned his advances in his car he pulled a gun. After raping her, he drove her to the desert, photographed her, and strangled her with his knee in her back before he drove home alone.

with a bountiful bosom, big blue eyes and a halo of blonde curls, she certainly had the look. After changing her name to Judy Van Horn she fit the bill perfectly. With true pioneer spirit she sought to get herself spotted by working in cafes and bars. Movie moguls had to eat, and even Marilyn had been discovered working in a munitions factory. Ladies like her were being encouraged to take control of their sexuality – *Playboy* magazine had launched in 1953, and the increasing fame of their 'Bunnies' suggested that a savvy girl could become a businesswoman if she used her assets wisely. Judy decided she would just have to be a little more industrious, considering she had a child to feed and was awkwardly living with her ex-husband.

The gods of the silver screen seemed to anoint her when a man known as Johnny Glenn plucked her photo from her friend's apartment wall. Johnny (a name whose very informality sounded dashing) was apparently a freelance photographer. He supplied images to magazines that graced the newsstands on the boulevard and wanted to work with her. As Professor David Schmid noted, "These publications were produced by a huge and underpaid staff made up of largely anonymous writers and artists. Printed in huge numbers (well over 100 of these pulps were being published by the end of the 1950s) they were widely available in bus and train stations, drugstores and supermarkets – any place where people were either on the move or buying things."

BIO DAVID SCHMID

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

David teaches at the University of Buffalo and has written extensively on the relationship between violence and popular culture. He's currently working on a book about crime narratives in the age of Trump.



GUNS, GIRLS, BONDAGE, DEATH

GLATMAN FORCED HIS TERRIFIED VICTIMS TO POSE FOR BONDAGE PHOTOS BEFORE AND AFTER STRANGLING THEM TO DEATH



RUTH MERCADO
Murdered 23 July 1958

Contacted with the offer of a modelling opportunity, Glatman pulled his gun when Ruth let him into her apartment. He tied her up, robbed and raped her before driving her to the spot where he photographed and suffocated her.



JUDITH 'JUDY' ANN DULL
Murdered 1 August 1957

After posing for a photoshoot, Judy was ordered into a car on the promise she would be released. She was driven at gunpoint to a location where Harvey broke her neck with her bonds. The skeleton was found three months later by a rancher.

With the added bonus of a \$50 modelling fee – over \$400 in today's money – that would help in the custody battle for her child – Judy's face could be seen by millions across America if she played her cards right.

Casting a creative eye, Johnny felt that the ambiance wasn't quite right for shooting in Judy's apartment, so the session was set for his studio in Melrose. Once there, it was Johnny – really the sex-obsessed Harvey Glatman – who was seen in a different light.

SELF-SATISFYING SADIST

Harvey Glatman had always been a little peculiar. Here was a young man who would have open disagreements with his father about the merits and demerits of sado-masochistic self-pleasure: Harvey couldn't climax until he was nearly dead. An incredibly intimate subject to start with, these intergenerational discussions with his dad happened when Harvey (born in 1927) wasn't much more than a child himself. On finding him in compromising situations once too often, his mother even took him to the doctor, only to be told he'd stop of his own accord. In many ways though, Harvey's suffocation masturbation was the least of his problems.

“ONCE THERE, IT WAS JOHNNY – REALLY THE SEX-OBSESSED HARVEY GLATMAN – WHO WAS SEEN IN A DIFFERENT LIGHT”

Harvey's fierce self-determination might have been an indicator of what would eventually make him so dangerous. As investigator Ann Rule noted, Glatman was highly intelligent, with an IQ later recorded at 130. It didn't really matter that he was an only child known as 'Weasel' and 'Chipmunk', as he never talked to other children anyway. His interests were his obsessions: music, science and sex. Unfortunately, he was hopeless with the ladies and soon found more unusual ways to get their attention.

If they would not give him their gaze he would take it. He would see a girl sashaying in the distance, skirt whispering in the gentle breeze, her bag bouncing along to tinkled laughter. He would lurch towards her, reach out and pluck the purse away. Sometimes he even threw it back – no harm done bar a silly little bit of excess energy, perhaps? According to historian Joan Renner, this indicated Harvey's need to control women and expressed his anger when he could not.

PEEPING TOM

Typically for a soon-to-be serial killer, his modus operandi changed as time progressed, and he wanted to insinuate his way into the women's compartments themselves. Glatman believed a woman's purse contained her life – the keys to her home, her silken kerchief and maybe her lipstick. He simply had to enter her purse and feel around. He took to breaking into ladies' houses. Later he would tie the terrified girls up and force them to cuddle him. For a boy unable to differentiate his need to gain attention from a woman's irritation at having her purse stolen, the tense physical contact may even have seemed like the real thing. If Harvey could believe in the canned laughter on the sitcoms he made sure they watched together, he could perhaps believe anything. He committed violent assaults until reality infringed when one victim reported him, leading to his first prison sentence.

Harvey eventually identified a place where even utterly preposterous behaviour would be welcomed: Hollywood. He was fascinated by the idea of celebrity and wanted to be one no matter how – just like Judy 'Van Horn' Dull.

It has long been almost acceptable for those in showbusiness to behave in ways that would ordinarily be considered beyond the pale. Culture and the press have cast

some slithering men unable to keep their privates at bay as luminaries able to spot talent. They were not 'predators' but 'producers' and 'visionaries' who could discover muses. They would, it was suggested, alchemically transform people with a special 'something' into art that spoke of the human condition in all its fragility, desire and decadence. Endurance was considered key, and great directors and actors received Oscars for their willingness to go above and beyond to ensnare 'truth' in every image. Harvey moved to LA in 1957 at the age of 29 to become a photographer called 'Johnny'.

STRIKE A POSE!

"Get experience. Be reliable. Turn on and off your emotions like a real pro regardless of what happens." This is what Judy may have told herself when she met Johnny, the neat man with respectable spectacles in his unexpectedly unglamorous Hollywood apartment. It would have made sense. As David Schmid explained, "If the 1950s were the highpoint of the culture of conformity, pulp magazines represented the seamy, frequently disavowed underbelly of the world of the white picket fence. In the world of pulp, people were too busy fornicating, drinking and fighting to care about achieving the 'American Dream'. They were a crucial precondition for someone like Harvey Glatman to commit his crimes.

BELOW Sheriff's officers Dan Rios (right), John Baker (centre) and James Sands (left) look understandably perplexed by mild-mannered murderer Harvey Glatman

BOTTOM Glatman drove a Dodge. Jane Doe had injuries in line with being hit with one. Did she run for her life while bound with rope and trip?





An investigator surveys the skull of one of Glatman's victims found in the desert

“ HARVEY... IDENTIFIED A PLACE WHERE EVEN UTTERLY PREPOSTEROUS BEHAVIOUR WOULD BE WELCOMED: HOLLYWOOD ”

Potential victims would have known about the sleaziness and popularity of the pulps, which would have made Glatman's promise to get them work as pinup models in these magazines more plausible.”

Dressed ready for Johnny's femme fatale photoshoot, Judy was plonked on a patterned armchair. Regardless, she poised her every pore. Her legs, clothed in the stockings of seductive detective dramas, were pinched to her side. Her arms, held behind her as she 'played' the victim, ached in the nylon rope. Any young actress might have worried about perfecting the pitch of petrified terror in her arched eyebrow, but now it was horribly easy. What had started with her in a demure jumper had gotten to the stage where her clothes were coming off. The man used his camera not to shoot her but to see her. As investigator Robert Keppel later wrote, these photographs were Harvey's signature, and they became more depraved the closer to doom his victim was. They “actually carried the power of Harvey's need for bondage and control”. They were not a cover for murder – they were Harvey's story.

Hollywood – and Harvey – loved and loathed women for their look and the power relationship it implied. The ladies were watched by what film critic Laura Mulvey called “the



VIGIL'S VALIANT ESCAPE

The person who brought Glatman to his knees did so through extraordinary daring and no little physical dexterity. The state trooper who arrived on the scene of this final kidnapping was met by the sight of a glamorous, quivering woman pointing a gun at her assailant.

Lorraine Vigil had managed her own escape from the killer. Realising something was wrong when Harvey wouldn't answer her questions about their supposed modelling shoot, she had asked to leave the car only to have a gun pulled on her. Facing into the small, black muzzle, this very normal woman found the courage to tackle her kidnapper. She attempted to wrestle the gun from him and when shot in the leg, she opened the car door and threw them both into the road.

It was not a short fight, and they grappled until she bit Glatman's wrist hard enough to make him drop the weapon and snatched it up. The officer arrived just as she was losing strength. Her bravery saved her life and no doubt the lives of those who might otherwise have come after her. The camera, rope and a knife were found ready and waiting in the back of Harvey's car.





Silvia Pettem points to the scrubby, snow-strewn ground where Jane Doe's body was found. Doe was formally identified 55 years later

male gaze". It came in three takes. The first take belonged to the director – Johnny/Harvey in this case. He clicked his camera when he came across what turned him on. Considering that he did photography supposedly to sell, he may have been mindful of the second part of the gaze – that of his imagined audience, the armies of readers. He finally pressed down for the third part – the erotic charge between his story's characters themselves. This was the frisson of exquisite terror between his actress – Judy in this case – and her romantic photographer criminal-nemesis – himself. He, like any man aroused when women supposedly forgot their place, was excited and tormented by her erotic power over him. Harvey became a willing victim as well as an aggressor, simply by seeing women as objects in the same way that so many great directors of Hollywood cinema had done.

It might have even seemed halfway normal at that time. As David Schmid explained, "Euphemistically described as 'Men's Adventure' magazines, 50s pulps were also known as 'armpit slicks' or 'sweats'. Thanks to their target male audience, they read like they'd been soaked in testosterone. Combining lurid 'true' exposés and adventure tales with racy short stories, they were accompanied by advertisements for a variety of dodgy products that promised to turn you into a 'real man'. The covers typically featured images of scantily clad women in distress that were designed to entice the reader into parting with their hard-earned money." In this sense Harvey was simply doing his job.

However, Harvey's gaze went further, as the line between dreams and reality became blurred. As former FBI profiler Ron Hazelwood observed, "Masturbation didn't do it for Harvey. Fantasy and masturbation didn't do it for Harvey.



Dorothy 'Dot' Howard's huge grin hinted at her bubbly, forthright personality. She led a life of adventure, marrying young twice before her demise

Abducting a woman, tying her up, playing with her didn't do it." He needed total control.

In a photograph Harvey took later in Judy's session, his lens leered at the pretty, pursed lips as he manoeuvred his machine with the greasy balls of his finger and thumb. Judy's legs were fixed in his crosshairs. Her skirt was gone, leaving only her half-slip. The glamour of Hollywood was present in the black sheen of her suspenders, but disbelief was banished by the visible ties that fell from her kneecaps to the bonds that cut into her fleshy thighs. She had the hourglass figure that was so desired by men and women alike. She wore a lacy white top that screamed 'good girl' alongside the perfectly coiffured curls piled upon her head as if ready to get to work at the next order. The gag in her mouth was taut, but she would not try to speak out until it was too late.



ABOVE Historian Silvia Pettem led a campaign to lay Jane Doe's ghost to rest by investigating the case

LEFT The model with the staring eyes is Jane Doe, introduced to the press by Officer Joe Pelle in the hope of identifying her and finding her killer

“THE GAG IN HER MOUTH WAS TAUT, BUT SHE WOULD NOT TRY TO SPEAK OUT UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE”

Judy's picture would propel her to a macabre kind of fame when it was revealed to the public as her death mask. Shortly after the shutter snapped, Glatman moved forward. He raped her repeatedly, as he did with his other victims – model Ruth Mercado and his lonely hearts date Shirley Ann Bridgeford. Glatman then forced her into his car, drove for two hours into the desert and took more photos, before strangling her with a rope. He abandoned her corpse in the desert.

A HEROINE ESCAPES

The joy of the movies is that the art can inspire us to show defiance in our own lives. A plucky heroine who defied the murderer did exist: Lorraine Vigil. She did nothing less than turn the manipulative gaze back on Glatman himself. Staring down the barrel of his own gun, Glatman's role was reversed as his source of power and control – his gun – quivered in the shaking hands of the woman he had sought to dominate.

Harvey Glatman eventually played up to the character the press laid out for him. The *Denver Post* described Glatman as, “gangly, bespectacled and unassuming”, but he wore it as a badge of honour as the ‘nerd that turned’. Court psychiatrists judged him sane. He led police to his victims' remains and waived his right to a jury trial. He was found guilty and

handed the death penalty.

It is ironic that his last waking moments were spent submitting to his childhood desires. His death was to come not through age or illness, but through suffocation in the gas chamber. He was executed on 18 September 1959. Did other women's faces flash before his eyes one last time as he died?

BOULDER JANE DOE

Amid the fiery mid-June heat in 1989, operatives sifted the soil away from the grave of a Jane Doe in Boulder, California, following a local campaign. She was tended to by Dr. Richard Froede and Dr. Walter Birkby. Froede was a forensic pathologist determining the cause of her death, while Birkby was a forensic anthropologist trained to discover a background through the body. A full facial reconstruction was then developed by forensic sculptor Frank Bender. A DNA test later and ‘Jane’ was identified as Dorothy Gay Howard, a young lady who had similar injuries to Glatman's victims. Harvey had said other missing girls may have been “run over”, just like Dorothy's body had, but it is impossible to prove it was him.

Detective Stephen G. Ainsworth thinks it was, though. Like many of America's finest, Ainsworth watched the case and used the media to help achieve justice. He contacted the *LA Times* to ask that any remaining photographs relating to the case be provided to the police and potentially released to the public. Much evidence was destroyed after Glatman was executed and the case closed, but it might mean other girls who were found could be cleared from the files and more attention spent on the missing. Several living people were removed from the search because of press such as this.

Hollywood is sometimes accused of encouraging us to indulge in our basest desires. Glatman's case was loosely adapted into the Emmy-nominated *Dragnet* franchise, and films following the exploits of real life serial killers are too numerous to mention. As David Schmid noted, “Famous criminals are the logical culmination of a celebrity culture that is defined by visibility rather than merit or achievement. In a situation where it's increasingly difficult and pointless maintaining old distinctions between fame, infamy and notoriety, it should come as no surprise that serial killers like Glatman, Ted Bundy and Jeffrey Dahmer are some of the most widely recognised individuals in our culture.”

A legacy of Glatman was that he inspired Pierce Brooks. Brooks was a homicide detective on the original investigation who noticed striking similarities between the victims he found and those from other localities. Doing proper, old-fashioned sleuthing in the library confirmed his suspicions: a killer who didn't want to be caught would be transient, moving from place to place to find victims who wouldn't be wise to his ways and where they could easily avoid detection. The concept became known as the ‘Brooks Principle’ and led to the development of the trailblazing ViCAP (Violent Criminal Apprehension Program) launched by the FBI in 1985. Using this database, officers across jurisdictions today can note key points and similarities about recent crimes and cooperate accordingly.

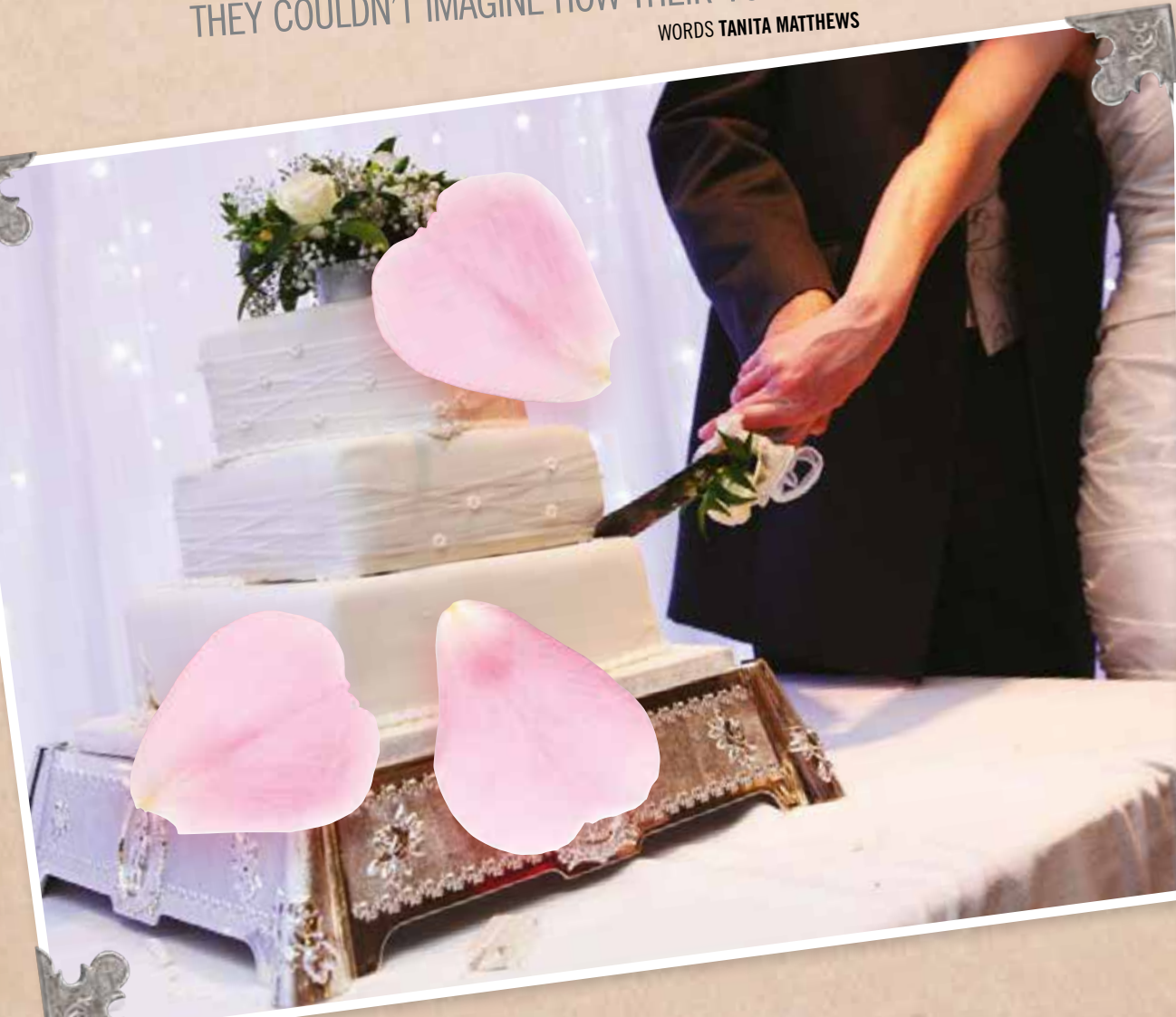
Harvey Glatman manipulated our need to use art to understand the human condition, from the sublime beauty of determination to grim despair. He did it to fill the void in his own heart. Nonetheless, the desire to seek justice has led to the implementation of investigation procedures that help catch the ‘bad guys’.

INTERVIEW

CARTEL WIVES

'FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE, FOR RICHER, FOR POORER': WHEN OLIVIA AND MIA FLORES MADE THESE PROMISES AND MARRIED TWO HIGH-RANKING DRUG LORDS THEY COULDN'T IMAGINE HOW THEIR VOWS WOULD BE TESTED TO THEIR LIMITS

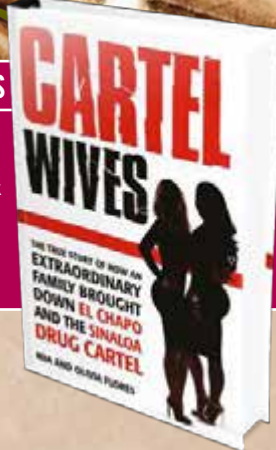
WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS





BIO | MIA AND OLIVIA FLORES

Mia and Olivia Flores are currently in hiding awaiting the release of their husbands from a US prison. Their book *Cartel Wives: The True Story of How An Extraordinary Family Brought Down El Chapo And The Sinaloa Drug Cartel* is available from atlanticbooks.co.uk





Listening to Mia and Olivia Flores talk about their husbands, they're clearly madly in love. But at present their spouses Peter and Margarito Flores Jr. sit behind bars, serving 14 years for their roles as top-ranking narco traffickers. The women, who are both the daughters of law enforcement officials, met the twin brothers while the men were running a drug empire in their hometown of Chicago. Shortly after meeting Mia and Olivia, the brothers became wanted men in the US when their safe houses were busted, forcing all four of them to flee to Mexico. Beyond the border the twins' thriving drug business caught the attention of the king of kingpins, El Chapo, who made them part of his most trusted inner circle, as did other big cartel names such as the Beltrán Leyva Organization and El Mayo. Olivia and Mia begged their husbands to leave the cartel life behind, but power and money are narcotically compelling, and that day was a very long time in coming.

When the US war on drugs threatened the Flores clan in 2008, the brothers made a decision that would guarantee their family a degree of safety, but it would mean they could never completely rest easy again. Turning themselves over to the government, the men agreed to record El Chapo and help the FBI bring him to a US courtroom. There, the Flores brothers testified against El Chapo and other men who had grown to trust them, before being sentenced themselves.

Today the wives are in hiding, posing as single soccer mums somewhere in the US. Mia and Olivia (not their real

ABOVE Olivia, Mia and their husbands regularly vacationed at a villa on the outskirts of Puerto Vallarta, a neighbourhood that is frequently visited by celebrities such as Joe Francis, creator of *Girls Gone Wild*, and the star-studded Kardashian family

TOP RIGHT Speaking to *Fox News* about their lives while donned in wigs and glasses to hide their identities, Mia (left) and Olivia (right) spoke of how they fear for their lives because of their husbands' actions against the cartel

BOTTOM RIGHT Speaking about the glamour of being a narco wife, portrayed in TV series such as the Netflix hit *Narcos*, Mia said many Mexican women believed that the life was a justifiable way out of poverty

names of course) told **Real Crime** the true story of how they fell in love with criminals, what it's like to see El Chapo's power first-hand and why, having experienced unimaginable wealth, the wives crave a life of normality when their husbands finally come home.

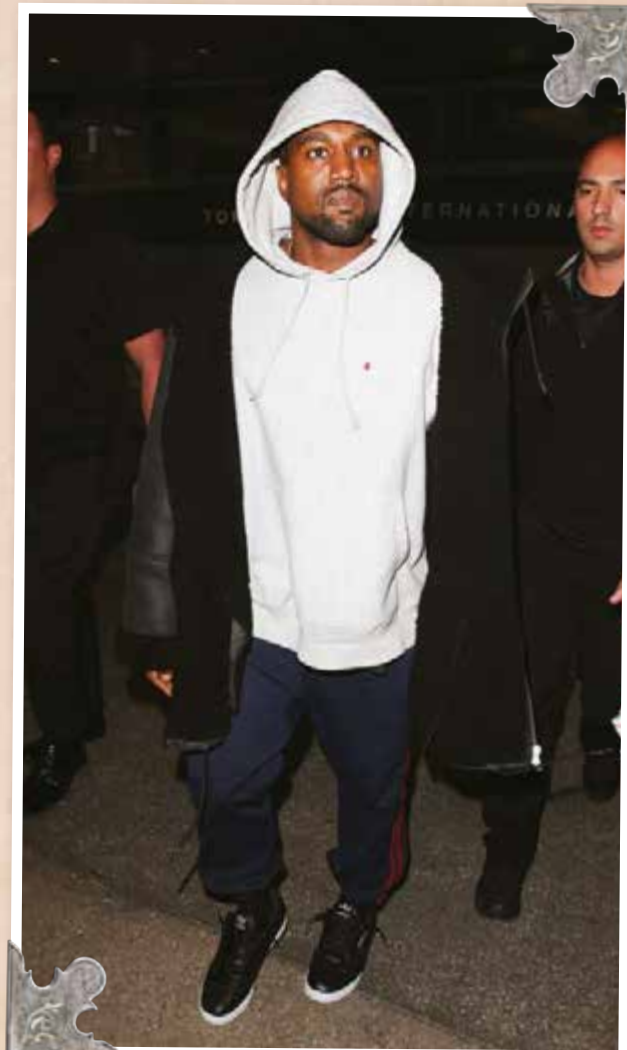
Why did you decide to stay with these men, knowing what they were doing?

MIA: I stayed because I was in love with my husband. I was the most precious person to this man, and when you think about it, people stay in relationships for all the wrong reasons, so why can't I stay with him for the right reasons? My husband treated me like a queen, and he never let money or the power get the best of him. In reality I absolutely couldn't see my life without him. I looked past everything that he did, and to this very day I still feel the same way as I did all those years ago, so it was easy for me to be with him because of the person that he is – he didn't let what he did for a living define him.

OLIVIA: When I first met Junior I fell in love with his personality. He was respectful and supportive, and he always put me on a pedestal the same way that my dad did with my mum. I was married twice before I married Junior. My first husband went to prison for drug conspiracy, and then my second husband was murdered because he too was involved in this drug world. So when I met Junior after my husband had passed away, I couldn't understand why he was even in this lifestyle. He was smart and intelligent, he could have been anything he wanted, but he chose to be a drug trafficker. I felt like it was my obligation to save him because I didn't want to see him spend the rest of his life in prison like my first husband or murdered like my second.

Early on in our relationship we went on vacation to Mexico. I knew I wanted to spend the rest of my life with

“HE'S A CRIMINAL AND ONE OF THE BIGGEST DRUG DEALERS IN THE US, BUT HE WAS THE MOST HONEST AND LOVING GENTLEMAN”



him, so I convinced him to live there, and I knew I could convince him eventually to stop trafficking drugs. Two months later the feds hijacked their safe house in Chicago and indicted them on drug conspiracy charges. That's when Peter flew out to Mexico, so at that point they were fugitives. I felt like, in due time, he would see it my way. But when I would finally start to get through to him something else would happen, like his brother getting kidnapped or his dad getting kidnapped. There was always something happening – it was like he got sucked into a vacuum cleaner.

Both of you came from quite humble backgrounds. What was it like being married into this lifestyle?

MIA: My father was a Chicago police officer, so two men that I love and respect are polar opposites. On one hand my father was putting on his uniform and protecting the streets of Chicago, and on the other hand the man I loved was committed to the exact opposite: he was flooding the streets of Chicago with drugs, and it was hard for me. Today, when I think about my husband I have no regrets who I chose to marry – he's a criminal and one of the biggest drug dealers in the US, but he was the most honest and loving gentleman I had ever met. It was difficult for me to be a part of that life because I knew nothing about it – I was raised to be a good citizen. I went to college, I wanted to be a court reporter and hope to have a law degree one day, but you can't help who you fall in love with.

OLIVIA: Even though I came from this family of law enforcement I was always attracted to the bad boys. I was

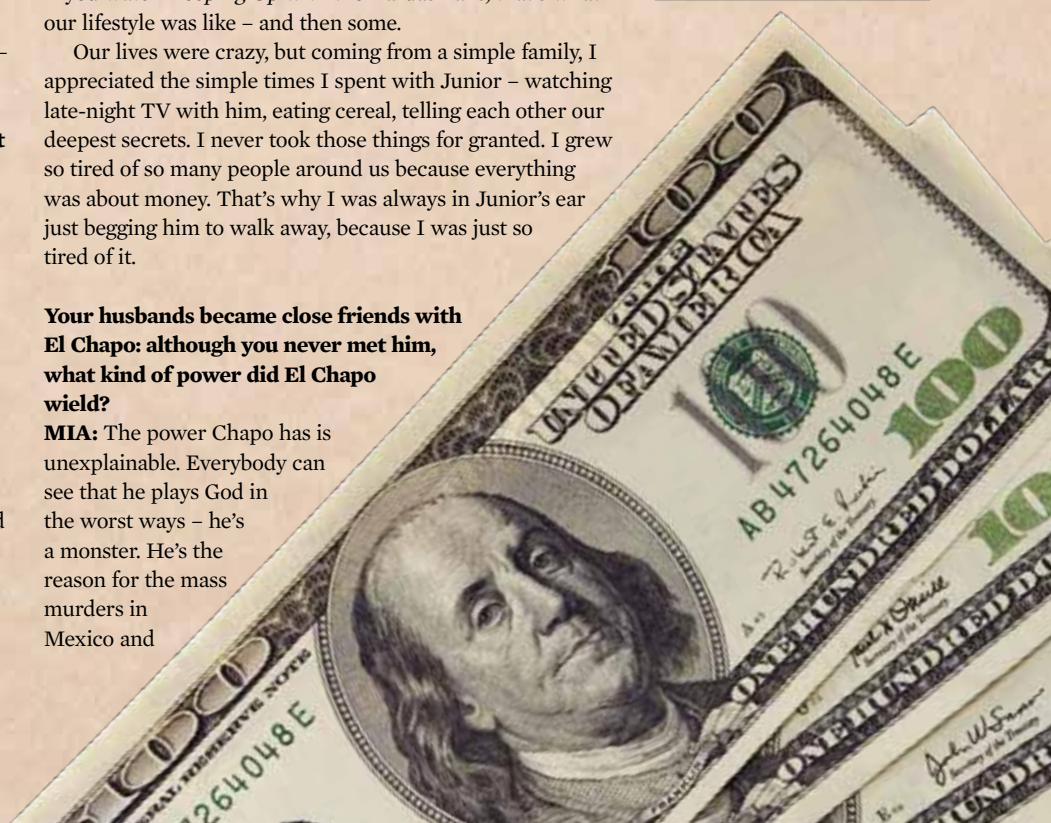
always intrigued by the fast life, which meant fast money and fast cars, but when I was married to Junior it was like a whole new ballgame. I've lived a luxurious life like you only see in movies. We lived in mansions, we had staff, housekeepers, personal assistants, chefs, security, we had every luxury car. We had money beyond our wildest dreams. If you watch *Keeping Up with the Kardashians*, that's what our lifestyle was like – and then some.

Our lives were crazy, but coming from a simple family, I appreciated the simple times I spent with Junior – watching late-night TV with him, eating cereal, telling each other our deepest secrets. I never took those things for granted. I grew so tired of so many people around us because everything was about money. That's why I was always in Junior's ear just begging him to walk away, because I was just so tired of it.

Your husbands became close friends with El Chapo: although you never met him, what kind of power did El Chapo wield?

MIA: The power Chapo has is unexplainable. Everybody can see that he plays God in the worst ways – he's a monster. He's the reason for the mass murders in Mexico and

ABOVE The women had their own star-studded lives outside of their husbands' worlds. For example, as a successful record producer, Olivia rubbed shoulders with the likes of Kanye West and Swiss Beatz



here in the United States too, not to mention the innocent victims whose lives were taken because of the drugs and the war. Even to this day it just keeps getting worse. I don't see any sign of it getting better. When our husbands cooperated I felt like they put a dent in these top cartel officials – who are now in prison – but is it really going to stop? I don't think so. I think there's always going to be someone trying to be better and somebody trying to sell more drugs and be the next best thing to Chapo.

OLIVIA: I felt like the day they decided to work with Chapo they signed a deal with the devil – I knew he was never going to let them go, especially as they were such big assets to him. I say this because Chapo wanted his drugs in the US, and our husbands gave him free range of that. Chapo was so powerful that he rescued us when the Mexican FBI kidnapped us.

My husband had these passwords, and if they were to ever get pulled over, these passwords let law enforcement know they were connected to Chapo and they just let us go. They pretty much had free range of Mexico because of the relationship they had with Chapo. It was insane. Out there, I have never witnessed anything crazier in my life. Chapo was just so powerful I felt like he ran that country.

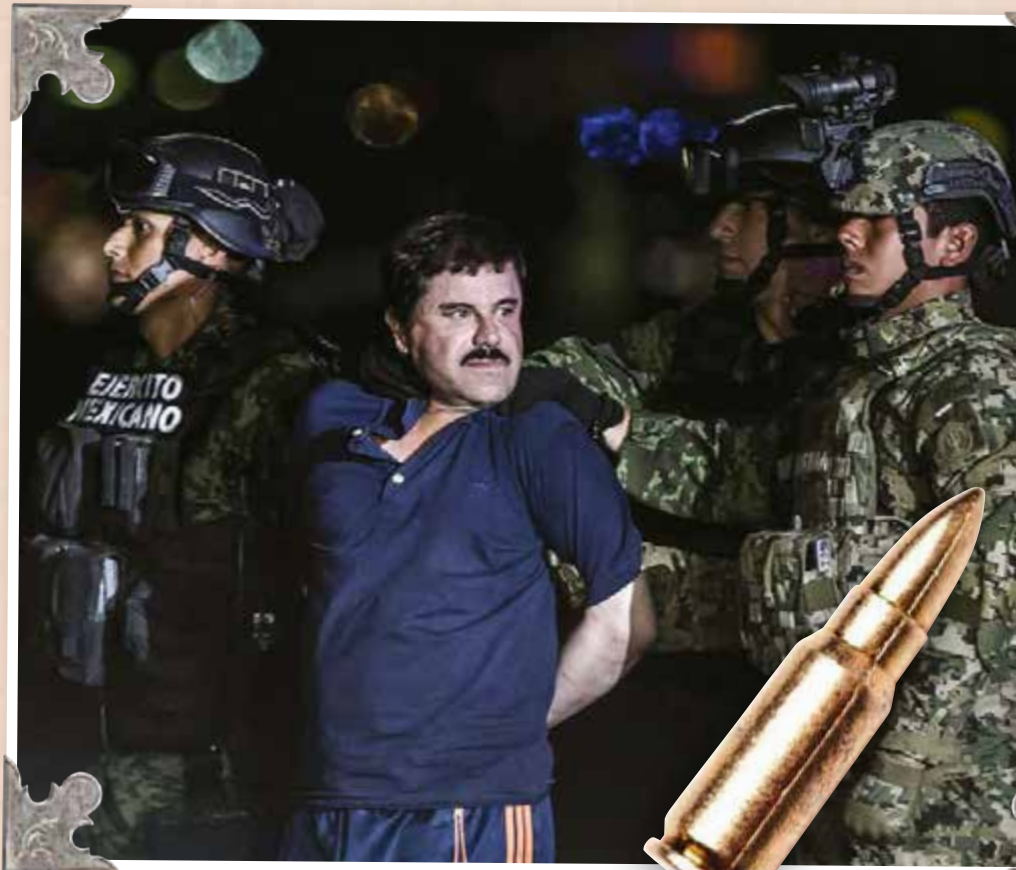
When your husbands decided to become informants, what was your reaction?

MIA: To tell you the truth, the only thing I was worried about at that time was that my husband was going to go to prison for a while. Nothing was promised to us, so I just knew he was going to go to prison, and I wasn't going to see him for a while. The district attorney, my brother-in-law, my husband, the US attorneys and the lawyers were constantly on the phone every day, so I think that's when reality hit us.

We had so many close calls and very intense, unimaginable moments. It became frightening when our husbands were walking around with the little earplugs in their ears and recording conversations with the top-ranking cartel members. I knew that if any of the cartel members got wind of what we were doing they would come and kill us all in the most unimaginable ways. Olivia and I were both pregnant, so it was just a really scary time in our lives.

OLIVIA: I felt conflicted. I wanted my husband to do the right thing, but I was terrified that they were going to have to testify against the most violent narco terrorists in the world. To this day I feel relieved that it's finally over, and my husband's alive and won't spend the rest of his life in prison.

I'm so happy that one day we are going to be able to have a regular life – the life that I have always dreamt of. It makes it worth it, but I knew it was a decision that was not going to be easy. I knew that we were going to have to live with



this for the rest of our lives. As much as I wanted normalcy for the children and to give them the simple life that I grew up with, I knew that it was going to be far from that, just because of the responsibility he was going to take on to bring Chapo to a US courtroom and testify against him. That's probably the most courageous, bravest thing that somebody would ever want to do.

Thanks to the information your husbands provided, the US authorities were able to catch up with El Chapo and other high-ranking individuals who at one stage had tried to protect you. Were you troubled by this at all?

MIA: No not at all. People might say what our husbands did was the ultimate betrayal, but really there's absolutely no loyalty in that life. The only things that they have loyalty to is to themselves and their money – they will kill you if you lose just \$1 of theirs. Maybe there is a part of cooperating with the feds that is shameful, but the decision that they made was for our family. I'm actually proud: when you think about it our husbands made it to the very top of their careers, and they just lost it without blinking an eye, and they didn't turn back. If Chapo was able to make a deal today to save himself, he would, but that's not going to be an option for him.

“THE POWER CHAPO HAS IS UNEXPLAINABLE. EVERYBODY CAN SEE THAT HE PLAYS GOD IN THE WORST WAYS – HE’S A MONSTER”



HE GOT IT FROM THE FLORES BROTHERS

EL CHAPO ALREADY KNEW HOW TO RUN A SUCCESSFUL DRUG BUSINESS, BUT THAT'S NOT TO SAY HE DIDN'T LEARN A THING OR TWO FROM HIS ASSOCIATES ALONG THE WAY

Actor, activist and journalist Sean Penn was the only reporter ever granted an interview with El Chapo. His story, printed in *Rolling Stone* magazine, caught the attention of Olivia and Mia when Penn mentioned the dozens of labelled 'burner' phones Chapo had – each one for a different person that needed to contact him.

“When we lived in Mexico our husbands had 30 or 40 different burner phones,” Olivia told **Real Crime**. “They would put different names on the back of the phones. When we read

the Sean Penn interview, and he said he got this from Chapo, we knew this was from our husbands. Chapo never even got on a phone until he met our husbands. He was very intrigued by the way that they did business and navigated the US, so he started picking up little things from them. This is an intelligent man, I'm not taking anything from him, but honestly, he got all these little quirks from our husbands. He was very intrigued by how they ran their business and picked a lot of those things up.”

OLIVIA: At first of course it was troublesome, because our husbands were close to a lot of these people. I know that Chapo looked at our husbands like his own sons, practically. So at first for me it was very troublesome. But today, now that I'm not in that world and see a clearer picture of it, it's not troublesome because our husbands decided to do the right thing, morally and lawfully. The cartels are violent people – they were only protecting our husbands because they were huge assets to them, but the tables could have turned at any moment. The same day they protected them could have been the day they killed them and not lost any sleep over it.

You're both now in hiding. How does it compare to your former life? How safe are you in the future?

MIA: We were living a life that was so fast that it blinds you until the situation slaps you right in the face, and you realise that every great moment in our life was always overshadowed by a horrifying moment. It was just one bad thing after another, and we could never savour a happy moment. Today I do feel more endangered, definitely, but now there's a good reason behind it – we're away from that life. I think that we gave our children a better life, and hopefully we'll get through it and have a 'happily ever after'.

OLIVIA: We tried to change our life to live a normal, simple life, and it's ironic because we are never going to have that. I'm constantly looking out of my blinds – I can never rest well. I have been picked up and moved across the country several times by the government. In one instance a private investigator actually found me, and I had to live in a hotel room with my young children for six months.

We have to remember our lies, and we cannot get close to anyone. The only real friend I have is Mia, because she lived the exact same life as I did, and she's going through the exact same things that I am. We keep our children in this bubble: they don't know what happened, they don't even know their father's real name because I'm afraid they might Google him. We say their dad is there [in prison] because he didn't pay his taxes. It's crazy we have to live like this, but when they're old enough to know, we have a lot of explaining to do.

If you could go back and do it all again, would you still make the same decisions?

MIA: I met my husband when we were just kids, and if I could go back in time I would have tried to change his mind

SENDING A MESSAGE

THE WIVES STILL FEAR FOR THE LIVES OF THEIR FAMILY AND THEY HAVE EVERY REASON TO, GIVEN THE CARTEL'S VIOLENT HISTORY

KEEPING SCORE

Hugo Hernandez was kidnapped on 2 January 2010. His body was cut into seven pieces and his face stitched to a football. A message attached read, "Have a happy New Year. It will be your last." It is thought that this was a warning to Sinaloa's rivals the Juarez drug cartel.

SNITCHES GET STITCHES

In 2014 a video was released showing two men who were revealed on camera as being Sinaloa cartel members who had become 'dedos' (Spanish for snitches). In the footage one man is beheaded with a chainsaw, and in the process his friend's arm is sliced off, before he's beheaded himself.

DECAPITATED AND DUMPED

The decapitated bodies of 15 young men aged between 15 and 25 were found near a shopping mall in Acapulco. Three messages signed by Chapo were found alongside the bodies warning against criminal groups fighting his organisation.

about his choice of life, but unfortunately you can't go back. I regret that it took so many years and so much heartache to finally realise that we wanted to change our life.

OLIVIA: I definitely would make the same decisions, I just think there are certain things we probably would have done differently. When we were there in Mexico there was no plan for Mia and I. The day that our husbands decided to turn themselves in, we were basically stranded out there. We had to get out of the country as soon as we could. We uprooted ourselves and took off for the border hoping that we would make it. The border is so cartel infested – Chapo has eyes and ears everywhere, he runs that country. Mia and I didn't know if we would make it out. I wish there was a better plan for all of us so we didn't have to feel like we only had ourselves to survive that situation, get out of that place and stay alive.

But as for the decision they made to cooperate, I would stand by that, because I feel that they chose to do the right thing, and that's important to me. I finally got what I wanted, but I didn't think it would be like this – I thought one day he would be able to just get up and walk away. But that didn't happen, we had to go through a lot more.

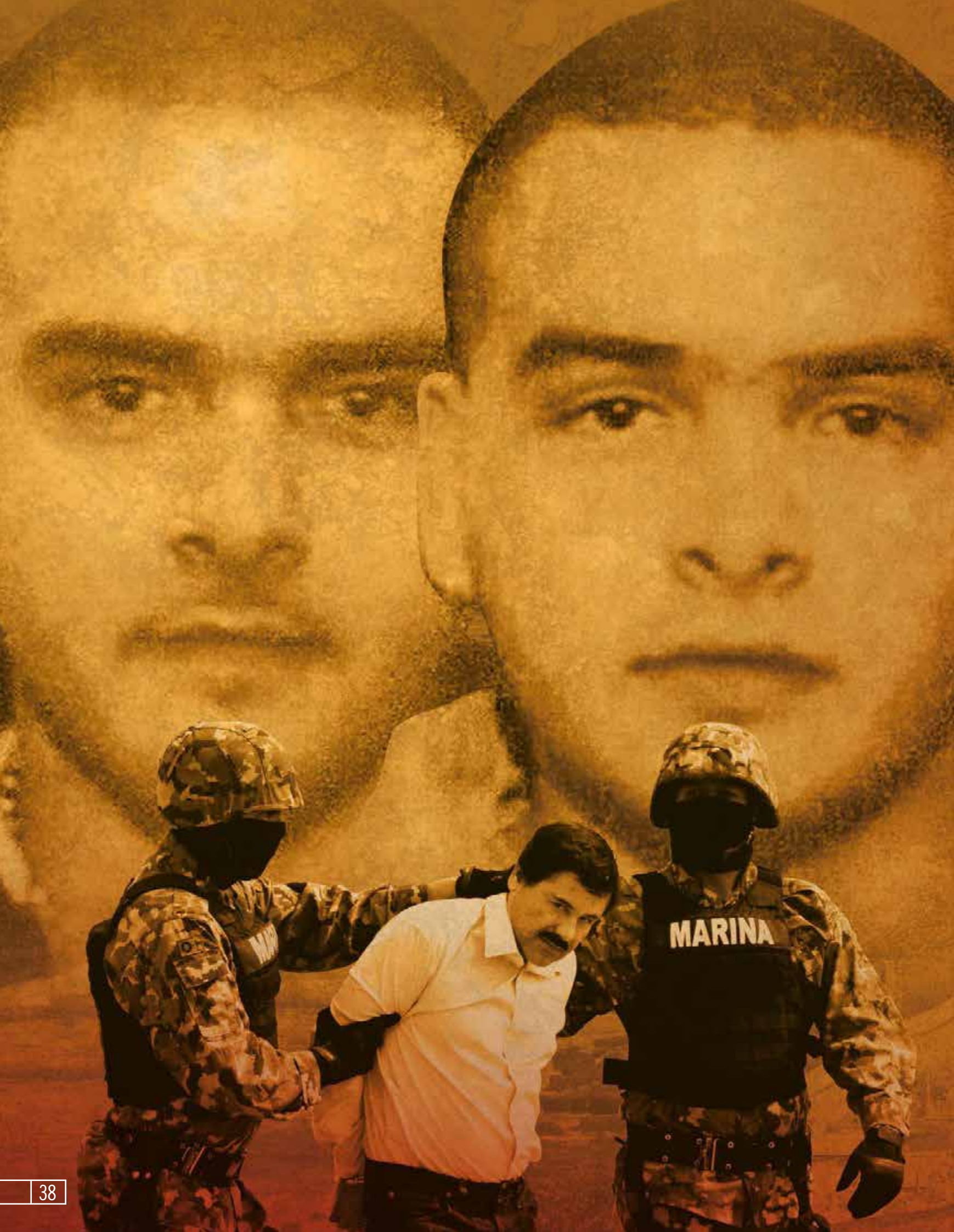
TOP LEFT The wives never met drug lord El Chapo, because his safeguarded home in the Mexican mountains did not permit the visitation of women unless they were El Chapo's wives and whores

BELOW LEFT Both wives were devastated when Judge Ruben Castillo sentenced the twins to 14 years each behind bars but were relieved it wasn't longer

BELOW RIGHT After the twins' drug indictments, Olivia and Junior fled the US to their family's ranch in San Juan, a few hours away from Guadalajara. As they enjoyed a simplistic life in Mexico, Olivia decided that she wanted to remain in the country with Junior, who happily agreed

© Alamy; Getty Images; Thinkstock





THE FLORES BROTHERS VS EL CHAPO

THE FLORES BROTHERS CLIMBED TO THE TOP OF A DRUG EMPIRE AND LIVED A GLAMOROUS NARCO LIFESTYLE, BUT A BLOODTHIRSTY WAR BETWEEN CARTELS FORCED THEM TO BECOME PART OF A CASE THAT SENT DOZENS OF HIGH-RANKING CARTEL MEMBERS TO PRISON

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

To build up a multi-million dollar drugs empire and count one of the most wanted kingpins in the world as something of a close ally, then tear it down at a moment's notice - delivering Joaquin 'El Chapo' Guzman to the FBI - seems a crazy state of affairs. But for twin brothers Peter and Margarito Jnr. 'Junior' Flores this was their reality.

The Flores brothers had grown from small fry in a Chicago suburb to a life of unimaginable wealth in Mexico's scenic neighbourhoods, as wholesale distributors for the country's most affluent and influential drug lords.

But in the spring of 2008 their luck ran out when a war between El Chapo and his former business partner Ismael 'El Mayo' Zambada García erupted. The Flores brothers and their families found themselves in real danger. It was then that the pair made an incredible decision. They decided they would return to the United States, where they were wanted men for drug charges, and offer up Chapo, the warring cartel bosses and their associates in the drug world. They would disband their empire and give up the lifestyle they had

formerly led, and in the process expose themselves and their families to a fate worse than mere death if the cartels caught up with them.

SMALL BEGINNINGS

The brothers were born to Mexican immigrant parents in 1981, a time when the crack epidemic was just starting to impact the United States. Before the Flores brothers were even born their childhood was mapped out as drug kingpins. The odds of success in any other vocation were stacked against them as they grew up in Little Village, a working-class town where gangs, vice and violence were rife. Their upbringing was extremely disruptive - their father was a lucrative drug lord serving time for narcotics possession at the time of their birth. Delivered just 17 minutes apart, they were more than siblings; they were best friends and spent the majority of their time as children joined at the hip - wherever one brother was, the other was right there beside him.

When the pair were seven years old their father returned home from prison, and the Flores brothers were raised to be drug traffickers. According to Junior's wife Olivia, the boys would "put their little hands in the gas tank and pull out the drugs that their dad had smuggled across the US border to Mexico." The boys also "had to learn how to operate a triple beam scale to weigh their father's drugs, learn their multiplications to count their father's money, complete drug runs for him at the age of eight or nine years old. They were deprived of any kind of normal childhood," Olivia explained.

The seedy underbelly of Chicago was never far from their door. Their older brothers Armando and Hector were continuously in trouble for gang, gun and drug-related offences, but the twins were dissuaded by their father from joining any gangs or taking drugs themselves – something many high-ranking narco bosses consider important for a successful drug business.

Slowly building their business into an empire, the brothers adopted a similar model to that of fast food chain McDonald's, where they worked as young men. Those who worked for them only ever had one job at any given time: money counters didn't cross their job with those in charge of weighing the drugs out, every role was distinct. In Chicago the brothers had more than a dozen couriers, who were responsible for collecting up to \$1 million at a time and keeping up the appearance of normality at their multiple safe houses. It was a structure that helped their business expand to Milwaukee following Armando's incarceration for narcotics trafficking in 1998. They were given their brother's contacts, including his suppliers. By that time they had proven themselves as kingpins, pulling off their first deal at the age of 17 for 30 kilograms of narcotics.

It was around this time that the pair began to crop up on law enforcement's radar. These were low-key crimes considering the pair were bringing in a healthy sum as drug lords beneath their disguises as somewhat law-abiding citizens. To avoid detection, the brothers kept one step ahead of law enforcement at all times,

“ THEY HAD PROVEN THEMSELVES AS KINGPINS, PULLING OFF THEIR FIRST DEAL FOR 30 KILOS OF NARCOTICS ”



ABOVE As many as 272 audio recordings were compiled by the US government as part of their prosecution against El Chapo, including 70 secretly recorded conversations with the Flores brothers

switching phones on a regular basis, using vehicles with sophisticated hidden compartments that would allow for a smooth pick-up, and packing drugs with floral-smelling fabric sheets to throw off sniffer dogs.

They used the drug money to set up a string of legitimate businesses as a front for their wealth. By the age of 22 they owned five houses, multiple luxury vehicles, dined in expensive restaurants and gambled in exclusive casinos in Las Vegas. But such wealth could only evoke jealousy in rivals, and in 2003 Peter was kidnapped. A Chicago drug dealer had his associates pose as police officers before pulling the young man into a van and driving off. A ransom of \$2 million was negotiated by Junior for his brother's safe return.

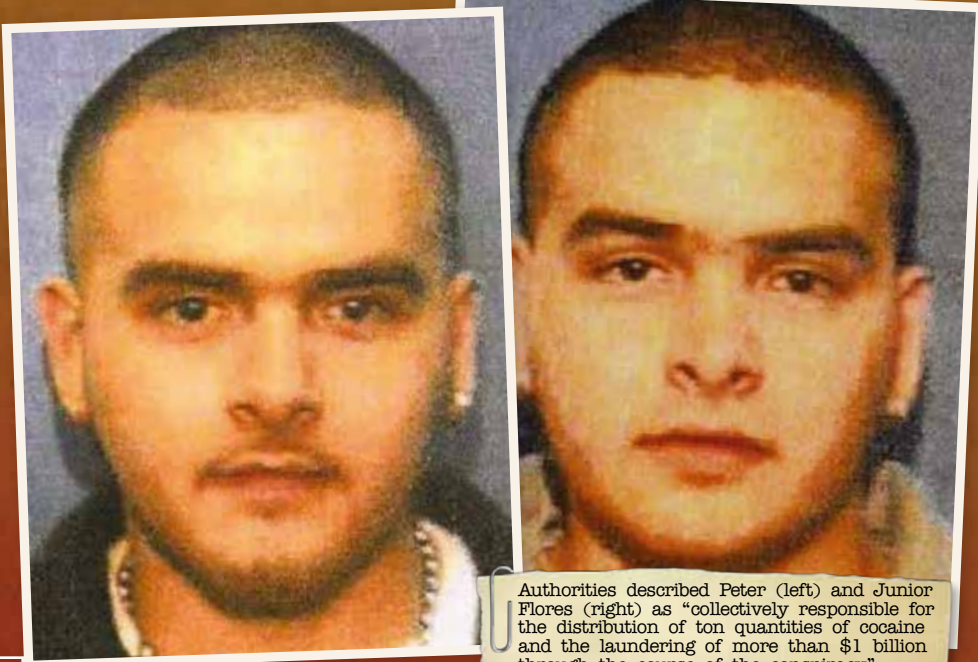
Despite such a tremendous loss the brothers simply picked themselves up and carried on. Their business was run in a way that meant violence was off the table, even for the kidnapper who extorted a small fortune from them. The pair remained inconspicuous until 2003, when Junior was stopped at a Milwaukee checkpoint for not wearing a seatbelt and carrying a couple of dollars of marijuana.

It was an arousal of suspicion too far, and in 2005 the Milwaukee cops had pieced enough information together to warrant a bust on several of the brothers' safe houses – each of which had up to \$7 million dollars' worth of drugs stashed away behind remote-controlled hydraulic trapdoors. By the time law enforcement had chance to catch up with the brothers they had fled the country to Mexico, where their family lived in a remote and quiet part of San Juan. Eventually they relocated with their girlfriends to Mexico's second largest city, Guadalajara, getting themselves lost in and among the teeming city's four million residents.

A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL

Once in Mexico the brothers focused on managing their business from afar, distributing millions of dollars' worth of drugs across state lines. The brothers forged a new life, their business was flourishing and their connections meant that they were trafficking drugs for the king of cocaine – Chapo. But their happiness was short-lived when Peter was kidnapped again, this time by their supplier 'Uncle Pablo', a member of the Sinaloa Cartel who claimed the brothers hadn't paid up on a \$10 million debt owed to Chapo. Junior decided to take his case to the very top, and thanks to his extensive contacts he was able to set foot in Chapo's high-security mansion in the Sinaloa mountains and prove that they had kept up their payments.

Satisfied that the brothers had been regularly paying up, Chapo negotiated the release of Peter. He realised the kidnapper, the brothers' former supplier, was attempting to skim money off the top of Chapo's business. He offered the brothers the chance to pull the trigger themselves on the



Authorities described Peter (left) and Junior Flores (right) as "collectively responsible for the distribution of ton quantities of cocaine and the laundering of more than \$1 billion through the course of the conspiracy"

traitor but they politely declined. When Uncle Pablo's debt to Chapo went unpaid and the supplier attempted to extort more money from the twins by kidnapping their father, Chapo's patience ran out. After forcing him to pay up and release Margarito Flores Senior he was executed.

Having met Junior and Peter face to face Chapo was impressed by the pair. The men were young, smart and disciplined, and Chapo realised they were too good of an opportunity to pass up and made the brothers honorary members of his inner circle. He worked with them to distribute drugs in Chicago, New York, Washington and Los Angeles. The brothers were also approached by Chapo's sworn enemies, the five brothers who headed the Beltrán-Leyva Organization (BLO). With so many drugs to shift across the Mexican border into the US, the brothers were raking in millions of dollars every day from the comfort of their own home as they operated their business remotely with the use of multiple 'burner' phones.

The brothers later reported how Chapo's operations included a fleet of Boeing 747 jets that had their seats removed, packed with money and sent out under the guise of 'humanitarian' missions south of the American border. On their return the planes would be loaded with up to 12,000 kilograms of cocaine. Chapo was constantly looking for new ways to shift his stash: in 2007 submarines were used as well as speedboats and amphibious vessels to avoid the law enforcement officers. Every month the Flores brothers were transporting more than \$900 million of narcotics.

Theirs was a life of luxury, which they shared with their wives and children. Their status afforded them a free reign over Mexico as they came to see how Chapo kept law enforcement officers sweet in return for the freedom to move

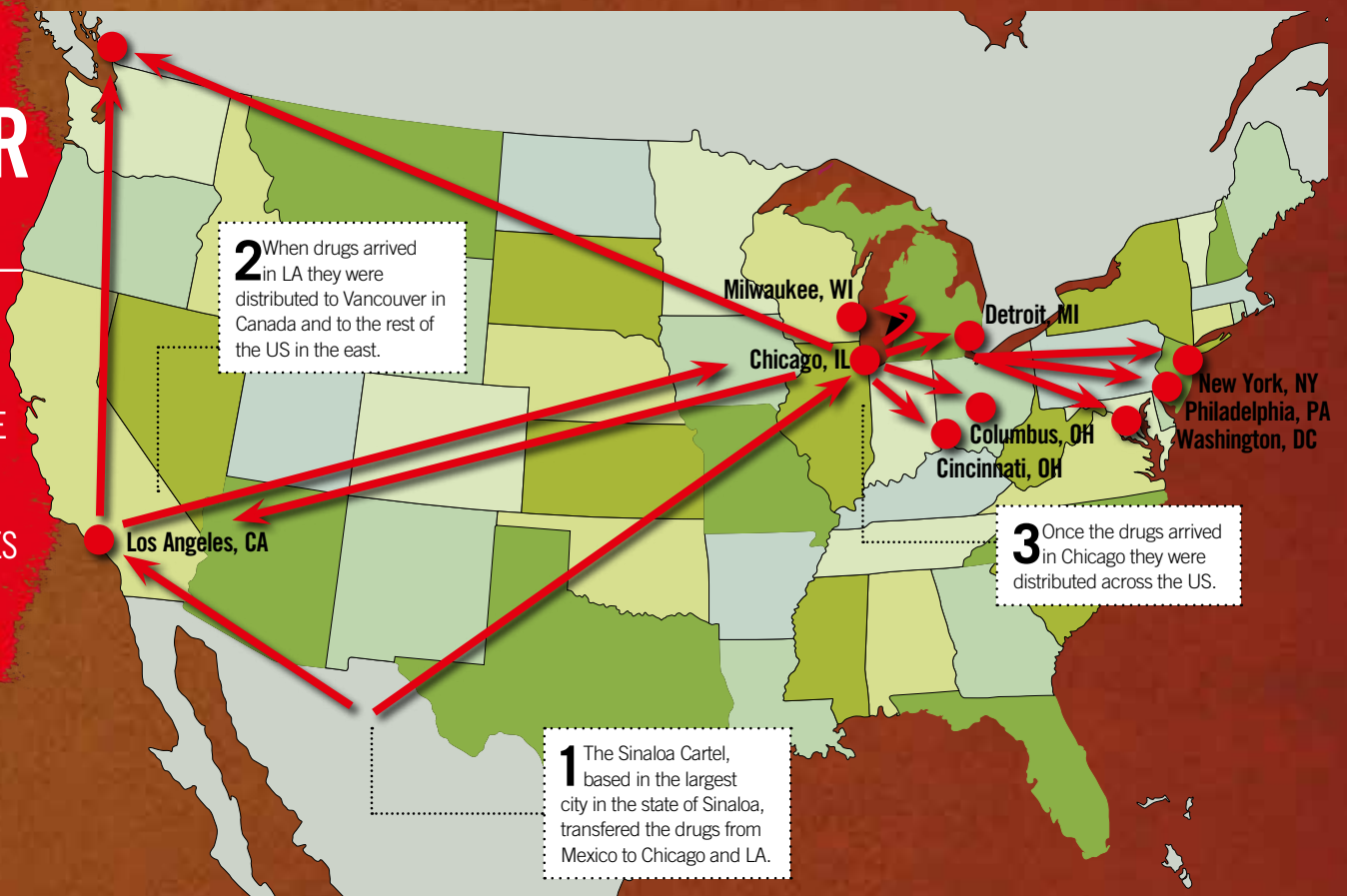


drugs freely in and out of the country. It was not just the brothers who benefitted from the arrangement though. With the brothers working for Chapo, the kingpin's access to the US was unprecedented. Regularly the brothers were flown out to the mountains to meet with Chapo and his officials at top-secret meetings where drug lords congregated to discuss strategy. It seemed like they had the world at their feet.

But all the time the cartels were facing a backlash, and the brothers were quickly realising that the perks of the job came with a price. In December 2006 Felipe Calderón was elected president of Mexico. Within two weeks he sent 6,500 army troops to the state of Michoacán, just outside of Guadalajara,

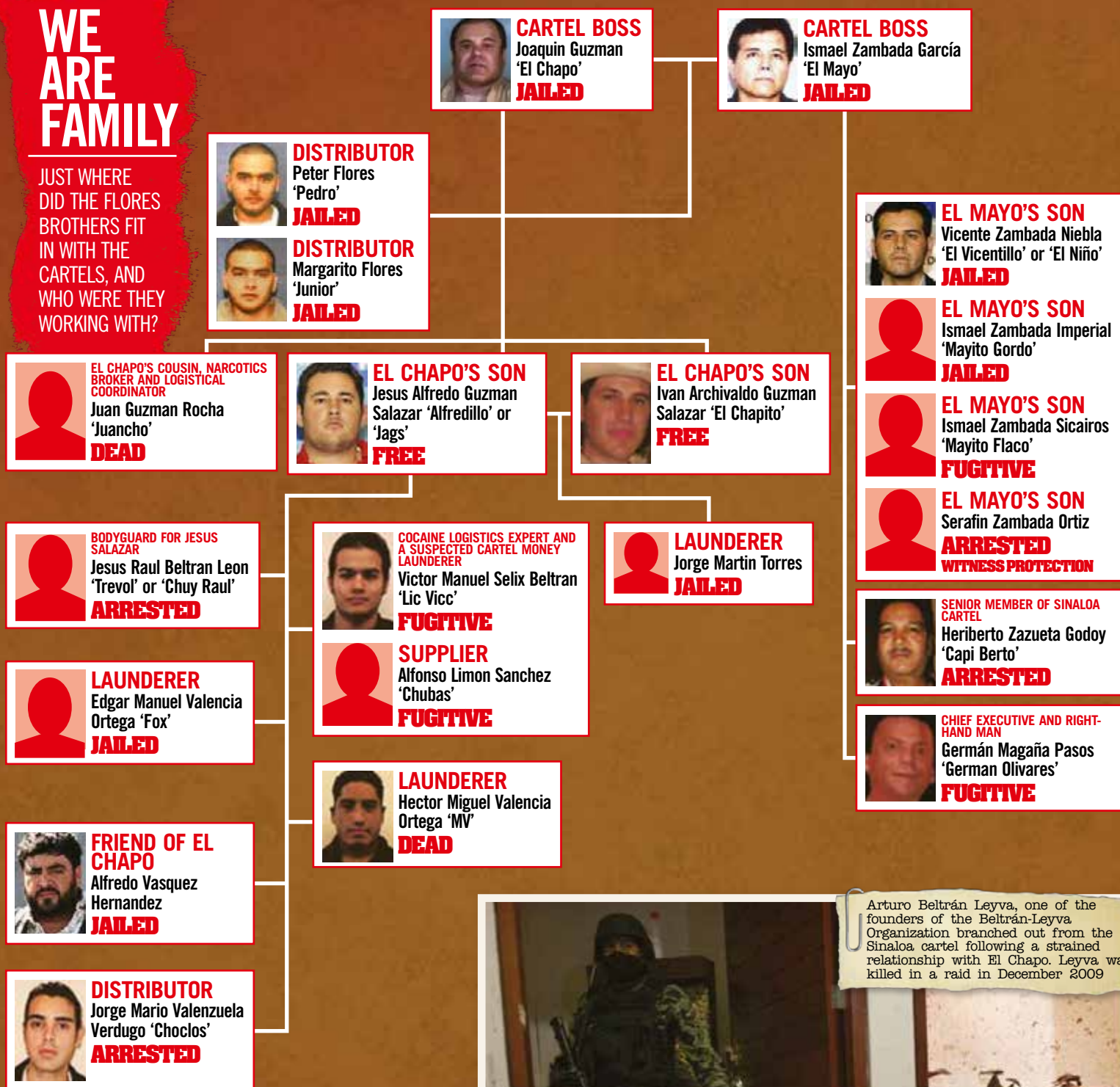
THE PAPER TRAIL

WITH MONEY AND DRUGS CROSSING MULTIPLE STATE LINES, THE SKY WAS THE LIMIT FOR THE FLORES BROTHERS



WE ARE FAMILY

JUST WHERE DID THE FLORES BROTHERS FIT IN WITH THE CARTELS, AND WHO WERE THEY WORKING WITH?



to fight the cartels – who fought back. Within six years approximately 85,000 people died because of cartel violence. The following year, Chapo and Mayo went to war with the Juárez Cartel over a smuggling route from Ciudad Juárez to El Paso. The death toll in Ciudad Juárez soared, reaching a record of 1,500 homicides in 2008. Despite the carnage in Mexico, Peter and Junior were still as successful as ever and began to trade the main ingredients in manufacturing meth.

REALITY CHECK

The Flores' life of security and wealth came crashing down in 2008 when corrupt Mexican authorities kidnapped the



Arturo Beltrán Leyva, one of the founders of the Beltrán-Leyva Organization branched out from the Sinaloa cartel following a strained relationship with El Chapo. Leyva was killed in a raid in December 2009

THE BROTHERS WERE TASKED WITH AN UNIMAGINAGABLE AND HIGHLY DANGEROUS UNDERCOVER OPERATION

brothers and their wives, hauling them off in the middle of the night. It seemed like this was the end for the brothers and their families. But when word got back to Chapo that the lives of his valuable assets were on the line he, the BLO and El Mayo arranged for bodyguards to rescue the hostages, and the brothers and their wives escaped.

But tensions between the BLO and Chapo were beginning to strain as the war in Mexico intensified. On 21 January 2008 Alfredo Beltrán Leyva, one of the five BLO bosses, was arrested in Culiacán. The Beltrán Leyva brothers believed that their brother's arrest was the work of Chapo and the Sinaloa Cartel. They strongly sensed that the authorities had been tipped off as to the whereabouts of their brother's hiding place. This incident quickly turned the BLO against the Sinaloa Cartel, leaving the brothers to pick a side or face being caught in the murderous crossfire.

With children and wives to think of, the brothers made a life-altering decision. Through their attorney, they reached out to the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) in the US. It was proposed that, despite the looming drug indictments the brothers had left behind three years ago, they would be willing to return to the US and cooperate against some of the most sought after criminals in the world. It was a move that guaranteed them no favours, but that would get them away from the murderous destruction engulfing Mexico. It would mean turning their backs on their millionaire lifestyle, their homes in Mexico and the dangerous drug lords who trusted them – who would do much worse than kill them and their families if it was discovered they had even contemplated blowing the whistle.

Following a series of meetings with attorneys and DEA agents in Mexico, the brothers agreed to infiltrate the warring groups and record them in action as they negotiated the trafficking of millions of dollars' worth of cocaine and heroin. Their cooperation would likely be looked upon favourably by the courts but there was a more than likely chance they would see the inside of a prison cell themselves. Their wives and children would also need to get out of Mexico and return to the US to go into hiding.

Throughout one intense month the brothers were tasked with an unimaginable and highly dangerous undercover operation that required not only nerves of steel but the ability to outsmart a dangerous man, all while using recording equipment that was chunky, hard to hide and lacking in sophistication. Despite the dangers and the challenges they faced they recorded around 70 conversations, including one conversation on 15 November that had Chapo sing like a canary about a 20-kilogram shipment of cocaine to Chicago. It would be a conversation that would solidify the charges against him when he was eventually arrested in 2014. Weeks later the brothers were flown out of the middle of Mexico's war zone, while their families were forced to flee on foot.

In the US the brothers' work to catch drug traffickers was ongoing. A series of tapped phone calls to their associates in the 'windy city' led to dozens of arrests. The case was dubbed the "most significant drug case in the history of Chicago's federal court". Testimony from the brothers helped to secure indictments against 54 defendants, including Chapo.



Despite their best efforts to turn over a new leaf, the news that the brothers had become informants dismayed the pair's father. The Flores brothers pleaded with their father not to return to Mexico but he refused to listen, homesick for the place he had built a life in since the late 90s. Shortly after their father returned, a note was found on the windshield of his abandoned car. The note warned the brothers to keep their mouths shut. Flores Snr. never came back to the US or was heard from again and to this day, his whereabouts remain unknown. He is presumed dead.

The twins' cooperation was a huge breakthrough for the DEA, but the brothers had their own crimes to answer for, and more than six years after they had returned to the US they stood trial at the Everett McKinley Dirksen United States Courthouse in Chicago. They pleaded guilty to charges of trafficking drugs. Had the twins not handed themselves in and cooperated to the lengths that they had, they could have faced life in prison. Lawyers argued that their willingness to spill the beans should earn them an unprecedented break. During sentencing Judge Ruben Castillo told the court, "I look at the two Flores brothers and I think, growing up in Chicago under different circumstances, both of you gentleman probably could have accomplished a great deal if you had been law-abiding, because there are a lot of things you are, but stupid is not one of them."

The brothers were given 14 years in prison – extra time was added to their sentence for smuggling 276 kilograms of cocaine into the US during their time cooperating without informing the government. They are expected to be released in 2021. Chapo, just like dozens of other cartel associates will never be released.

ABOVE In the run-up to their sentencing, Peter and Junior Flores expressed to the courts the shame they felt for their illegal activities with cartel members, pleading for mercy so that they might eventually return home to their families

TOP The Flores brothers' testimonies gave police the chance to examine the involvement of every cartel associate known to the pair, including the bosses' sons such as Vicente Zambada Niebla



NO STRINGS ATTACHED

THE TERRIFYING AND TRAGIC DEATH OF A BELGIAN SKYDIVER PROMPTED
POLICE TO INVESTIGATE AN AFFAIR WITH HER INSTRUCTOR AND A
SUSPICIOUS RIVAL FOR HIS AFFECTIONS

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

On a brisk November day in 2006 Els Van Doren, a married mother of two, met a terrifying end as she hurtled to her death at 190 kilometres per hour. She and the rest of her skydiving group had jumped out of an aeroplane at 4,000 metres to complete what was supposed to be a routine dive, but as the rest of the group descended to safety they could only watch as Van Doren struggled to open her parachute. Her instructor and paramour Marcel 'Mars' Somers later recalled how he had attempted to get closer to his flailing student in an attempt to rescue her, but it was in vain – he couldn't save her. With no sign of the main parachute or the backup parachute reserved for such emergencies emerging, she plummeted into a residential garden in the eastern suburbs of Opglabbeek, Belgium.

But when police discovered the camera Van Doren had mounted on her helmet and saw the video footage of the distressed skydiver frantically attempting to save herself in the moments before her death, it became clear to them



“CLOTTEMANS SNAPPED AS SHE HEARD THE PASSIONATE PAIR MAKING LOVE THROUGH THE WALLS”

that Van Doren's death had been no freak accident or suicide but that someone had very deliberately cut the parachute cords. But who? An enraged husband scorned by his wife's infidelity? A jealous lover? Or someone else who stood to gain something with Van Doren out of the picture?

HIGH ON LOVE

As police began their initial investigations into Van Doren's death, they built a picture of how she found herself falling in love with her instructor, then falling to her death months later. Van Doren had met Somers, a Dutch skydiving instructor, when she had joined his parachute club in 2005 in Zwartberg, Belgium, just 32 kilometres from the Dutch border. She had not been the only student taken by his charm. 22-year-old Els 'Babs' Clottemans, a primary school teacher, was also smitten.

While the trio met up every weekend at the club, Somers met with the women individually, usually spending Friday nights with Clottemans and Saturday nights with Van Doren. He denied that Van Doren knew anything about his relationship with Clottemans but admitted he could see that his affections for the married mother rankled with his

ABOVE Clottemans had initially told investigators that the victim was her “pillar” and her “best friend” but admitted sending hateful messages to her in a bid to put her off Somers

INSET Experts ruled that both the pilot chute and a small safety chute had been deliberately cut, and that it could have been done in half a minute with the use of scissors

other lover. The relationship developed into a love triangle, and Clottemans became all too aware that Van Doren was increasingly favoured by Somers, who made it clear that Clottemans could either like it or leave.

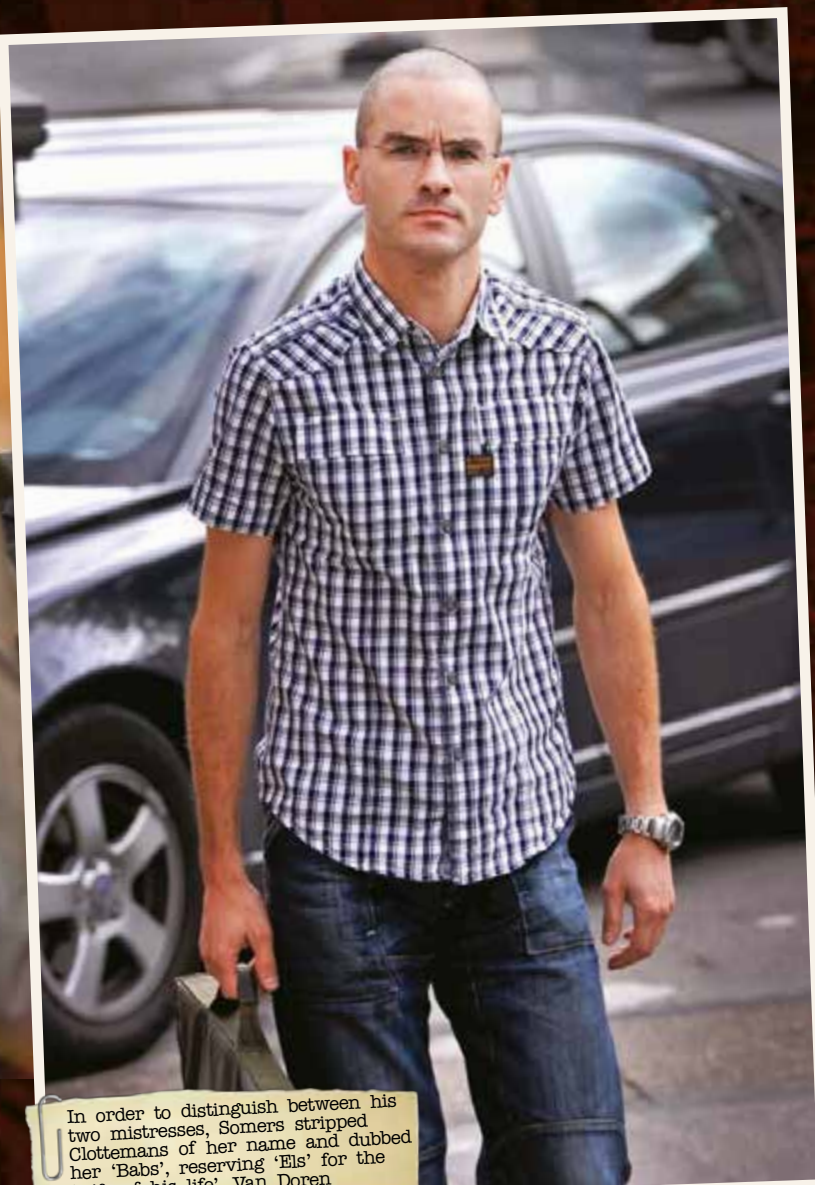
By the summer of 2005 Clottemans decided that the relationship between Van Doren and Somers was beginning to leave her sidelined. She sent a threatening and anonymous letter to Van Doren and began to call her incessantly. In the ten months before her death, Clottemans had phoned ‘the other woman’ more than 200 times. When their stunt on 18 November 2006 ended in tragedy police had a number of viable suspects. However, Clottemans was not initially on the police's radar. Many regarded the pair as close friends, and few knew about the love triangle that had panned out over the last few months. When Clottemans gave a statement to police, she admitted that she had been close to the couple and that she had a romantic liaison with Somers, who had “led her astray”. But she told investigators that their relationship had fizzled out.

It had been only a month since Van Doren had died when Clottemans attempted suicide after Somers officially ended their relationship. She was due to give a second statement to police just hours later. Her behaviour alarmed investigators, and after she recovered police continued to apply pressure on Clottemans. A suicide letter left for Somers depicted her level of guilt for her jealousy of Van Doren, but once fully recovered she professed her innocence. But when investigators questioned Somers they realised that the trio were not as close as Clottemans had claimed.

DEATH PLUNGE

A video played to the court conclusively showed that during Van Doren's final jump a series of deliberate malfunctions resulted in her death. As the ground drew closer, Van Doren watched as her team's canopies safely deployed.

At a height of approximately 1,000 metres she looked up at the white spare parachute that hung over her but remained closed. She looked down and back up again as she waited for the parachute to deploy. She pulled on her belt but nothing happened. In the court the video stopped there – the jury were spared the final panic-stricken seconds before Van Doren crashed into the ground.



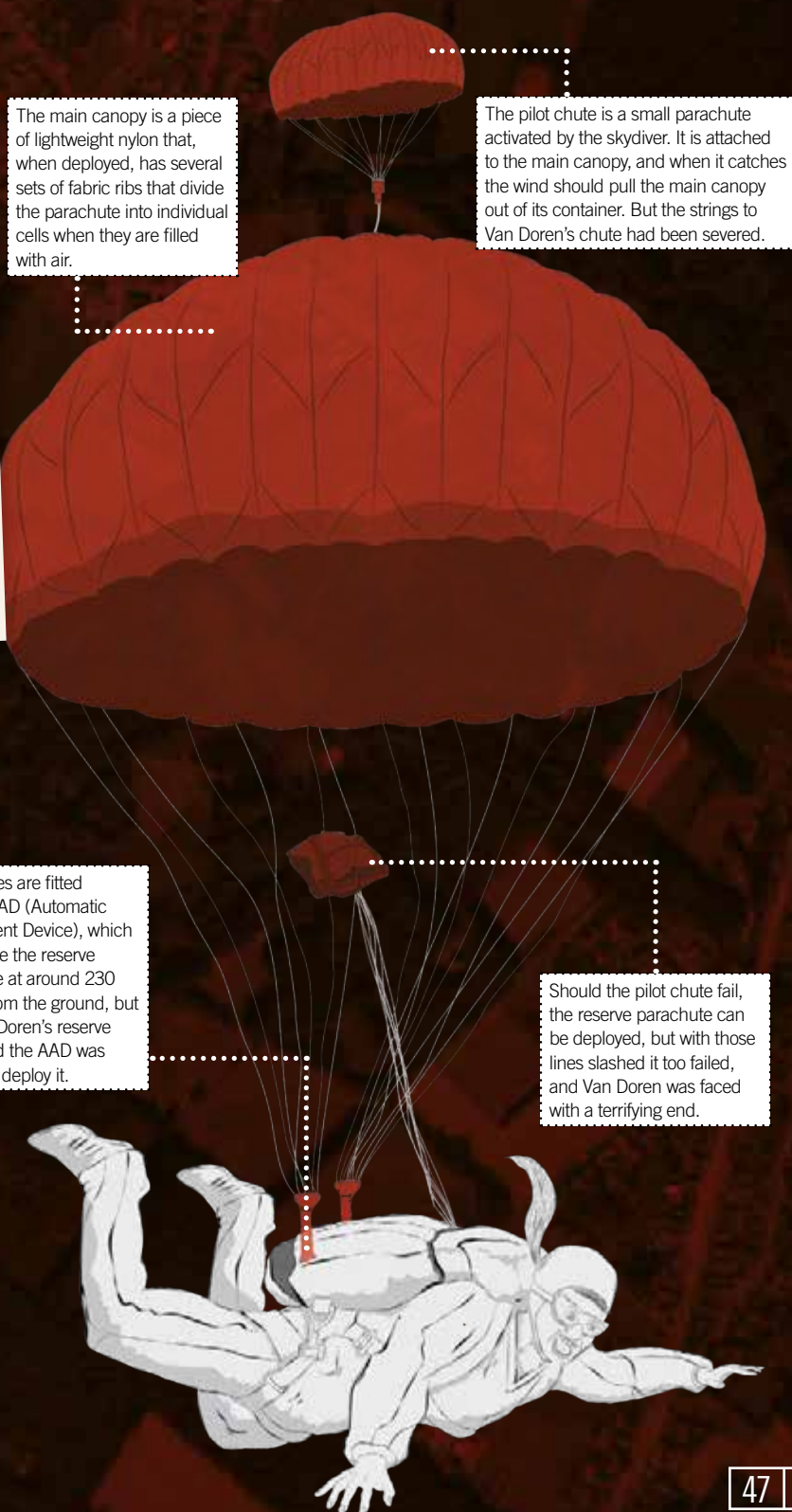
In order to distinguish between his two mistresses, Somers stripped Clottemans of her name and dubbed her 'Babs', reserving 'Els' for the 'wife of his life', Van Doren

According to Somers, after a brief sexual relationship he had tried to "shrug off" a clingy Clottemans, but she had persisted. Around a week before their final jump a blithely unaware Van Doren had turned up at Somers's home in the southern Dutch city of Eindhoven, where he and Clottemans had been spending the evening. Clottemans ended up staying downstairs all night, confined to the sofa, while Somers and Van Doren slept upstairs.

Investigators realised this could have been the exact moment that Clottemans snapped as she heard the passionate pair making love through the walls. Van Doren's parachute had been left for the evening in the hallway near where the scorned lover had been sleeping. It became obvious that Clottemans had the motive and the opportunity, and with Van Doren dead she would have the man of her desires all to herself. It took investigators more than two months to piece together the events leading up to Van Doren's death, but after questioning Clottemans for more than 100 hours police arrested her on suspicion of murder.

FALL FROM CLOUD NINE

The allegations against Clottemans were based entirely on circumstantial evidence, and her lawyers argued the entire case was preposterous. The sleepy town of Tongeren was suddenly the scene of international focus as the much-



JUST ME AND MY DADDY

Psychologists who evaluated Clottemans argued that she displayed signs of an Electra complex. This psychosexual condition, coined by Carl Jung in 1913, is described as the feminine counterpart of the Oedipus complex (a male's desire to eliminate the father to take his place).

Clottemans, who was approximately 20 years younger than both Van Doren and Somers, had described her relationship with the pair to psychologists. It rang true to them as that of a mother/father relationship. With Clottemans having lost her father at a young age, her relationship with Somers was thought to be highly sexual and dependent. When it was clear that Van Doren came between her and Somers's affections, she saw no choice but to get rid of her.

The complex derives from Greek mythology, taking inspiration from the story of Princess Electra, who killed her mother in retaliation for her murdering her father.

anticipated trial began in September 2010. More than 200 witnesses were expected to testify in the trial that would span over four weeks. The northern Flemish town was gripped by the proceedings as journalists packed themselves into an adjacent room where they could watch the trial by remote video. A live television feed was set up so that the rest of the country could watch as attorneys read out a 68-page charge sheet that placed Clottemans at the centre of what was being called 'a crime of passion'.

Prosecutors argued that Clottemans, who suffered from psychiatric issues, had heard the pair making love through the thin walls at Somers's home. They claimed that she had boiled over and cut the cords of her rival's parachute in retaliation. Somers described what he believed to be the chain of events leading up to his lover's murder: "When Els and I went to bed, Babs kept turning it over. Something cracked," he told the court. "She took a pair of scissors and cut the parachute cords. For me, that's the most realistic scenario." He later described Clottemans to the court as having been a "very good girlfriend." However, he added, "The Babs whom I knew died together with Els. She has turned into a wolf in sheep's clothes."

He also recalled Clottemans's strange behaviour the following morning: "On Saturday morning, Els and I lay naked in bed. Suddenly, she (Clottemans) stormed into the bedroom and jumped on the bed. I lay between Els and Babs, which took about ten minutes. She was bored and was in search of a hairdryer." Somers said that in his opinion Clottemans had entered the bedroom fuelled with adrenaline from her murderous stunt. The following evening she had waited outside his home until Van Doren left, and then the pair had "raw sex". He had always been worried that she would reveal the affair to Van Doren's husband Jan De Wilde, an Antwerp jeweller and the father of her two children.

This version of Clottemans's character was further reinforced by another member of the parachute group, who described Clottemans as "invasive", "excessive" and a "drama queen". One of the few pieces of solid evidence entered into the Belgian court was the dramatic footage from Van Doren's



“ THE FIRST QUESTION A FAMILY NORMALLY ASKS IS WHETHER THE VICTIM SUFFERED... WE DON'T HAVE TO ASK, IT WAS FILMED ”

skydiving camera, which had been mounted onto her helmet. Her husband and children left the court as the victim's death played out on screen.

In the video four parachutists could be seen huddled together inside the Cessna 208 plane, which was being driven by pilot Luc Deijgers. They were 4,000 metres off the ground and were all laughing, joking and in good spirits. Outside, the sky was clear and blue despite the group's fears that it would rain that day. First a group of four jumped over the side, followed by two others. Then parachutist Tom Bolsuis, who was leading the formation, swung his arm to give the signal to Clottemans, Somers and Van Doren that it was their turn to jump. What could not be seen on camera was that Clottemans hung back slightly, jumping a few seconds too late to join them. The video showed Van Doren floating on her back, looking up at the clear sky and out over the Limburg landscape. As she descended, she could see the residential area of Opglabeeek. She didn't know this was the last thing she would see before her death.

An attorney representing the Van Doren family told the court, "The first question a family normally asks is whether the victim suffered, whether she knew what happened. We don't have to ask, it was filmed." Despite evidence showing that Van Doren's death was not a suicide, there was no DNA evidence that directly tied Clottemans to the murder.

ABOVE The defendant claimed she had found a missing piece of Van Doren's parachute "by chance" in a tree while she was lost driving down a road, prompting her lover to suspect she was hiding something



Clottemans denied any role in her friend's death. She told the jury that during her many hours of questioning, police "wanted me to confess. But confess to what? I couldn't confess, as I hadn't done anything."

Also entered into the trial as evidence was the victim's parachute with its severed cords. Experts determined that it would have taken seconds to slash the parachute. In 2007 Clottemans had written to a Belgian newspaper about the death of Van Doren. She explained how at the time she had suffered from low self-esteem. "I always knew I was number two for Marcel," she wrote.

FREEFALL

Three psychologists assessed Clottemans and described her in their report as "narcissistic" and "deeply psychopathic". They also commented on how she was able to maintain a facade that she had lost a friend in a tragic accident, but underneath it all she was "cold and without emotion". The doctors determined that the event that had contributed to her state of mind was her father's death when she was just two years old. His death had deeply affected her, and at the age of 16 she attempted suicide, which then forced her to seek psychological help. The psychologists branded her "a danger for society".

Clottemans's unstable mind was the only mitigating condition according to Michel Jordans, the judge presiding over the high-profile trial. But her attorney Vic Van Aelst argued that there was not "a shred of hard evidence to justify locking somebody up in a cell for the rest of her life, only a lot of hocus-pocus." The defence's arguments hinged not only on the lack of evidence but on the argument that Clottemans was not in love with Somers. Her lawyer did not deny that there had been a relationship between his client and Somers but dismissed the intensity of the relationship as tittle-tattle and hearsay.

Attempting to confirm his client's mental stability, he pointed out how she had completed teacher training and worked as a primary school teacher in the Brussels district of Anderlecht since she was released on bail in 2008. He also argued that his client had been belittled and intimidated by investigators when they interrogated her, adding that the investigators had formed their own version of the truth and were not prepared to deviate from it, causing them to focus solely on his client as the perpetrator.

Despite a lack of the fundamental components of guilt – a confession, hard evidence and witnesses – Clottemans was handed down a sentence of 30 years in prison on 21 October 2010, after the jury of seven men and five women decided that she was guilty of premeditated murder. Her sentence had only been a whisker away from life behind bars. Speaking during sentencing, the judge said, "The facts are very cruel and conclusive. The victim had no chance and would have consciously experienced her approaching death. There are no extenuating circumstances. The accused is a danger in the future." As her sentence was handed down, Clottemans stood emotionless, listening to the fate she had been dealt by the judicial system. Under Belgian law, she will be eligible for parole after one-third of her sentence, meaning she could apply for release in 2020. To this day she denies the murder.

Some believe Clottemans has been unfairly convicted. Citing a lack of DNA evidence linking her to the death of Van Doren, crowds released balloons into the sky in protest at Clottemans's 30-year sentence for killing her love rival.





UNSOLVED CASE

COLD HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN MURDERER

THEY WERE A NORMAL BRITISH FAMILY ON A HOLIDAY IN THE FRENCH ALPS, BUT THEY BECAME THE VICTIMS OF AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE AND UNEXPLAINED MASSACRE

WORDS JOANNA ELPHICK



A smiling Saad al-Hilli and his family: wife Iqbal and children Zainab and Zeena posing in their back garden during happy times



By early September 2012 most of the tourists looking for beautiful Alpine views and family photo opportunities along the winding mountain roads had departed, and the magnificent village of Chevaline in the Haute-Savoie region of France returned to its peaceful self once again. Route Forestiere Domanaile de la Combe d'Ire, close to the southern end of Lake Annecy, was particularly quiet. Apart from the occasional sporty cyclist prepared to face the steep climb, or a chugging tractor, the way was clear and silent. So why was it that such a ghastly sequence of events ended in the brutal murder of a family, so close to this picturesque, sleepy village?

A HOLIDAY TO DIE FOR

This was not the first time Saad al-Hilli had taken his family caravanning in France. They had spent a wonderful summer there the year before, and it was with great excitement that they decided to return. Zainab, their eldest daughter, should have been in school, but Saad decided to keep her back for one more week of fun. So at 10pm on Wednesday 29 August Saad drove his BMW estate on to the ferry as the holiday adventure began. They spent three days meandering through the pretty villages stopping at various places, including Village Camping Europa, where they met a Dutch family. Sandy Rambout would later become a key witness, tipping off the police officers that there had been two daughters, not just the injured Zainab, sparking a frenzied manhunt for the missing four year old. Rambout also told them of a strange incident that occurred during their brief time together.

Apparently a man dressed in a suit was seen hanging around Saad's caravan. On one particular occasion the pair began to argue until the stranger stormed over to the BMW and banged on the bonnet. Shortly after this unnerving incident, Saad decided to leave the site early, choosing instead to pitch 2.6 kilometres further down the road. Eventually they pulled in at the Solitaire du Lac campsite by the edge of Lake Annecy, 14 kilometres outside of Chevaline.



Saad al-Hilli took his family on a holiday that ended in death. It is unclear if he was the intended target.

They were a close family enjoying each other's company as often as possible. With temperatures around 30 degrees celsius it looked as if this was going to be their best holiday yet. Sadly, it would be their last.

FAMILY SECRETS

Saad al-Hilli was born into a wealthy family from Baghdad. His father had been an influential and highly successful businessman who had fled his homeland during Saddam Hussein's ascent to power, taking his sons Saad and Zaid with him. Why his father needed to leave in such a hurry was never fully explained, but something clearly occurred to unnerve the al-Hilli patriarch. The family initially moved to London but finally settled in Surrey, where they bought a huge property. This would eventually be given to the young Saad and his bride, causing a rift between the two brothers that was later investigated by the police.

Saad was a clever child and gained numerous qualifications before studying engineering at Kingston University. Having worked at a variety of companies, he eventually acquired a long-term contract with Satellite Technology Limited.

On 28 August 2003 Saad married Iqbal, but the fairy-tale wedding was the first of a long line of mysteries leading to their horrific deaths. Iqbal lied about her status on the marriage certificate, claiming to be unmarried, when she



Brett Martin was overtaken by French cyclist Sylvain Mollier on the track up to the layby. Sylvain would later be shot five times

“THE CAR CRAWLED UP THE STEEP INCLINE, PASSING A BROWN SIGN DECLARING ‘DANGEROUS ROAD’. BUT THE FAMILY DID NOT HEED ITS WARNING”

was in fact already hitched to a biker named Jimmy from Mississippi. The divorce papers came through some time after the second marriage, but the details surrounding this previous odd coupling remain shrouded in mystery. Iqbal's mother Suhaila appeared to be the only person aware of the situation – but did somebody else know of the event, and could this have been instrumental in the family's demise?

In 2005 Zainab was born, followed three years later by Zeena. The sisters were utterly inseparable. Zainab kept a close eye on her baby sibling, protecting her against anything that might upset her. It was likely that she was doing just that as she staggered into the road, leading the killer away from the family car where she knew Zeena was cowering. No one will ever be sure, but what is known is the undeniable closeness of the five family members as they pitched up their caravan on that balmy summer evening.

MOUNTAIN PASS DEAD END

At 2.30pm the following afternoon Saad drove the car out of the Solitaire du Lac campsite and headed out around the lake. Zainab sat up front with her father, something she often did in order to avoid car sickness. Iqbal was positioned in the rear on the left alongside her mother Suhaila, and Zeena snuggled up between the two. The group motored through Dossard where at 3.15pm Suhaila took a number of photographs. A mere 33 minutes later Brett Martin would discover their bullet-riddled car and lifeless corpses, 12 minutes further up the mountain pass. This left a ten-minute window of opportunity for the killer to strike.

A local builder by the name of Laurent Fillion-Robin watched the estate car leave Chevaline and turn up the winding Combe d'Ire forest road, surprised to see a family head towards the lonely layby. It was not a beautiful spot, nor did it lead anywhere. In fact, the car would have to somehow turn around, since only mountain bikes could make it any further up the track. Did the al-Hilli family simply take a wrong turning, or was there an ulterior motive for their route? The car crawled up the steep incline, passing a brown sign declaring 'dangerous road'. But the family did not heed its warning.

At the same time as the al-Hilli family were leaving the camp, Brett Martin decided to take his bike out for a ride. The ex-RAF pilot had a holiday home alongside Lake Annecy, not far from the campsite. As he dawdled along a second, much faster cyclist flew past him. 45-year-old Sylvain Mollier was also heading for the single mountain track. Within a few minutes all three parties would collide with a forth, still unknown, character, and it would end in bloodshed.

As Martin crossed the last river bridge a few hundred metres away from the layby, the first shots were fired. The rushing water drowned out the massacre, and Martin continued around the bend straight into the crime scene.

Initially Martin thought the cyclist lying on the ground was resting – after all, he had been riding at quite a pace. But



TOP Fragments of the gun found at the scene were identified as a 7.65mm Luger P06. Such weapons were manufactured by Waffenfabrik in Switzerland between 1909 and 1947

ONE MORE BEATING HEART

Unknown to the emergency services who cordoned off the layby, another victim lay curled up in the car, and she was very much alive. Four-year-old Zeena had crawled into the footwell as her mother had attempted to shield her from the gunman. She had clung to her mother, hidden by her long summer skirt so the killer had been unaware of her presence.

The Chambéry police decided to wait for the forensic team from Paris before opening up the car. The three adults were obviously dead so it seemed better to leave the scene undisturbed. There was only one child seat visible in the car, and since they already had one little girl in hospital they assumed there could be no more victims to discover.

However, an interview with the Dutch family from the previous campsite led them to realise a second child was missing. Just before midnight the car was finally opened, and the terrified little girl was pulled out from under her dead mother's legs.

as he approached to say hello, little Zainab staggered out in front of him covered in blood. The BMW engine was revving and the wheels were spinning wildly. Could there have been a dreadful car crash?

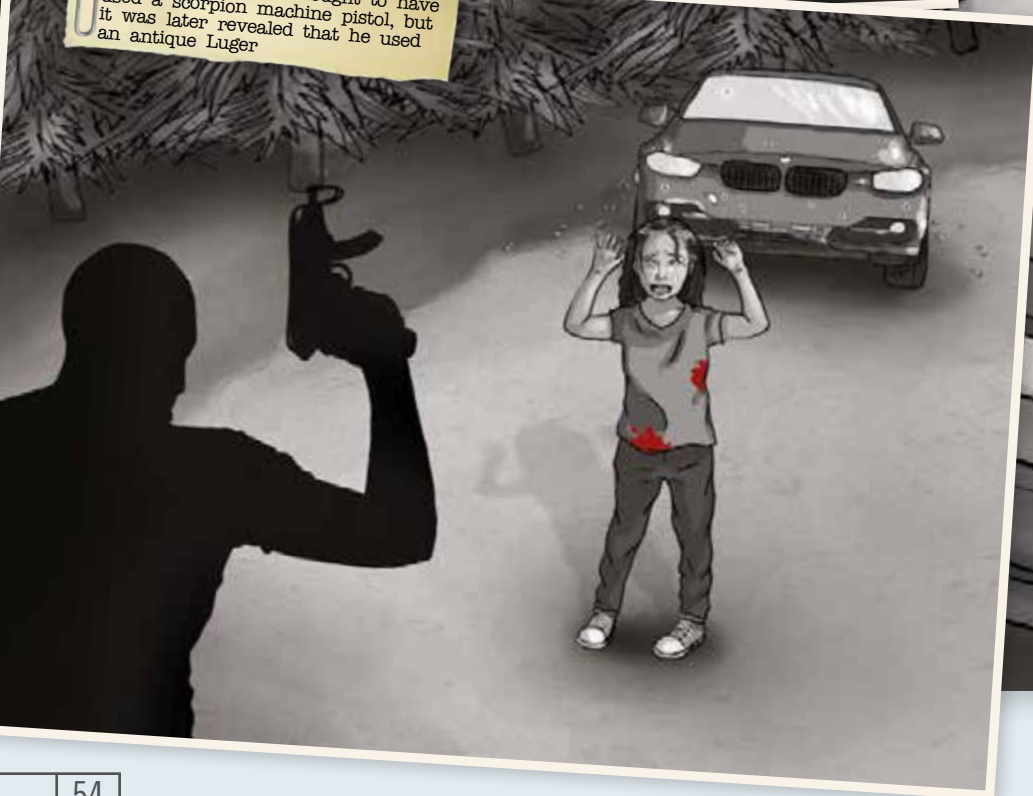
Having moved both the child and cyclist away from the car, Martin then attempted to switch off the engine, but the doors were locked. The panels were riddled with bullet holes, and as he pushed in the glass to reach the ignition he discovered the ghastly state of the driver and his passengers. This was no accident.

With no signal on his phone, Martin had to leave Zainab and run 400 metres down the track, where he met a car. The driver called for assistance, and the site was quickly cordoned off as a crime scene.

Zeena hid between her mother's legs to escape the attacker, who didn't realise she was alive in the car



The killer was first thought to have used a scorpion machine pistol, but it was later revealed that he used an antique Luger



CLUE TYRE MARKS

Tyre marks were clearly visible in the sandy floor of the layby, showing that the car had been reversed sharply. The rear wheels were still spinning when Martin arrived on the scene.

VICTIMS SAAD AL-HILLI, IQBAL AL-HILLI, SUHAILA AL-ALLAF

Saad al-Hilli lay slumped over the wheel of the BMW, while his wife and mother-in-law lay dead on the back seat.

! EVENT ZEENA AL-HILLI

The four-year-old daughter was eventually discovered by police when they opened the car door. She had been hiding under her mother's legs for over eight hours.

**WITNESS BRETT MARTIN**

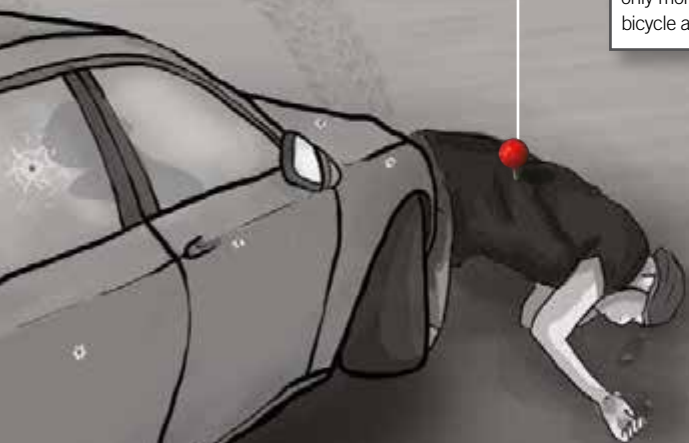
British ex-RAF pilot Brett Martin was out riding his bicycle when he stumbled across the massacre. He arrived moments after the last shot had been fired and was the first to help Zainab.

**VICTIM ZAINAB AL-HILLI**

Seven-year-old Zainab staggered into the road and collapsed in front of the family car having been shot and beaten.

**VICTIM SYLVAIN MOLLIER**

The father of three, who had passed Brett Martin only moments before the attack, lay with his bicycle alongside the car in the layby.



French police look on as the forensic team from the Institut de recherche criminelle de la gendarmerie nationale scour the layby and car for clues

A COLD MASSACRE

THE KILLER CALMLY UNLEASHED DEATH, FIRING 22 BULLETS FROM HIS ANTIQUE GUN TO EXECUTE HIS VICTIMS

1 THE CARNAGE BEGINS

The killer shoots French cyclist Sylvain Mollier seven times before turning his gun on Saad al-Hilli and his eldest daughter, Zainab, who had stepped out of the car momentarily. The young girl is shot in the shoulder but bravely begins to run away.

2 SITTING DUCKS

Iqbal and her mother, Suhaila, watch on in horror as the gunman calmly walks towards Saad, who turns and bolts for the car. Wrenching the gear stick into reverse, Saad attempts to make his escape, but all three passengers are shot in the head.

3 A LUCKY BREAK

Having executed the rest of the family, the killer turns his gun once more towards a terrified Zainab but, in a moment of good fortune, the weapon jams and he is forced to hit her over the head before fleeing.

**CLUE GUN FRAGMENTS**

Fragments of the gun handle were discovered by forensic experts at the scene and were later identified as belonging to a weapon used during World War II.

THE INVESTIGATION

PROSECUTOR ERIC MAILLAUD WAS CALLED TO THE SCENE THE MOMENT IT BECAME CLEAR THAT THIS WAS A MURDER CASE

Ballistic experts carried out a thorough examination of the bullet holes while liaison officers interviewed the children. Zainab faced the killer but remembered very little. She told officers no more than there had been “one bad man”. It wasn’t much to go on.

The investigation spanned two countries. While the Gendarmerie searched the layby for clues, British forensic experts concentrated on the al-Hilli family home to establish if this was a random killing or whether they had been actively targeted. Emails and text messages were logged and an illegal taser was removed.

Meanwhile the French forensic team had established the type of gun used. The killer had wielded a Swiss Luger PO6 7.65mm Parabellum semi-automatic pistol. The lack of evidence suggested that he was ‘forensically aware’. It appeared to have been a professional hit, since the killer took careful aim at the three adults in the car, firing at their heads and neck. Blood on the shards of broken handle found at the scene suggested that the gun had jammed. The killer then calmly struck Zainab across the head, cracking her skull.

Brett Martin recalled a four-wheel-drive passing him as he made his way to the layby, closely followed by a motorcycle. Further witnesses later claimed to have seen a right-hand drive four-wheel-drive. Was the killer British? A forestry worker noticed a motorcycle riding at speed on a track forbidden to motor vehicles. An e-fit description of the rider was released, but this turned out to be a local man who was quickly dismissed as a suspect. A call for people in the area at the time of the killings to come forward led to a number of interviews, but none of them drove a four-wheel-drive.

Was Saad al-Hilli targeted? This seems unlikely as it was Zainab who decided upon the walk in the mountains. Her father had given her the chance to go shopping that day, but she had chosen the walk instead. How could the killer have known the family would be there when Saad himself was unaware until the last minute?

The police, however, were not so sure. The British police questioned Saad’s elder brother Zaid under caution. Eric Maillaud was also interested in the troubled relationship between the brothers. Surrey police quickly ascertained that Zaid could not have been the gunman since he had a rock-solid alibi. This did not mean he couldn’t have ordered the hit. The pair had been very close, but things became sour after

their father died. Arguments over who paid what during the funeral arrangements escalated when their mother also passed away. Saad already lived in their parent’s family home, but now half of it belonged to Zaid. When police started listening to Saad’s Skype Messenger conversations they were shocked to see just how serious the feud had become. Saad appeared to believe his brother had created a fake will using false witnesses. He also claimed that Zaid had stolen some antique silver from the house.

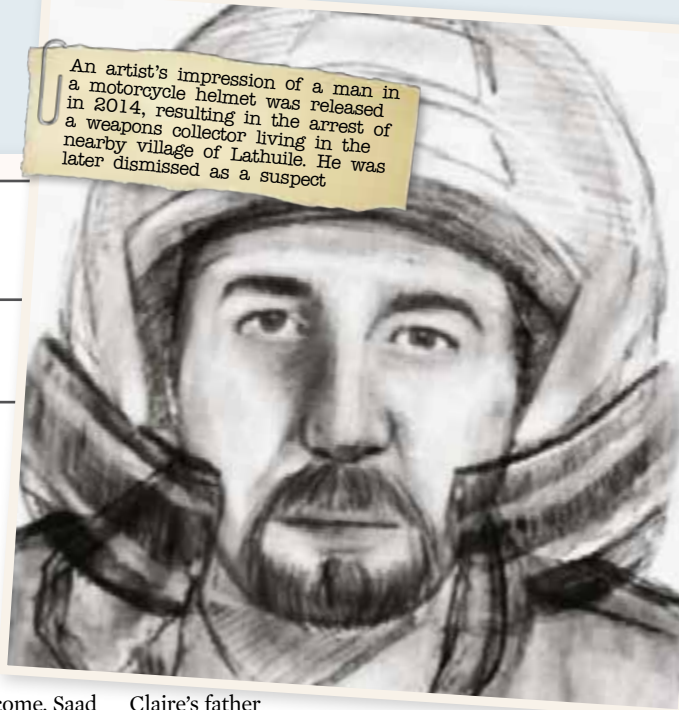
This was enough for the British police, and on 24 June 2013 Zaid was arrested on suspicion of conspiracy to commit murder. Maillaud was thrilled, since Zaid had previously refused to travel to France for questioning. Contradictory evidence was carried back and forth, but six months later the police were no further forward and Zaid’s bail was lifted. There simply wasn’t enough evidence to charge him.

But perhaps the al-Hilli family were never the intended targets – rather they were just in the wrong place at the wrong time. What if Sylvain Mollier was the intended victim of the brutal slayings? The French police decided that this was a credible theory.

Mollier was shot five times – the last was between the eyes. This suggested that he was the individual the killer had set out to eradicate, and the holidaymakers were just unwittingly caught up in the killing. But why kill a French cyclist out for an afternoon ride?

Sylvain Mollier was on long-term leave from his job at a nuclear metal plant. Reports claimed that he had been living off his partner Claire’s inherited wealth, which had infuriated her family. Although Claire’s family had all but cut Sylvain out of their lives, it had been

An artist’s impression of a man in a motorcycle helmet was released in 2014, resulting in the arrest of a weapons collector living in the nearby village of Lathuile. He was later dismissed as a suspect



Claire’s father

Thierry Schutz who had suggested the route he took on that fateful cycle ride. But on closer inspection the police discovered that Claire’s wealth had been exaggerated and was certainly not enough to kill someone over.

Many claimed that it was Mullier’s connection with the nuclear industry that made him a target, but this is highly unlikely since his position was more like a factory worker.

It could be that nobody was the intended target, and all the victims were simply unfortunate souls who just happened to cross paths with a crazed gunman. 53-year-old Belgian Michel Hecht has been named as a potential suspect by Pascal Huche. Hecht was jailed in 2008, having been convicted of shooting at his brother Yves, sister-in-law Isabelle and nephew Evan in their chalet in Belgium. He was released on remand ten months later. He had previously been suspected of randomly shooting two cyclists.

In January 2013 French police opened an investigation into another lone gunman suspect, Florian Berthouzoz. The 33-year-old ex-soldier had previously killed three women with a gun and wounded two men in Daillon, 160 kilometres away from Lake Annecy. However, this too resulted in a dead end when it became clear that Berthouzoz had an alibi during the Alpine massacre and had only ever attacked people he already knew.

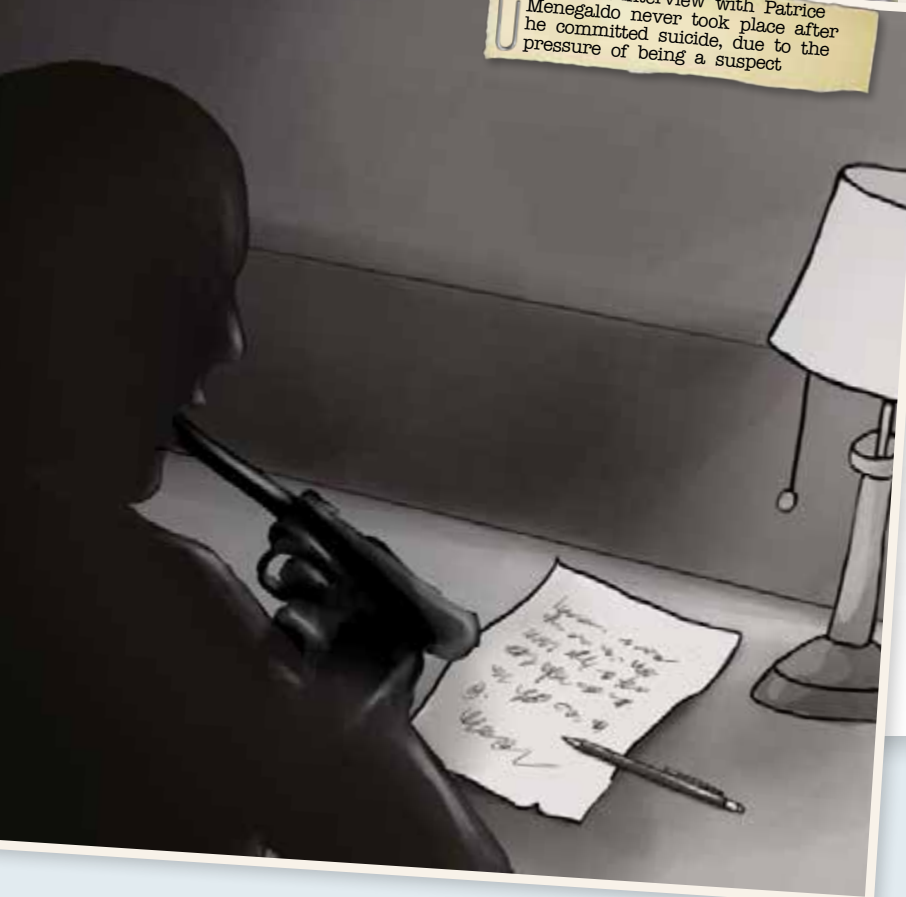
THE BRITTANY SLAYINGS

In 1986 two British tourists were brutally murdered during a cycling holiday. The bodies of 28-year-old Lorraine Glasby and 29-year-old Paul Bellion were discovered in a maize field in Brittany. They had been shot in the head at close range. The policeman investigating the case was Pascal Huche, who highlighted the “remarkable similarities” this case has to the French Alps slayings. Both crimes were carried out in isolated locations, and the weapons were antique guns used at close range. Michel Hecht was questioned in connection with the Brittany slayings at the time, but no irrefutable proof could be brought forward. Hecht was released, but Huche always believed they had their man. Did he go on to kill the al-Hilli family and Sylvain Mollier 26 years later?

Eric Devouassoux, initially thought to be the motorcyclist seen in the area at the time, was found to have several guns in his home, but he was ultimately cleared



A second interview with Patrice Menegaldo never took place after he committed suicide, due to the pressure of being a suspect



THE AFTERMATH

ISRAELI INTELLIGENCE, SADDAM HUSSEIN LOYALISTS, EVEN THE CIA HAVE BEEN RAISED AS POTENTIAL PERPETRATORS, BUT WHERE DOES THE INVESTIGATION GO FROM HERE?

As the list of suspects was systematically investigated, many were dismissed, with the exception of one lead that Eric Maillaud was keen to pursue. The French police long believed that the killer was a local who knew the best route off the mountain without getting caught up with hikers and cyclists travelling on the track up to the layby. Unfortunately, nobody living in the surrounding area fit the profile of such a monster, and the local lone psychopath theory appeared to be going nowhere.

However, in April 2014 police carried out a routine check on various residents of nearby Ugine. Among them was Patrice Menegaldo. As the police began to question him, it quickly became apparent that he had a connection with one of the victims. Menegaldo had in fact spent seven years in an on-off relationship with a woman by the name of Sylviane Mollier, the sister of murdered Sylvain Mollier. Was this an extraordinary coincidence or could the police finally be on to their man?

After digging a little deeper into Menegaldo's background, investigators discovered that he not only had a possible motive, but also had the technical skills to carry out the violent attack. Patrice Menegaldo was working as a fireman in the Alpine town of Ugine but had previously been in the French Foreign Legion for 20 years as a parachutist and army sniper. He had used his extensive knowledge of firearms across various conflict zones such as Rwanda, Somalia and Bosnia. Suddenly the police had a skilled, hardened ex-soldier in front of them – a man who knew his way around the local terrain and had the ability to wield a loaded weapon. As a legionnaire he would have been trained to remain calm under pressure and disappear into the shadows when the executions had been completed.

Unfortunately a second interview never took place because Menegaldo committed suicide weeks later. A two-page suicide letter was discovered with the body. He could not cope with the notion that he was a suspect and decided to end it all. The police were stumped. This was hardly the reaction of a tough military man who had based 20 years of his life fighting with lethal force. Maillaud doubted its authenticity: "I am sceptical ... it's plausible someone could've bumped him off."

Once again the French police were facing a dead end. The British police fared no better. David Cameron, prime minister at the time, promised his full support. He claimed, "I have spoken to the British ambassador in France, and consular staff are working very hard so that we do everything we can." They were supportive words but not terribly effective.

Three years later, and the original team of investigators have all moved on. Eric Maillaud was eventually taken off the case, somewhat disgraced by the lack of results. Sadly, the bungled investigation, badly co-ordinated forensic team and constant confusion over which country should be leading the case has all but obliterated any chance of finding the callous killer who shot down four people five years ago on that lonely layby, high up in the Alpine forests.



LIAR. NARCISSIST. MURDERER

ARUBA KILLER'S MISSING TRIAL

HIS DEADLY ANTICS SENT THE MEDIA INTO A WORLDWIDE FRENZY WHILE THE CRIMINAL CASE AGAINST HIM SPANNED CONTINENTS. WAS THE SERIAL LIAR JORAN VAN DER SLOOT THE SAME MONSTER THAT KILLED NATALEE HOLLOWAY?

WORDS JOANNA ELPHICK

KIDNAPPED



Name: Joran van der Sloot
Kidnapping, First-
Sexual Assault
Data

Ch

GREETINGS FROM...

ARUBA

2.00
1.90
1.80



LICIA NACIONAL DEL PERU
DIRECCION DE CRIMINALISTICA
DIVISION CENTRAL DE IDENTIFICACION POLICIAL

326390

11 JUN 10

On Tuesday 1 June 2010 19-year-old receptionist Adeli Marchena made her way up to room 309 of Lima's Hotel Tac to check on a guest. Joran van der Sloot wasn't answering his phone and the key was missing, which suggested he had left the hotel without paying. Since it would be her job on the line, she decided to take a copy key and deal with it herself. The television was on, but no one was answering the door: perhaps he couldn't hear her. Adeli knocked loudly once more before turning the key and quietly entering the room.

THE BODY ON THE BED

The first thing that struck her was the unsettling smell. Despite the open window the bedroom reeked, causing the receptionist to gag. The place looked like a war zone, with piles of clothes and belongings heaped everywhere. Adeli turned off the blaring television and called once more, tentatively making her way to the bedroom. Someone was definitely curled up in the bed, but it wasn't van der Sloot, it was a woman – and she wasn't moving. The sexually posed corpse of Stephany Flores Ramirez covered in dried blood was too much for the hotel worker, who fled the room in horror at the gruesome scene.

The Peruvian police were out in force looking for Joran van der Sloot, but they were not the only ones. Law enforcement officers 2,500 kilometres away on the tiny Caribbean island of Aruba were still investigating the disappearance of an 18-year-old student five years previously, and van der Sloot was their number one suspect.

21-one-year-old Stephany Ramirez was the cossetted daughter of wealthy Ricardo Flores, but she was also a troubled woman with a gambling addiction. Her father had already paid off various debts and hoped that she had learnt her lesson. She hadn't.

Family and friends soon pieced together a timeline of her last known whereabouts, and they ended at the Atlantic City Casino, where at 3am she was caught on camera talking to a tall Dutchman. He would later be identified as van der Sloot. She was no doubt flattered by the handsome foreigner's attention, unaware that the FBI were hunting him down,



and his own mother was trying to have him committed. Two hours later another camera showed the pair leaving the casino together. There would be one more sighting of Stephany alive, making her way up to van der Sloot's hotel room in a staggering, almost drugged manner and utterly unaware that she would leave in a body bag.

Before the body had been identified Ricardo Flores was still hoping that his daughter would be found alive and well, but things took a dramatic turn for the worse when a family member internet-searched the CCTV image of van der Sloot and discovered that he was a prime suspect in the murder of another woman that he had picked up in a casino. The similarities were overwhelming and deeply distressing for the Flores family.

It wasn't long before the body was identified, and Captain Juan Callan of the Peruvian national police force was called in while a CSI team scoured the hotel bedroom for clues.

Any doubts that van der Sloot was not the killer quickly evaporated. To begin with, Stephany's body had been dressed in the T-shirt that van der Sloot had been wearing when he led her up to his room. Her nails were jagged, suggesting a violent struggle had taken place before her death. More bloody items of clothing heaped on the floor were bagged and removed for testing. Having sprayed the room with luminol it became apparent that there had been a prolonged struggle.

ABOVE Natalee Holloway was a beautiful 18 year old with a fantastic life ahead of her. The trip to Aruba was supposed to mark a new beginning, but it became her final farewell instead

LEFT The Holiday Inn, close to the beach and the bustling nightlife, made for a perfect base for the young American students and their attending chaperones





“ SHE WAS NO DOUBT FLATTERED BY THE HANDSOME FOREIGNER’S ATTENTION, UNAWARE THAT THE FBI WERE HUNTING HIM DOWN ”

Blood traces glowed tellingly across the room, under the bed and in the adjoining bathroom. They knew who their killer was – now they needed to find where he was.

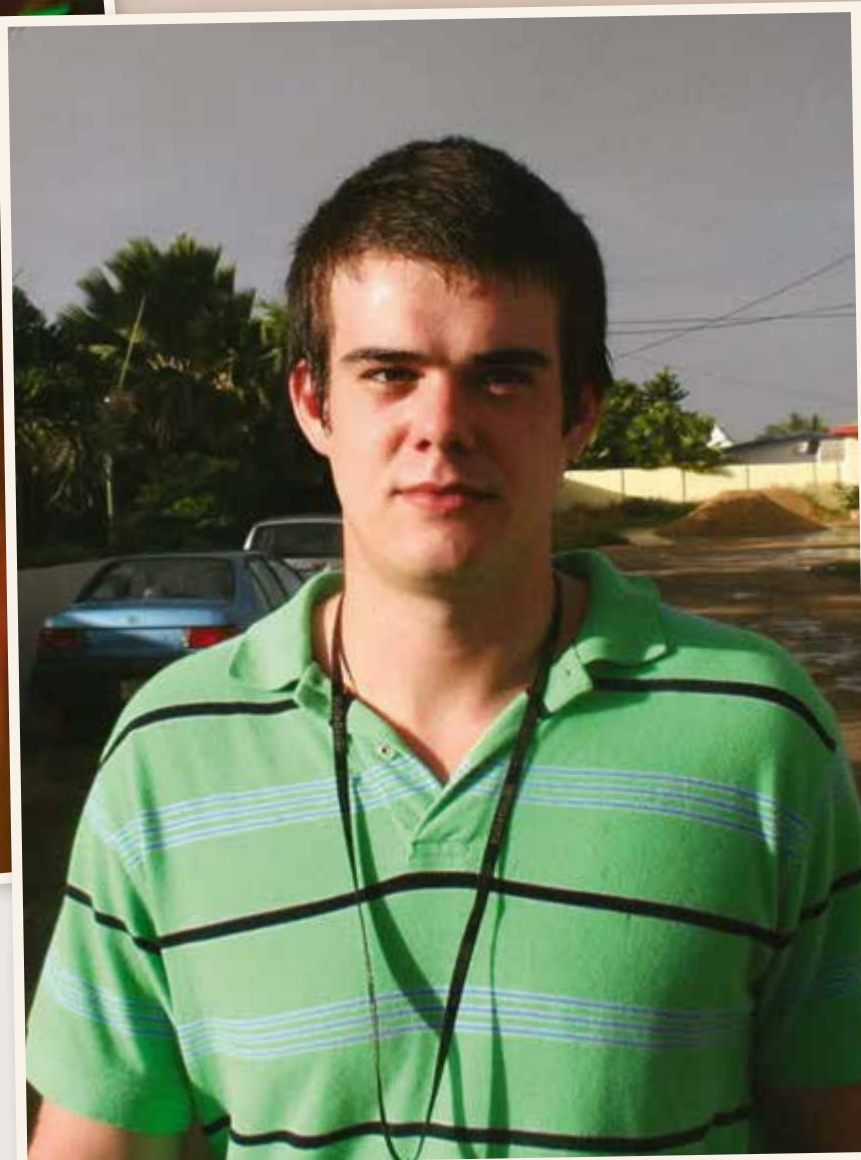
HUNTING A HUNTER

Joran van der Sloot was on the run and Interpol were chasing him. But Sloot was no fool and quickly altered his appearance before making his way across Peru. The Dutchman had changed clothes, shaved his head and dyed his stubble orange before mingling with a group of travelling tourists, taking taxis where he could. However, the Chilean border police were on high alert and all the local newspapers ran with van der Sloot's photograph. It was just a matter of time. A wary tollbooth attendant, suspicious of van der Sloot's behaviour, radioed ahead to waiting police officers on Highway 68, just outside of Curacaví, and the murderous runaway was finally caught and apprehended.

From the moment of his capture Joran began to spew a torrent of lies. He had indeed stayed at the Tac Hotel but claimed that he had been brutally attacked by Peruvian police while entertaining Stephany Ramirez in his room. It was a cop who had smashed the young girl's nose and left her for dead. He later stated that he had not been caught but had in fact turned himself in voluntarily in order to help find the killers of his friend Stephany. The Chilean police couldn't

ABOVE LEFT The last known sighting of Natalee Holloway took place at Carlos n Charlie's, a popular watering hole for young tourists. Van der Sloot and Holloway were seen leaving the club together

ABOVE RIGHT A young Joran van der Sloot poses for the camera. His boyish good looks hide a cruel, pathological liar and murderer



A MONSTER MEETS THE MENTALIST

VAN DER SLOOT, THE CONSUMMATE LIAR, WASN'T THE ONLY ONE OUT THERE WHO WAS GOOD AT MIND TRICKS

Van der Sloot explained away the \$25,000 he had extorted from Natalee Holloway's mother by claiming the world-famous mentalist Uri Geller had given him the money in exchange for his help in exposing an online gambling fraud. Of course, this was yet another fabrication to cover up his cruel communication with Mrs Twitty, but he had actually been approached by Geller to help him with an offer of \$600. This was a ruse on the part of Uri Geller – his real intention was to meet van der Sloot face to face in order to hypnotise him and find out the truth regarding the whereabouts of Natalee Holloway. He hoped that he would be able to extricate a confession out of him on live television. Sadly, the magnificent spoon-bender never got the chance to work his magic.

wait to expel him from their country. He was to be Peru's problem now.

The lies continued back in Lima. One minute he had no job, then he was an international poker player. This was quickly followed with a full description of his career in Thailand where he earned 20,000 euros per year. Eventually he acknowledged that he had struck Stephany in the face – but only once, after she had lashed out at him, before choking her with his bare hands. So Stephany had not been murdered, it was nothing more than self-defence. Stealing her money had been an afterthought and never a motive.

Captain Callan didn't believe a single word and proceeded to put together a 400-page file of witness statements, autopsy reports and photographs along with van der Sloot's own confession to prove his guilt. He was determined to see justice done, not just for Stephany but also for the mysteriously disappeared Natalee Holloway, who went missing five years before.

HISTORY REPEATED

When police on the Caribbean island of Aruba were shown the CCTV footage of Stephany Ramirez chatting with a handsome stranger in the Atlantic City Casino they experienced a sickening sense of déjà vu: five years earlier they had watched the same predator flirting with some women at the Excelsior Casino on the island. One of them had disappeared later that night, never to be seen again.

Natalee Holloway was an 18-year-old student from Alabama, on holiday with 124 of her senior classmates celebrating their graduation from Mountain Brook High School. Seven chaperones were accompanying them but since the drinking age in Aruba was 18, the adults tended to look the other way and let the kids hang out by themselves in the local bars and clubs.

The Excelsior Casino was situated inside the Holiday Inn where the students were staying, so it quickly became a natural meeting point. Natalee's friend Ruth McVay had already lost some money at the tables and had asked the hunky stranger to help her win it back. Although Natalee liked van der Sloot she wasn't interested in gambling, so the girls soon decided to leave, heading for the nightclub Carlos' n Charlie's instead. Van der Sloot watched the girls leave and then called his friend Deepak Kalpoe for a ride. He just happened to know where a bunch of really cute American girls were spending their last night before heading back home, and he wondered if his friend fancied a good time.

At some point after midnight most of the girls were exhausted and decided to make their way back to the hotel. Natalee and her close friend Lee were the last ones dancing as the other girls waved goodbye and left the club.

The following day, as the girls packed their belongings ready for the long trip back, they soon realised that Natalee was nowhere to be seen. Lee remembered watching her chat to the good-looking man from the casino, but when the bar closed and everybody flooded into the street she couldn't find her. Having pushed through the crowds, Lee figured that Natalee had made her own way back.

Unfortunately, it now seemed that Natalee had never made it to the hotel at all. The Chaperones were informed, and everyone gathered in the lobby of the hotel. One of the boys remembered seeing her leave the club with a couple of young men in a silver car. She had rolled down her window and yelled out at the boys that she was getting a lift back to



ABOVE Beneath the shadow of the lighthouse police search the coastal area, looking for Natalee's body

the Holiday Inn. The lads assumed that the silver car was a taxi and thought no more of it.

When Natalee's mother Beth Twitty was informed of her daughter's strange disappearance the chaperones assured her that all would be well – she had probably drunk too much alcohol and was sleeping it off somewhere. Mrs Twitty was not placated. A private jet flew the distraught woman and Natalee's stepfather straight to Aruba where she initiated an immediate search. Natalee's friends had mentioned a fellow tourist called Joran who had been chatting with the girl, but when Betty spoke to the hotel workers she discovered that van der Sloot had been lying to the school party.

He was no visitor but in fact lived on the island and was a regular gambler at the Excelsior. Although this obvious lie terrified Mrs Twitty, the islanders were not in the least bit concerned. She had missed her flight, that's all. Of course, Natalee's mother instinctively knew this was not the case, since her daughter was a responsible, thoughtful girl who would never intentionally cause such a panic.

Having scanned the CCTV footage taken at the casino, Joran van der Sloot was soon identified, and the locals were called out to find him. Having tracked down his family home, Mrs Twitty was horrified to find a silver car parked in the driveway. The police were called, and an extremely irate Paulus van der Sloot was woken up and ordered to get his son out of bed. Joran wasn't home. He was eventually found and picked up at another casino and was brought back to his home for questioning.

Van der Sloot was happy to admit 'hooking up' with Natalee, going into grotesque detail about their sexual antics in the back of the car while Deepak and his brother Satish

“ HE JUST HAPPENED TO KNOW WHERE A BUNCH OF REALLY CUTE AMERICAN GIRLS WERE SPENDING THEIR LAST NIGHT ”

LIES, LIES AND MORE LIES

OVER THE YEARS VAN DER SLOOT'S STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED THE NIGHT OF NATALEE HOLLOWAY'S DEATH HAS GROWN WILDER AND WILDER



JUNE 2005 "I DROPPED HER OFF AT THE HOTEL"

Initially Sloot told police that he and Natalee had made out on the beach opposite the Holiday Inn. When he offered to walk her back she had refused, saying she wanted to make her own way. He said she had been alive and well when he went back his parents' house.

FEB 2006 "SHE OD'D ON THE BEACH"

He was caught on hidden camera confessing to Aruban businessman Patrick van der Eem that he and a friend had dumped Holloway's body out at sea after she had accidentally died of a drug overdose on the beach. The video aired on Dutch television.



JUNE 2008 "I SOLD HER TO SEX TRAFFICKERS"

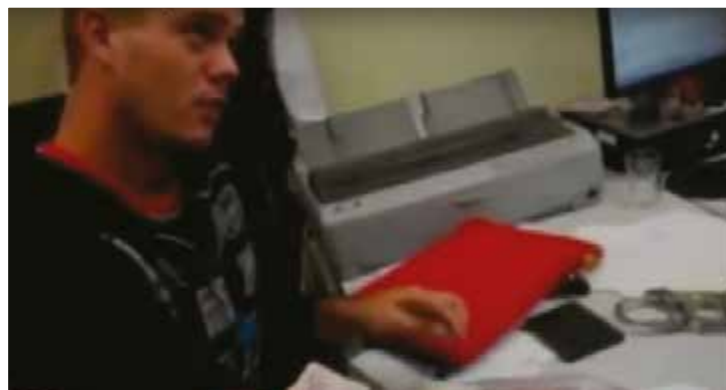
Sloot has been linked to a sex trafficking ring drugging young female tourists and selling them on to European businessmen. He told *Fox News* that Holloway was just another piece of merchandise. He later retracted the comment as a 'mere story' to keep the police happy.

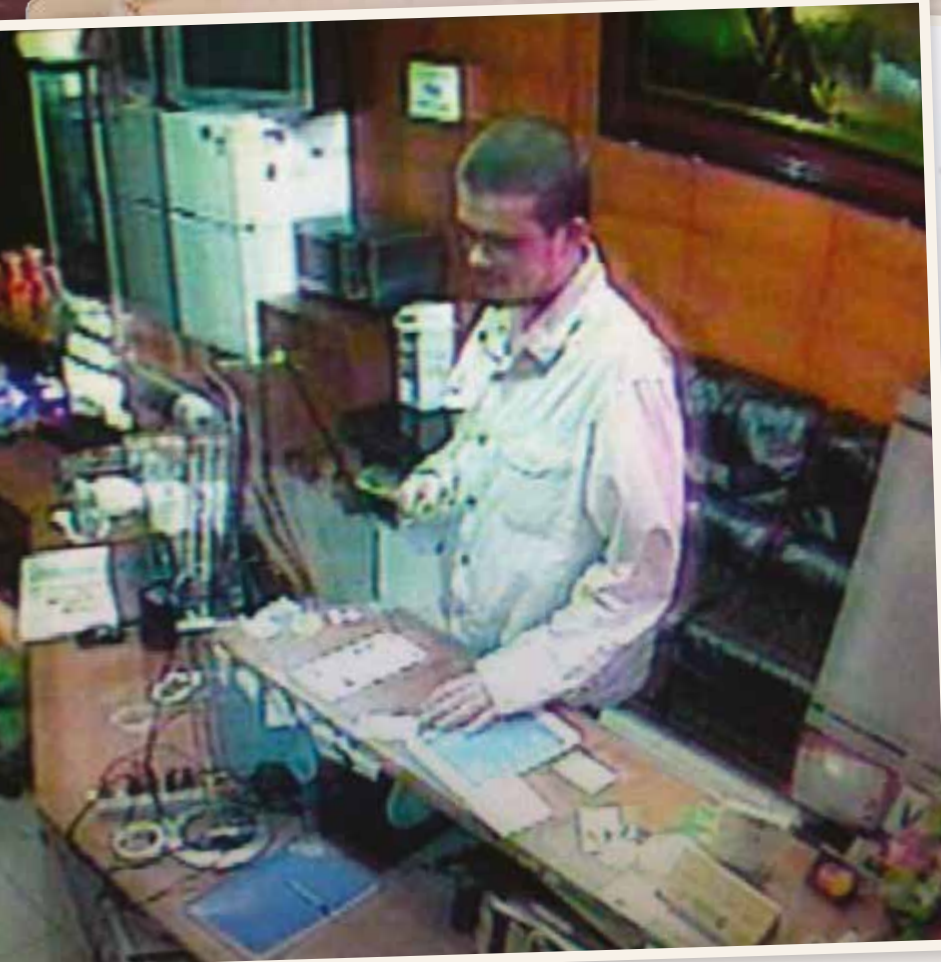
2016 "I MURDERED NATALEE"

Sloot finally admitted to killing Natalee Holloway in his cell while a cellmate held a hidden camera. Police believe this is no more than a publicity stunt set up by van der Sloot himself and is therefore absolutely meaningless. He never explains how the murder took place but merely professes his guilt.

2010 "SHE FELL OFF A BALCONY"

In this version Sloot told the FBI and a Dutch newspaper that he and Holloway had been taking drugs at his friend's house. Holloway had started dancing on the balcony railings but had slipped and plummeted to her death. The friends panicked and decided to hide the body in a swamp.





“ THE LAST TIME ANYONE CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF NATALEE SHE WAS DISAPPEARING INTO THE DARKNESS WITH VAN DER SLOOT ”

sat up front. After driving along the coastline for a while, van der Sloot claimed they dropped her off outside the Holiday Inn. Natalee's friends didn't believe him, and neither did the receptionist, who made it clear that nobody had staggered up the steps and into the hotel lobby at that time. At this point van der Sloot's father stepped in, directing his son to stop talking to the Americans. The situation was looking very serious indeed and he did not want a scandal.

Dave Holloway, Natalee's father, joined the group and began his own line of enquiries. What concerned him most of all was the apparent lack of concern on the part of the local police and that every time Joran van der Sloot was interviewed he seemed to tell another version of events. The boy seemed incapable of telling the truth. However,

ABOVE LEFT Van der Sloot was caught on CCTV at the front desk of Hotel Tac getting his room key. A few days later he absconded, leaving behind the bloodied corpse of Stephany Ramirez in his room

ABOVE RIGHT The bloated corpse of Stephany Ramirez was discovered by a horrified receptionist in van der Sloot's room at Hotel Tac in Lima

having encouraged media attention from CNN, a collection of investigators, including the Royal Dutch Marines, the FBI and hundreds of locals all began searching the beach resorts, bars and walkways close to the hotel.

Camera footage outside the hotel was played over and over. In it, the students could all be identified, laughing and joking as they made their way back to the lobby. At no point did a silver car pull up and let Natalee Holloway out. Van der Sloot and his friends were proved to be lying.

Van der Sloot, Deepak and Satish Kalpoe were arrested on the Dutchman's graduation day. While in his cell, Deepak admitted that it was van der Sloot and Paulus's idea to lie. In truth the brothers had dropped van der Sloot and Natalee off at the remote beach. The last time anyone caught a glimpse of Natalee she was disappearing into the darkness with van der Sloot. Sadly, with no body and no witnesses there was no evidence to charge him. As time slipped by the likelihood of ever finding Natalee or getting her family the justice they deserved seemed ever more unlikely.

DID HE DO IT?

Joran van der Sloot is currently serving a 28-year sentence in Peru, having been convicted of the murder of Stephany Flores Ramirez. In 2038 he will be extradited to the US to face charges of extortion, having offered to tell Mrs Twitty where her daughter's body is buried for \$25,000. He is, without a shadow of a doubt, a dreadful human being. But is he the killer of Natalee Holloway? His profile strongly suggests he is.

Had he been taken to court for her disappearance and subsequent death, the jury would have heard the overwhelmingly suspicious circumstantial evidence already mentioned, but perhaps most damning of all is the sinister





profile the prosecution would have been able to paint that, sadly, will never be related.

Joran van der Sloot had been a sweet-natured child, but puberty caused dramatic changes in the boy. His sudden sexual awareness instigated aggressive personality traits and violent outbursts that, coupled with his physical growth spurt, made him a terrifying adversary. Both friends and family became increasingly wary of him and avoided confrontation where possible. They had good reason to be fearful, since he regularly attacked his siblings and had set upon strangers in the local bars on numerous occasions with little done to set him off.

The constant stream of pathological lies started around the same time. Van der Sloot was – and still is – incapable of telling the truth. However, at no point has he exhibited psychopathological disorders that would undermine his ability to understand reality. In other words, he continuously lies but is fully aware of it and never believes the fantasies he is spinning – they are merely a means to an end.

He clearly has an anti-social personality with little or no respect for other's feelings, particularly women. This is the sort of character who would think nothing of using a woman for whatever reason and then disposing of her like a used Kleenex tissue. Since adolescence his lifestyle has been hedonistic and irresponsible, which exacerbated his violent tendencies and reinforced his belief that everything and everyone has been put on this earth for his personal pleasure.

His immature emotional state means that he has trouble controlling himself. Should someone dare to criticise him or disagree with his opinions the reaction is swift and violent. We know that van der Sloot lost his temper with frightening ease, and even he acknowledged that killing Stephany Ramirez had come about as a result of her questioning his involvement in the disappearance of Natalee Holloway. Equally telling is the fact that he appears to believe that this was a logical reaction to her critical demeanour, reflecting his opinion that female life is worthless and easily swatted away.

This is a man who has no regard for human life, is self-serving, narcissistic, callous and incapable of emotional empathy. His superficial charm and good looks gave him a

ABOVE LEFT Joran van der Sloot relaxes and smokes a cigarette as he is interviewed in his cell where he is serving a 28-year sentence for the murder of Stephany Ramirez

ABOVE RIGHT An impromptu memorial for the tragic death of Stephany Flores Ramirez in 2010 popped up on the streets of Lima and was visited by both locals and tourists alike

natural advantage when it came to picking up women, and the drink-fuelled holiday resorts with their dimly lit bars and frivolous casinos were an ideal hunting ground. This is exactly the sort of person you could imagine luring Natalee Holloway onto the shadowy beach, using her for a brief moment of fun and then disposing of her without a second thought. Joran van der Sloot is the man who should probably have been put before a judge and jury, but he never has.

In August 2017 a man by the name of Gabriel Madrigal came forward with some startling news. He claimed that ten years ago he had shared a room with van der Sloot's best friend John. During that time John revealed that van der Sloot had given Natalee a drink spiked with the date rape drug GHB, and the girl had started to vomit. Instead of helping her, he had stood by and watched as she choked to death. Van der Sloot had then contacted his father, Paulus, who met them with a burlap bag to carry the body away in. When he realised that Natalee was not going to fit inside the bag, Paulus began stomping on her legs in order to get her in. The pair then buried her body in a nearby park.

Dave Holloway immediately set about excavating the location. Eventually, a number of bones were discovered. Sadly, Jason Kolowski, the ex-forensic laboratory director of the Washington, DC Department of Forensic Sciences, confirmed later that the DNA extracted was not Natalee Holloway's. Most of the fragments were not even human, although one piece was of Caucasian European ethnicity.

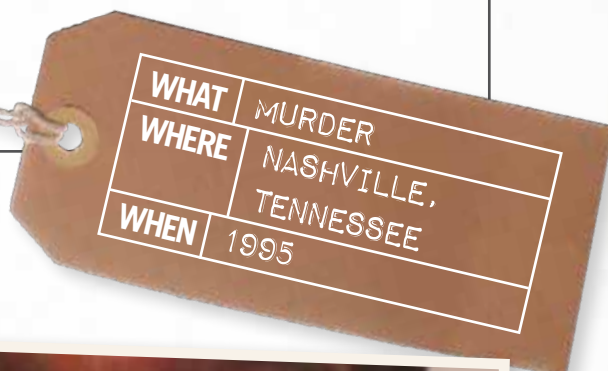
So after 12 long years proving Joran van der Sloot's guilt is no closer to being realised than when Natalee first went missing. The fact that this sadistic, pathological liar is behind bars is of little solace to her heartbroken family. Will the truth ever be known? As retired FBI agent Harold Corpus said, "If his mouth moves, he's not telling the truth."

In 2012, during a conversation caught on a hidden camera, van der Sloot admitted his involvement and claimed, "Yes, this is also where I am guilty, and I accept everything that I have done." Unfortunately in Aruba a verbal confession, even if recorded, is not valid unless later signed in writing and, as van der Sloot himself has previously stated, "I never told the truth". The chances are he never will.

A DEATHBED CONFESSION GONE WRONG

WHEN A DYING MAN MADE A DEATHBED CONFESSION THAT HE HOPED WOULD CLEAR HIS CONSCIENCE HE HADN'T BANKED ON MAKING A MIRACLE RECOVERY

WORDS CATHERINE CURZON



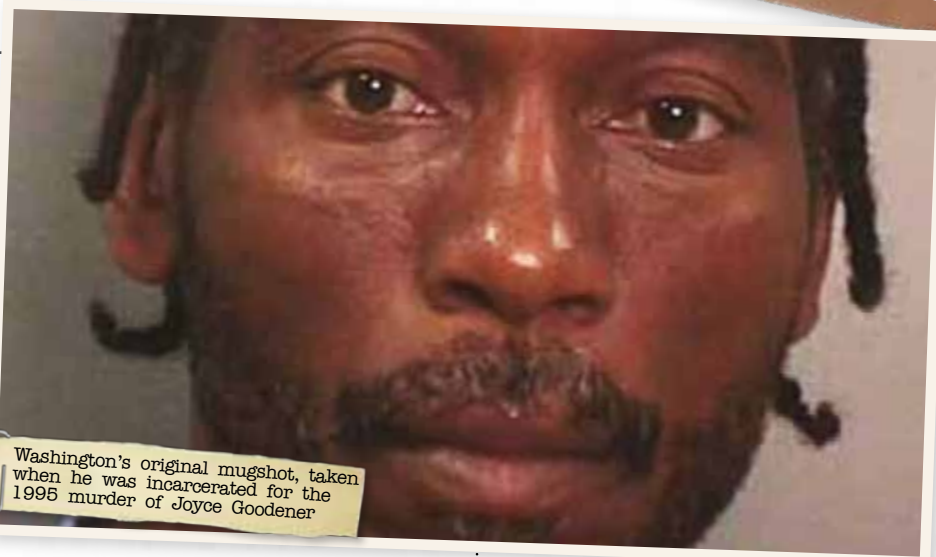
BACKGROUND

In 1995 the body of a woman was found in a derelict house on Ashland City Highway in Nashville, Tennessee. Joyce Goodener had been brutally stabbed in the neck and beaten about the head with a cinderblock, leaving her skull and facial bones fractured in multiple places. Then, in an effort to destroy any evidence, Joyce's killer rolled her body in a rug and set it alight. The cinderblock was still lying on top of Joyce's head.

The inferno did exactly as the anonymous killer hoped, and by the time firefighters discovered Joyce's remains there was little evidence left. Yet investigators were determined to solve the case, and their enquiries eventually led them to a man named James Murray Washington.

When questioned, Washington admitted to knowing Joyce and told police that he had seen her on the morning of her death. He admitted that he had paid her for sex but said she was safe and well when he left her. Yet a witness had seen a black Chevrolet Camaro outside the house on Ashland City Highway minutes before the fire broke out – exactly like the vehicle driven by Washington. Another witness had seen the shadow of a man against the window of the room where Joyce died but couldn't give a detailed description of his face. Although Nashville police were sure that Washington was the killer, with only circumstantial evidence to place him at the scene they had no option but to let Washington go.

11 years later the trail of Joyce's killer was stone cold, and the only suspect in the case was still James Washington. Washington, meanwhile, had found himself of interest



Washington's original mugshot, taken when he was incarcerated for the 1995 murder of Joyce Goodener

to police all over again. Convicted of an unrelated attempted second-degree murder, he was sentenced to 15 years behind bars. For Joyce Goodener's family, however, justice had yet to be done.

TURNING POINT

In 2009 James Washington suffered an aggressive and debilitating seizure in his prison cell. Stricken with agonising chest pains, he was rushed to hospital and found to be suffering from a heart attack. Washington was accompanied to hospital by prison guard James Tomlinson, who couldn't have guessed what his charge was about to reveal.

The prognosis for Washington was bleak. The heart attack was serious, and he was prepared for the worst. For Washington this meant only one thing: he had to clear his conscience before he met his maker.

Lying in his hospital bed, weakened, medicated and apparently at death's door, Washington motioned Tomlinson to come

closer. When the guard reached the bed, Washington dropped his bombshell. "I killed somebody," Tomlinson later recalled the prisoner saying to him in a whisper. "I beat her to death."

Tomlinson went straight to his superiors and told them what Washington had said. With his conscience apparently cleared, James Murray Washington prepared to die. Instead, he began to recover.

Washington's condition wasn't life threatening at all, and as he got stronger he soon found himself regretting what he'd told James Tomlinson. Once it became clear that Washington would make a full recovery and be sent back to prison, investigators charged him with the murder of Joyce Goodener. If found guilty, Tennessee law meant that he could look forward to a mandatory prison sentence of 51 years for the crime. Not surprisingly, he tried to recant his confession.

Washington claimed that he was hallucinating due to his illness and the medication he had been given on admission



Joyce Goodener's burned body is taken away on a stretcher from an abandoned house in Nashville

to hospital. On top of that, he claimed that he hadn't named Goodener in his confession and that it couldn't and shouldn't be used as evidence against him.

Prosecutors, however, had other ideas. In 2012, almost two decades after Joyce Goodener had been killed and dumped in that abandoned house, James Washington was about to stand trial for her murder.

AFTERMATH

Washington's trial was delayed by his defence team, who requested mental evaluation for their client. This was an innocent man, they claimed, and one who had given a false confession under the influence of coronary medication. His lawyers argued that he wasn't a murderer but a very sick man, so unwell and mentally strained that he didn't know what he was saying.

The court listened to testimony from James Tomlinson and witnesses who had known Joyce and Washington, as well as a team of doctors and psychiatrists. They confirmed that Washington had suffered from seizures but that he hadn't claimed to have hallucinated until after his deathbed confession. Not only that, hallucinations were one of the rarest side effects of the medication he was given. On the other hand, one of the psychiatrists pointed out, it was very easy to falsely claim to suffer from hallucinations. The medical team also

testified that Washington behaved rationally when he didn't know he was being observed but showed symptoms of paranoia and distress when he was aware he was being watched. In other words, Washington was putting it on.

The jury was told of the mysterious black Camaro and of the sexual relationship between the victim and the prisoner, as well as the shadowy male figure seen at the window of the abandoned house. They heard the testimonies of the witnesses and medical professionals, all of which were vital to the prosecution case, and they listened intently to Tomlinson's recounting of Washington's confession. Three days after the trial opened the jury returned their verdict. They found Washington guilty of first-degree murder.

James Washington was sentenced to life in prison without the possibility of parole for the murder of Joyce Goodener. Without his not-quite-deathbed confession, the case would have remained unsolved, but thanks to a guilty conscience and a minor medical miracle Joyce and her family finally got the justice they deserved. Washington almost got away with murder. Instead he became the key witness in his own conviction.



Prison guard James Tomlinson escorted Washington to hospital for treatment after a suspected heart attack and testified to Washington's confession at his trial

“ ‘I killed somebody,’ Tomlinson later recalled the prisoner saying to him in a whisper. ‘I beat her to death’ ”

MINUTE **BY** MINUTE

LAS VEGAS SHOOTING BRIGHT LIGHT CITY BLOODSHED

COLD AND INDIFFERENT TO THE LIVES HE WAS ABOUT TO TAKE, STEPHEN PADDOCK SHUT THE LIGHTS OFF IN HIS LOFTY HOTEL ROOM, TURNED TO THE WINDOW AND SETTLED INTO THE STOCK OF HIS MODIFIED WEAPON

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

Tens of thousands of concertgoers had gathered for the final night of the Route 91 Harvest country music festival on the Las Vegas Strip the night of 1 October, 2017. It was the fourth consecutive year that the three-day festival had taken place. But as musician Jason Aldean took to the stage as part of the festival's final hours, a popping sound interrupted the revelling of the 22,000 people who were in attendance that night.

Fans quickly realised that what they first thought to be fireworks was actually the gunfire of a savage killer, who aimed down at them from the 32nd floor of the Mandalay Bay Resort and Casino just a few hundred metres away. Pandemonium erupted on the strip as the crowds ducked and dived for cover. Death-stricken screams erupted from shocked spouses, friends, family members and strangers alike, who could only watch as victims hit by bullets died in their arms. Throughout the night updates were coming in thick and fast from the Las Vegas Metropolitan Police Department on the 'lone wolf' gunman, a 64-year-old retiree from Nevada who committed the horrific attack before turning the weapon on himself.

“AS MUSICIAN JASON ALDEAN TOOK TO THE STAGE, A POPPING SOUND INTERRUPTED THE REVELLING OF THE 22,000 PEOPLE WHO WERE IN ATTENDANCE THAT NIGHT.”

As the sun rose over the strip the following morning a myriad of questions hung in the air. Who was Stephen Paddock, the man police had named as the gunman just hours ago? Why had he opened fire on the innocent crowds? Did he have an accomplice? How had he been able to bring an arsenal of guns into the hotel suite? Since the terrifying shots had broken out the previous night the death toll had steadily risen, making the massacre the worst mass shooting in modern US history, surpassing the Pulse nightclub shooting in Florida barely a year before. With Paddock's actions seemingly unrelated to any mental health issue, political or religious affiliation, only more questions materialised about his motive. US President Donald Trump condemned the shooter as a “sick” and “demented” man and branded the massacre “an act of pure evil”.

What had happened in Vegas that night would certainly not stay in Vegas, and in the days following the shocking attack the media was awash with reports on the deceased gunman, desperate to know more about him and that fateful night. While a timeline emerged of his final movements, few questions were answered.

1 OCTOBER 2017

12.26

A receipt obtained by journalist Laura Loomer shows Paddock returning to his Mandalay Bay hotel room. That evening will be the final venue of the Route 91 Harvest music festival, 400 metres away. Paddock checked into the hotel on the 25 September. He changed rooms the night before the attack, opting for a corner suite on the 32nd floor overlooking the concert.

MANDALAY BAY



Stephen Paddock had legally purchased 33 guns over the last year, having completed all the necessary requirements by Nevada state law, including an FBI background check

21.59

Inside the Mandalay Bay hotel security guard Jesus Campos goes to inspect the 32nd floor of the hotel, having heard a door alarm sound from a room close to Paddock's. He is unarmed and unaware that Paddock has set up three cameras outside his door to keep an eye on the hallway.

22.05

Campos hears drilling from inside Paddock's room and approaches the door. Having spotted the security guard with the use of his cameras, Paddock fires 200 shots into the hallway. Campos is shot in the thigh and sends out an alert via radio that there is a gunman in the hotel. He remains to evacuate others. The security personnel reach out to the Las Vegas police for assistance.

22.05.40

Paddock fires the first shots into an unsuspecting crowd during Aldean's final set. At first the concertgoers assume the noise is fireworks or feedback from the speakers, but it quickly becomes clear that something much more sinister is occurring as concertgoers fatally tumble to the floor, hit by Paddock's wild and sporadic gunfire.

22.08

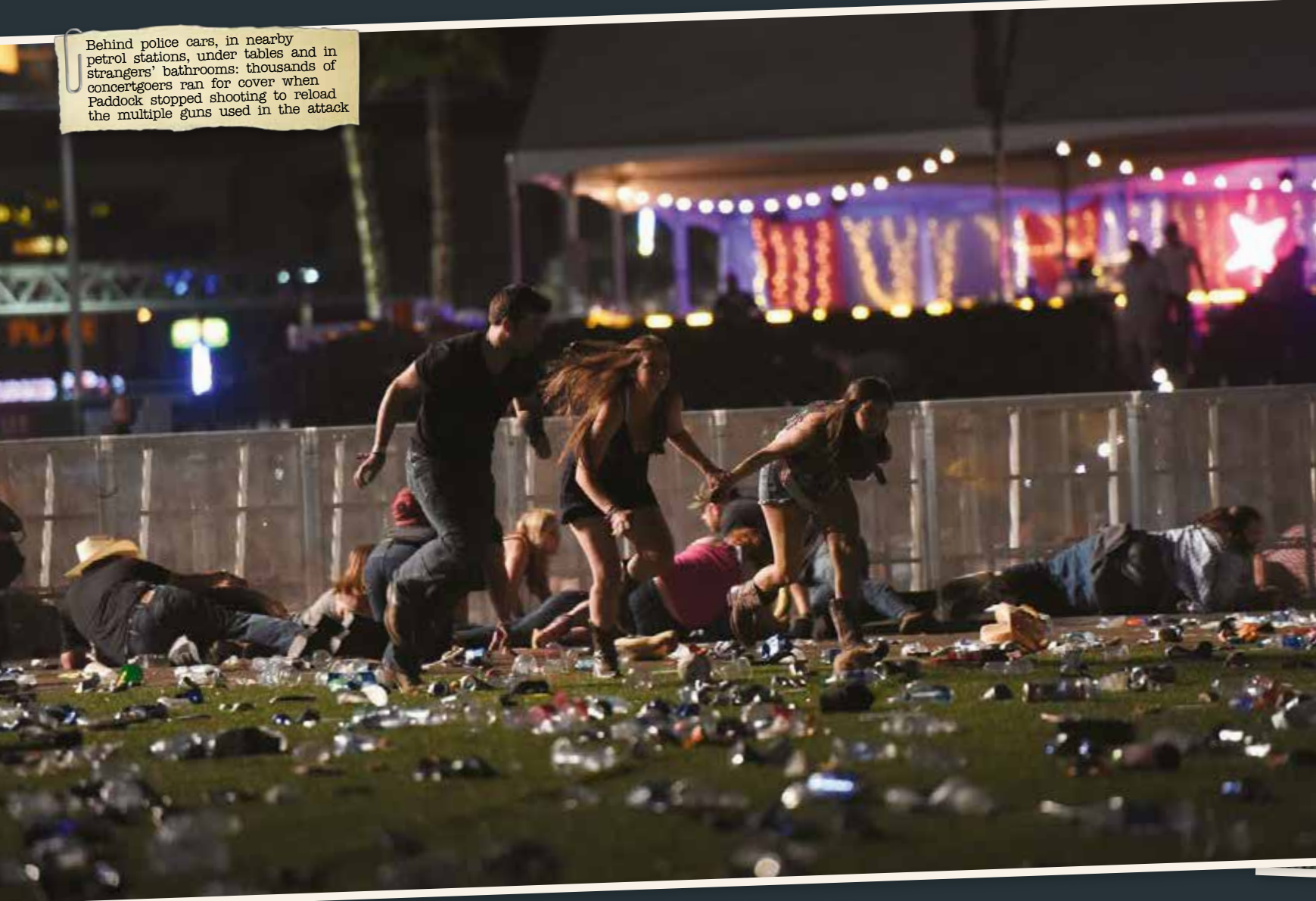
Police on the ground are unaware of where the gunfire is coming from and try to locate the shooter. Police officers begin to radio each other. One officer tells the dispatcher, "We got shots fired! It sounded like an automatic firearm."

22.12

The first officers arrive on the 31st floor of the Mandalay Bay hotel, just one storey below the gunman. They call for backup, informing other officers that the shooting is coming from above them.

“WE ARE TAKING FIRE FROM A VERY HIGH FLOOR, AND WE BELIEVE IT’S POSSIBLY COMING FROM THE MANDALAY BAY”

Behind police cars, in nearby petrol stations, under tables and in strangers' bathrooms: thousands of concertgoers ran for cover when Paddock stopped shooting to reload the multiple guns used in the attack



22.15

According to Clark County police officials, the gunfire inside Paddock's room ceases after ten minutes of continuous fire into the crowds below. But the terror continues as the concertgoers find themselves in lockdown in their hiding places, awaiting more information on the shooter and any loved ones they have lost in the chaos.

22.20

A police officer says over the radio, "It's been a while since we've heard any shots. Does anybody have eyes on the shooter?" One minute later another officer says, "We are taking fire from a very high floor, and we believe it's possibly coming from the Mandalay Bay."

22.25

Taxi drivers in the area receive a message direct from the police warning them to "avoid Las Vegas Boulevard and Tropicana," due to an "active shooting from Mandalay Bay" involving potentially three shooters. Police still haven't received confirmation of who is behind the attack.

22.38

It has been 40 minutes since the attack began and half an hour since the shooting stopped, but LVMPD tweet to the public from their official Twitter account warning residents to be vigilant: "We're investigating reports of an active shooter near/around Mandalay Bay casino. Asking everyone to please avoid the area."

23.58

The LVMPD confirms that "one suspect is down", confirming that Paddock is dead, although they refuse to release his name to the public until formal identification has taken place. At this stage there is still rumour that there are more gunmen on the loose.

Paddock's gunfire showed no obvious prejudice, shooting down men and women, young and old. The gunman had calculated the distance and trajectory of his shots from his room with the intention of causing mass devastation

Many threw themselves over loved ones in an attempt to shield them from the gunfire that was raining down for ten solid minutes

RAIN OF TERROR

THE TRUE TALLY OF THE LAS VEGAS SHOOTING SHOWED HOW PADDOCK HEAVILY INVESTED IN AN ATTACK THAT SHOWERED CONCERT GOERS WITH DEATH FROM HIGH ABOVE

1	Number of gunmen according to LVMPD	22000	Concertgoers who attended the festival	10	Suitcases used to smuggle the arsenal into Mandalay Bay
400	Distance from Mandalay Bay to the festival's music stage	10	MINUTES	59	Fatalities (including the gunman)
1000+	Bullets Paddock fired from the 32nd floor	527	People injured	1600	Rounds of ammunition found in the gunman's car
23	Firearms found in the gunman's hotel room	24	Guns found in Paddock's two Nevada homes	23KG	The amount of Tannerite discovered



In order to continuously fire at the people below, Paddock used a bump stock similar to the one pictured to turn multiple guns into semi-automatic weapons capable of firing hundreds of rounds each minute.

2 OCTOBER 2017

00.31

The LVMPD confirms that at this time it does not believe there are any more shooters, despite earlier reports that there may be as many as three gunmen. With Paddock confirmed dead the damage can start to be assessed. As many as 20 concertgoers are confirmed dead and more than 100 injured, but the toll will continue to rise over the next few hours.

02.22

A picture of a woman is released by the LVMPD, who officers say they wish to speak to. The woman, identified as Paddock's girlfriend, is named Marilou Danley. Police are also looking for two vehicles associated with the gunman.

03.30

The shooting officially becomes the "worst mass shooting in modern US history" as the death toll rises, with more than 50 now confirmed dead and 200 injured. Police release the name of the shooter to the public for the first time.

03.37

Police are confident they have located the vehicles of interest, as well as Marilou Danley, who at the time of the attack is staying with family in the Philippines. Danley is expected back from her trip to speak with the FBI in the coming hours. Police later confirm that they "do not believe she is involved with the shooting on the strip."

08.44

The death toll reaches 59, including the gunman. Approximately 527 people are reported injured in the attack. The strip is mostly quiet now, with many of the survivors having gone home or to hospital for treatment.

STAIRWAY TO HELL

AS POLICE TRIED TO DEAL WITH THE SITUATION ON THE GROUND, A SWAT TEAM ASCENDED TO THE 32ND FLOOR TO STOP PADDOCK



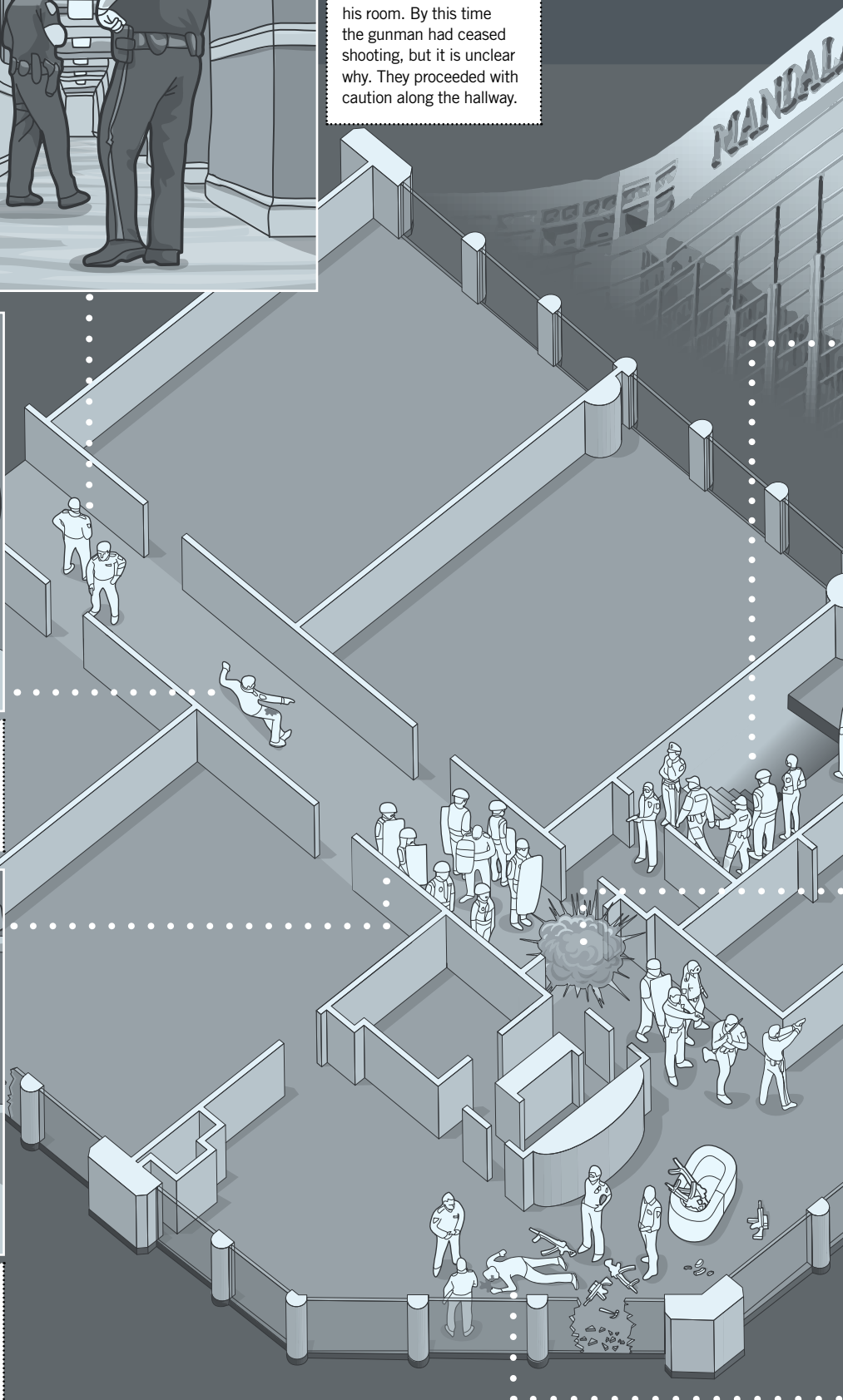
1 22.17 The first two LVMPD officers arrived on the 32nd floor where Paddock had locked himself in his room. By this time the gunman had ceased shooting, but it is unclear why. They proceeded with caution along the hallway.



2 22.18 The security officer who had been shot by Paddock alerted the officers to his injury and pointed them in the direction of the gunman's room on the far side of the hallway. They then requested a SWAT team for backup.



3 22.30 Eight more officers arrived on the 32nd floor as the police continued to move forward towards the suspect's room, checking all other rooms for injured civilians. They began to close in on Paddock. They still heard no shots being fired from behind the door of the room.





4 22.55 In the stairwell closest to room 32-135, eight more officers arrive on the scene. Concerned that a room service cart in the hallway that has clearly been fitted with cameras was recording them, they pulled back and waited for the SWAT team.



5 23.20 For the last 30 minutes no shots have been heard. The SWAT officers make their move, using an explosive to breach the door. The first set of officers inside the room later said they had “tripped over” the multiple guns that lay strewn across the room.

6 23.27 Officers found Paddock's body on the floor, having turned the gun on himself. A second breach into a side room quickly established that there was no one else in the room. Police discovered 23 kilograms of Tannerite (an explosive that detonates when hit by high-velocity rounds) and 1,600 rounds of ammunition. A note next to Paddock's body was littered with calculations the gunman had made on how to most effectively shoot down the crowd below.



WAS THIS A REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE?

AS POLICE LOOKED FOR A MOTIVE THEY FOUND ONLY MORE QUESTIONS ABOUT THE GUNMAN

As police continue to search for a motive behind the attacks, those affected try to move on with their lives as best they can. When contacted by the media, Paddock's brother Eric told reporters he was shocked by the news of what his sibling had done. He described his hope that the autopsy, which was due to be performed on the corpse of the gunman, would show a brain tumour or an abnormality that would explain his murderous actions, likening the events to that of the Texas sniper Charles Whitman – whose mental breakdown that led to the mass shooting in 1966 was likely the result of a malignant brain tumour. But the deceased gunman's autopsy revealed no abnormalities in the brain.

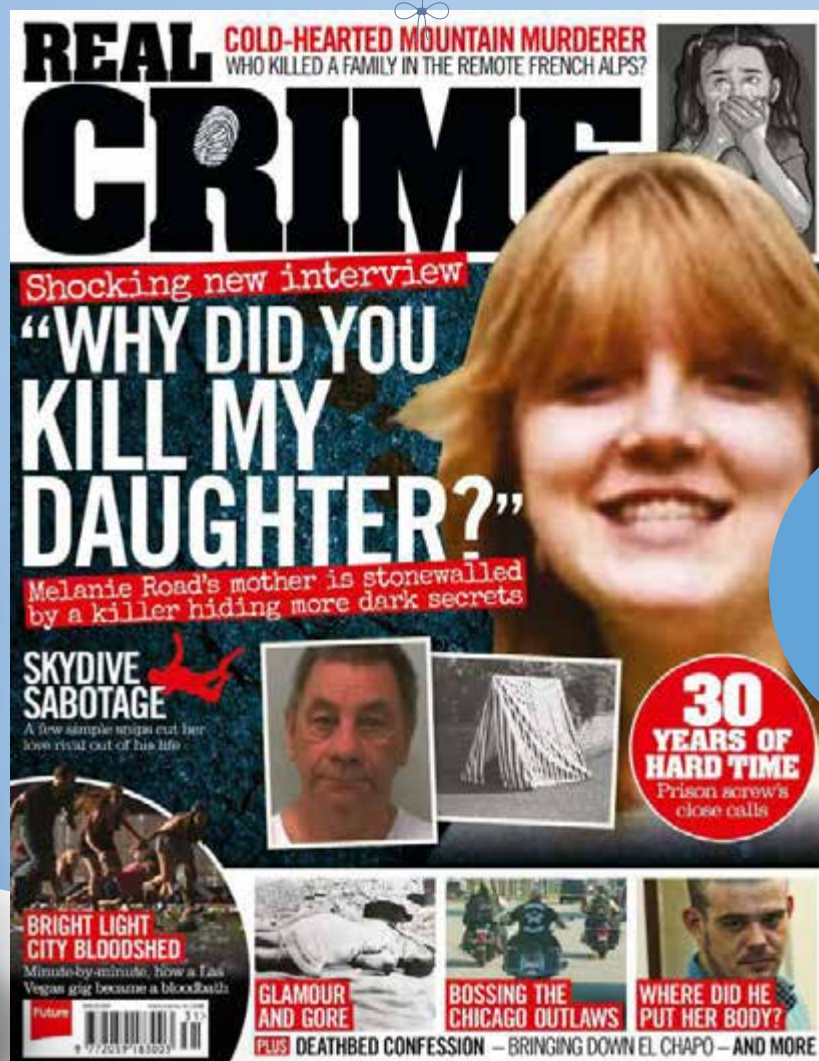
Investigators could not determine “one particular event in the suspect's life for us to key on,” according to Clark County Sheriff Joseph Lombardo, which left them with little explanation for Paddock's attack. However, it was revealed in the days after the attack that Paddock's father was Benjamin Hoskins Paddock Jr., an American bank robber and conman who was on the FBI Ten Most Wanted Fugitives list between 1969 and 1977. Eric told reporters that he and his brother had little contact with their father, who was on the run when they were born.

A 97-page court deposition that dated back to 2013 obtained by news outlet CNN said Paddock had no criminal record and no mental issues or addictions. In that same deposition Paddock, a real estate investor and retired accountant, described himself as a “happy-go-lucky” big time video poker gambler. In September 2016 Paddock rented a room at a Las Vegas complex that overlooked the Life Is Beautiful music festival, where musicians such as Blink 182 and Muse played. A trial run, perhaps? There is no indication why he set his sights on this festival.

Despite intensive probing into Paddock's background Clark County Sheriff Joe Lambardo, who has become the face of the LVMPD in the aftermath of the shooting, has said that we may never know the reason behind Paddock's attack.

ABOVE Flowers and memorials left for the many victims of the Las Vegas shooter, whose families may never know why this senseless killing spree happened

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GODFATHER OF THE CHICAGO OUTLAWS

OUTLAW MOTORCYCLE CLUBS DON'T SUBSCRIBE TO THE MAFIA HIERARCHY, BUT ONE CHICAGO BIKER WAS SO RESPECTED HE BECAME THE OUTLAWS' UNOFFICIAL 'DON'

WORDS SETH FERRANTI



Peter 'Big Pete' James always wanted to be an Outlaw. When he first got involved with the motorcycle club in the mid-90s they were involved in a vicious war with the Hells Angels, who were encroaching on Outlaw territory in Chicago, trying to gain a foothold in the city. A series of bombings, fights and shootings ensued, and a lot of the Outlaws that Big Pete came in under were sent to prison for their actions in the war. With their leadership in Chicago decimated, Big Pete stepped up to the plate.

He had witnessed the devastation the war wrought on his club first-hand. And despite the bloodshed the Hells Angels were still there. Big Pete realised they weren't going anywhere. He understood what his predecessors were trying to do, but he decided he would combat the problem with a different strategy. Big Pete was practical after all, and as the Chicago Outlaws' new boss he wanted to leave his mark – on Chicago and the club.

Founded in the city in 1935, the club couldn't eject the Hells Angels because they had no unity: it was every chapter for itself. But Big Pete sought to change that. He was on a mission to unite all the splintered Outlaw factions under one banner. At the same time, he wanted to consolidate his power base and hold the city of Chicago, insulating himself as he solidified the Outlaw rackets, because to Big Pete it wasn't about the individual riches that he could accrue or the infamy he could achieve from his position – it was about unifying the club and being the boss of Chicago.

NOT YOUR TYPICAL BIKER

"I knew where I was going from the time I was in the eighth grade," Big Pete told **Real Crime**. "When I was in college I was coming down the highway and two bikes came up behind me really fast, and then they moved out, went around me, and it was a really cool thing to see. I read their vests and it said, 'Outlaws'. I kind of kept that in the back of my mind, and as time went on I organised my own club, but I always wanted to be an Outlaw. I was an Outlaw personally inside, and I wanted to be right at the top of the food chain."

Big Pete was a gangster from the start. He used to sell contraband soda on the school bus, and he knew that graduating from high school, going to college and joining a fraternity would come back to help him later in life. Not a typical route for a biker, but Big Pete was a new age biker with old school values. He was groomed by some serious 'one per centers', but for him everything was calculated. He knew he had leadership skills, but the thing that really made him decide his fate was when he got out of college and went to a job interview.

"I had to do a couple of aptitude tests, and I sat down with the guy about a week later," Big Pete said. "He told me that he really liked me but that he couldn't hire me. I was like, 'Why not?' He said, 'Because you scored off the charts for being a risk taker, and you're not going to listen to anybody.' And that's kind of been the whole way my life has gone. I decided then that I was strictly going to be an entrepreneur, and I'll do whatever it takes to get whatever I want. And that's what I did."

In college Big Pete spent time as a driver for a lawyer. His roommate's dad was a big-time bankruptcy lawyer, and all day long Big Pete would drive him around to see clients. Big Pete had access to this brilliant mind, and he wasn't going to sit up front and simply listen to the music. Big Pete

Big Pete and the Chicago chapter would visit their comrades throughout the state to promote unity and make sure everyone was heading in the same direction



started asking questions and learning. He liked to get into other people's heads to see how things worked. Knowledge about how people succeed was paramount to Big Pete.

"If you don't teach me something then there's no reason for me to talk to you," Big Pete said. "I know that sounds cold, but I can look out the window and see what the weather's like. I don't like to make small talk. If you're here to teach me something, great. Not to say I won't talk sports and stuff like that, but I'm not one for idle conversation. If I have to ask myself, 'Why am I talking to this guy?' I'm wasting my time."

Big Pete equates it to a salesman going into the office and giving a great sales speech to the secretary. The secretary can't make decisions, so why would the salesman waste their time? He learned from a great salesman that he shouldn't talk to people that can't make decisions – it achieves nothing. Big Pete stressed that you have to talk to the person that can make a decision if you want to succeed in life, and don't waste your breath until you're in front of that person. This was the philosophy that Big Pete lived by.

BORN TO BE THE BOSS

"Everybody makes the joke that he's playing checkers while I play chess, but in chess you have to lose pieces to win the game," Big Pete said. "You have to sacrifice pieces, but if you play the Chinese game called Go, you just take territory. How easy is it to take territory if I have a club that belongs to my confederation? I didn't have to give up anything. The only thing I had to do was to make sure the clubs didn't start beefing between themselves. It took a little while, like



“ IF HE COULD UNITE ALL THE VARIOUS OUTLAW CLIQUES INTO ONE GROUP, THEY WOULD BE UNSTOPPABLE IN CHICAGO ”

TOP He was the type of leader who got around and made inroads with other clubs. It didn't matter what part of the country they were in: if there were alliances to be made, Big Pete made them

ABOVE Big Pete with Mr Happy on his way to Daytona Bike Week. All the Outlaw motorcycle clubs would converge on Daytona for a week of fun and partying in the sun

a couple of years, but eventually it got to the point where if there was an argument or disagreement, I would sit down and monitor the meeting and we'd come to a conclusion that led to everyone being happy.”

Big Pete saw the big picture and recognised early on that if he could unite all the various Outlaw cliques into one group they would be unstoppable in Chicago – a force that couldn't be displaced. He realised that if he was going to be the boss he'd have to be able to play politics in the criminal underworld. To Big Pete it was like being a rock star – you had to cross genres. “If you're a country musician you can be really successful,” he said. “But to be the megastar you have to get to the people that like rock-n-roll, you have to get the people from other genres to buy your songs.”

Big Pete subscribed to the theory that when you're a boss you can't isolate yourself. “You have to be able to move within the different criminal groups, and you have to have the respect of the different criminal groups or they'll say, ‘Who's this, how did he get here?’ And it doesn't take long. You might get a seat at the table because of where you come from, like you're here because you're an Outlaw, but when you open your mouth you'll find out if you get to come to that table again. There's a fine point and a finesse point that a lot of people don't understand – that's how it goes.”

GODFATHER OF THE OUTLAWS



WHO'S THE TOP DOG?

In the world of outlaw motorcycle clubs the Outlaws rank high with the other notable clubs like the Hells Angels, Mongols and Bandidos. But they all grew by absorbing smaller clubs to increase their numbers.

SUPPORT CLUBS (OUTLAW SUPPORTERS)

After the success of shows like *The Sons of Anarchy*, Big Pete said there was a big jump in guys showing up at the Outlaws' club house. They wanted to be sanctioned to fly their colours in Chicago. Groups of bikers would come in and pay their respects to the Chicago boss, looking to form alliances so they could ride Chicago's streets bearing their patch.

Examples:

Twisted Image MC led by Coyote
Loyal Order MC led by Papa Joe

SATELLITE CLUBS (OUTLAW AFFILIATES)

Big Pete had clubs that were affiliated with the Outlaw Nation in Chicago. He was the guy who politicked with all the different MCs, getting everyone to cooperate for the betterment of the whole. The affiliates could be hard to work with, but Big Pete focused on keeping all the clubs under the Outlaw banner.

Examples:

Crossroads MC
New Attitude MC

REGIONAL CLUBS (OUTLAW ALLIES)

These clubs were very loyal to the Outlaws and had been allies with them for some time. Some even prospected as whole clubs for the Outlaws. Big Pete had very good relationships with these MCs, who backed the Outlaws in almost anything.

Examples:

The Fugarwe Tribe MC led by Gator
The Brothers Rising MC led by Gypsy

LARGER ONE PER CENT CLUBS (OUTLAWS MC)

The Outlaws were founded in Chicago, and as one of the national big four ‘one per center’ bike groups, they were at the top of the hierarchy. Big Pete did business with mafioso, politicians and business owners, helping to transform the Outlaws into an international brand.

BADGES OF HONOUR

BIG PETE JOINED THE OUTLAWS IN THE EARLY 1990S, AND WAS SOON THRUST INTO A POSITION AS BOSS OF CHICAGO

BOSSSES BEING JAILED

When the Outlaws and Hells Angels became embroiled in a vicious territorial battle in Chicago in 1995, Big Pete was on the scene. As the retaliatory bombings, assaults and shootings went tit-for-tat, Big Pete watched as all his mentors in the club and the Chicago Outlaw leaders were incarcerated. It left a power vacuum in the MC, which Big Pete stepped up to fill.



THE ANGEL HUNTS

While negotiating for a truce with the Hells Angels – the first act of his tenure as Outlaw boss – Big Pete initiated 'Angel Hunts', where armed Outlaws ready for a fight would cruise around the city looking for Angels to jump. This helped turn the tide and forced the Angels into an agreement that Big Pete dictated.



THAT MAFIA ATTITUDE

Big Pete grew up knowing that he would be the boss of something. He studied organised crime types like Tony Accardo, amazed at how they engaged in the rackets but never got their hands dirty or got arrested and put in prison. Big Pete modelled himself after mafiaso like Accardo, knowing that that mafia attitude would help him when he became Outlaw boss.



Big Pete serving the club in a leadership capacity for two decades, retiring in 2015

“I WAS CLOSE. IF I WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN CANCER I WOULD HAVE PULLED IT OFF”

Being a boss was something that Big Pete had in mind since he was a kid. He didn't know what he would be the boss of – that came later – but he knew that he would be a boss in Chicago. That was his dream and he fulfilled it – to a degree of course. He'll admit that he was close to his eventual goal but was thwarted by cancer before he could see all his work come to fruition.

“I was close,” Big Pete admitted. “If I wouldn't have gotten cancer I would have pulled it off. We only got so far because some clubs were better at doing things than other clubs. But if we had another three years we could have refined the talent. Clubs were starting up, and each one brought different values. Being a leader you can't set people up to fail. If you're good at something, that's what the leader needs to find out.”

Big Pete took his position seriously and studied the classics, which helped him refine his leadership skills. “Most people that are leaders read Machiavelli – and the prince is a pretty cool guy – but for myself I preferred Sun Tzu, *The Art of War*. The title is kind of a misnomer, because what he says and what he teaches are philosophies that you can use in everyday life. They work. And as a leader, if you don't understand these qualities or you don't have them in you, you will fail. I mean look around. I can name you more failures than successes.

“Guys out there thought they could do this, thought they could do that. But there's an old saying: 'If you don't know history then you're bound to repeat it'. Well that's an old one

and everybody kind of chuckles, but most times it's true... I used to look at things like, 'If I'm the smartest guy in the room then I'm in the wrong room.' I don't want to be the smartest guy in the room. I want to walk in the room and learn from somebody. And I always did that."

ALLIED TO THE MAFIA

"There was always work supplying dancers to the strip joints," Big Pete said of the MC's relationship with Chicago's Mafia. "But you got to look at it like this: the Outlaws started in Chicago in 1935, and there was a natural progression towards each other as time went on. Now those guys back in the 30s and 40s, they weren't looking at things the same way. But then when the 60s came along more entrepreneurial guys started looking into becoming part of motorcycle clubs, and that kind of started it rolling. There were guys who had chop shops, guys who ran gambling."

Given that Chicago is Al Capone territory, outsiders would think Big Pete idolised the Syndicate's legendary gangster, but Big Pete holds a different Chicago mobster in high esteem. "One of my heroes is Tony Accardo," Big Pete said. "Accardo did it all. He took over the unions, he took over Vegas, and he never spent a day in jail. There are things that you can learn from guys like Tony Accardo. Technically he made Al Capone look like a drugstore wise guy. Money and everything is nice, but the goal is the accomplishment. You don't need to be

out there all flashy, travelling around the world. I drove late model cars. I didn't always have the flashiest bike with new paint jobs. When there were nationals or big parties I didn't go around those parties. I didn't want to become famous among other Outlaws because I had everything I wanted. I had the city of Chicago. That was my goal. Once you reach your goal you stop."

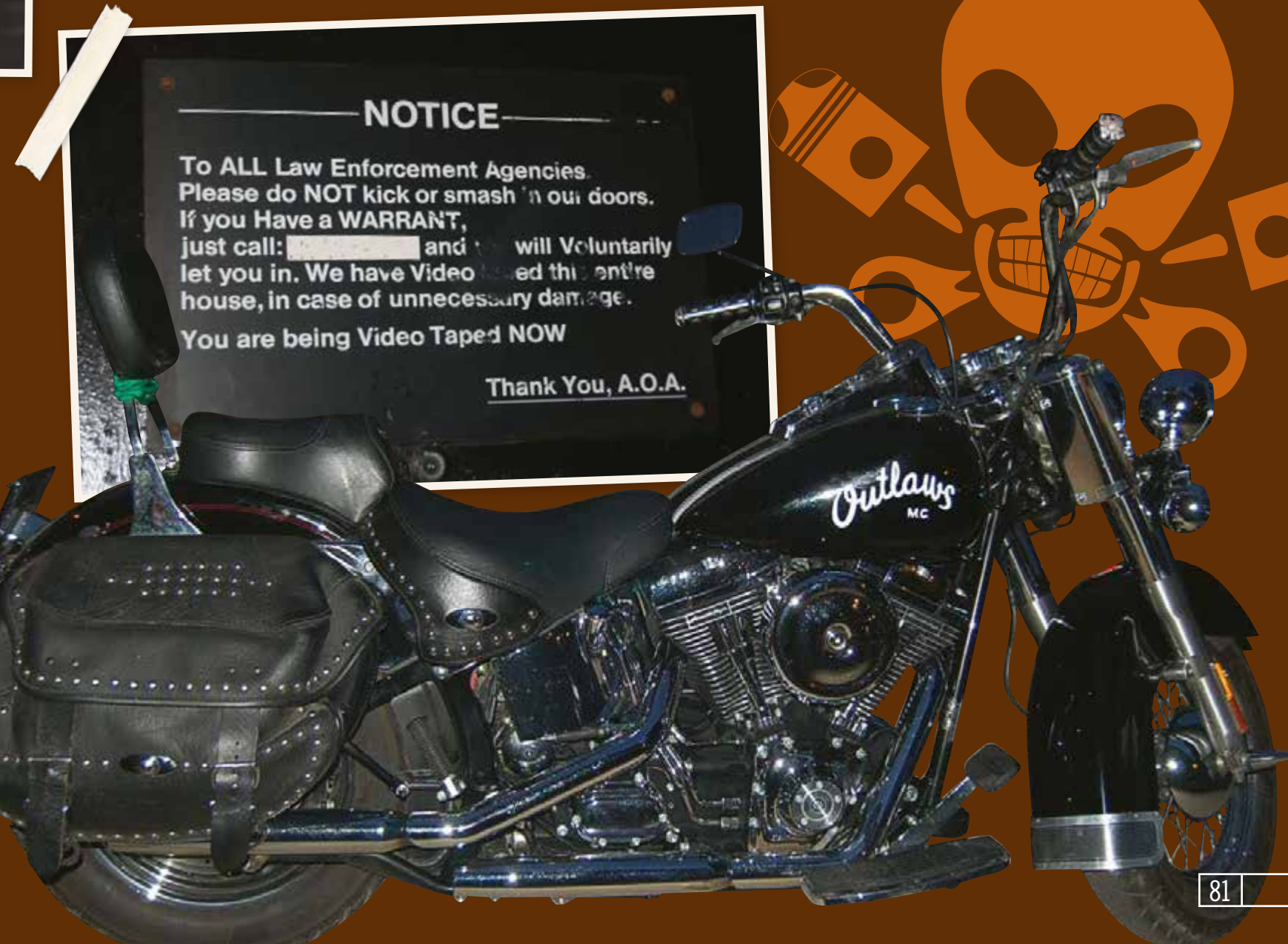
Working with the Mafia was nothing new for the Outlaws, but Big Pete made sure that he had the right connections that would benefit his club. "It's funny because it goes in ebbs and flows," he said. "It all depends on who's calling the shots, where they came from, what they believe in and how you reach out to each other. Usually it's between mutual friends, but if you don't have those mutual friends, no one is going to talk to you. No one is going to say, 'Hey guy, what do you think about this?'"

"It's a difficult thing to explain to someone who doesn't live in Chicago, but there's no other city that has the reputation of Chicago. I mean think about it: who's the most famous gangster out there? Al Capone. He's from Chicago. And his spirit is still in the blood of the people here. That's just how it works. In Chicago a favour is worth more than money. If you have a favour from a mob guy or an outfit guy or even a politician, you can do more with those than if a guy walks in with money.

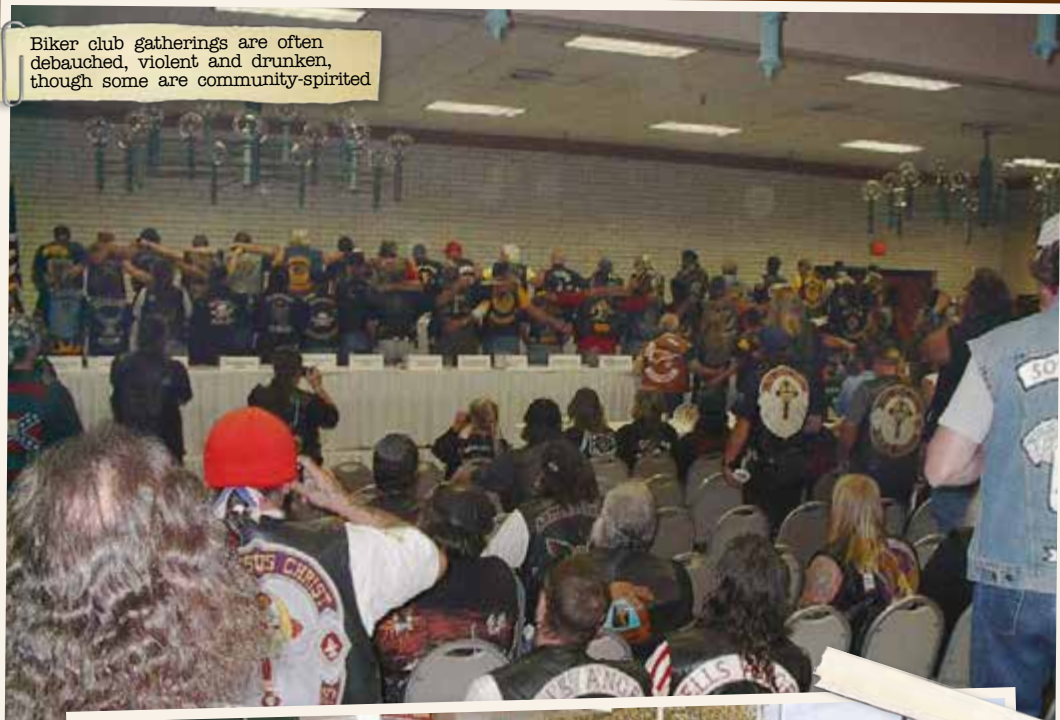
"Now don't get me wrong, nobody's going to turn down money, but those favours, if you got them lined up in your

BELOW Big Pete knew the cops were coming, so it was never a surprise. That's part of being in a motorcycle club, knowing that the cops are monitoring you and will kick in your door

BOTTOM Every biker's motorcycle is an extension of their personality. Big Pete was not flashy. His bike suits his personality: straightforward and direct and no wasted motion, but efficient in the same way



Biker club gatherings are often debauched, violent and drunken, though some are community-spirited

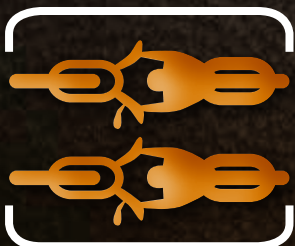


Big Pete's right-hand man on his steed: towards the end, there were fewer Outlaw men he could trust

THE LINE UP

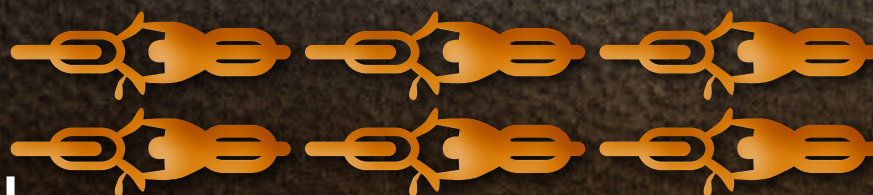
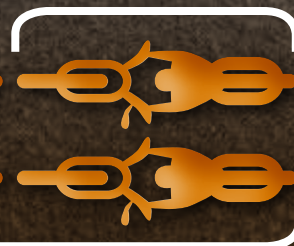
THE OUTLAWS STORM DOWN THE HIGHWAY LIKE VIKING MARAUDERS ON STEEL STEEDS OR FIGHTER JETS ON A MISSION — ALWAYS IN TIGHT FORMATION

ROAD CAPTAIN



PRESIDENT

SERGEANT AT ARMS



FULL COLOUR-WEARING MEMBERS

pocket, or you've done things to get them that you can call on, you're in a good position, because there's still honour out there... when people give you favours they'll honour them. But it also works both ways. You can't just be out there running your mouth."

PEOPLE IN THE CLUB CHANGED

In the 90s, when Big Pete first joined the Outlaws, the bikers wearing the patch were stone-cold gangsters. They lived by the gangster code. Not too many of them had nine to five jobs, and they walked around with money in their pocket. Now, according to Big Pete, bikers have regular jobs and don't have any money. It's not so much the Outlaws, because the core values are still there, he stresses. It's the people and how times have changed.

"The rules and the beliefs are the same for the club," Big Pete told **Real Crime**. "But because of the newer people that came in things have changed. If you focus on 1995 to 2015, that's a 20-year span, and the difference between those guys that took on the Angels in 1995 versus the guys that were around when I finally left and had my falling out with is night and day."

When Big Pete was diagnosed with cancer he fell short of his goals of growing and strengthening the club. He also fell out of sorts with his immediate subordinates, who decided that they knew best and didn't have to listen to Big Pete anymore. There was an incident where a member of the club was disciplined, and the men under Big Pete wanted to do it in public, at a function, in full view of the biker's family and children. Big Pete wholeheartedly disagreed. He told them it was the wrong move. But they defied him and did what they wanted regardless.

"I believe in the saying, 'Honour among thieves,'" Big Pete said. "It doesn't matter what anyone else says or does. I know there are laws and rules, but I look at those as nothing more than suggestions. If I don't like them or don't believe in them then I don't follow them."

"But there has to be honour among the thieves, and I don't even mean that we're all thieves. It's an old saying from a long time ago... You do not do things in front of a family. You do not do shit in front of kids. That is a fucking no-no. Whatever you want to do to the individual, which I thought was a bad idea in this case, you can't break [this code]. You

“ I KNOW THERE ARE LAWS AND RULES, BUT I LOOK ON THOSE AS NOTHING MORE THAN SUGGESTIONS ”

don't have the same type of dude that says, 'These are what our beliefs are. This is what we are going to do.' Those guys are gone.

"And I think the other thing that helped change [the Outlaws] is just society itself. Coming through the 90s, when all the sentencing changed with longer prison terms and no parole, it changed guys mentality. I remember a defence attorney telling me, because there were some times when there were close calls, that times have changed. It used to be that guys got three, five or seven years and everybody was stand up. But with 15s and 20s, 25s and 30s, that really tested [Outlaw members], and they just didn't want to take those risks anymore."

With the stress the cancer was putting on Big Pete's body, he found he didn't have the strength to fight his brothers, so he walked away: 20 years invested in the club and then he just said "Fuck it" and left them to their own devices. But Big Pete has fond memories of his time with the club.

"I will say this, I had certain guys that I did certain [criminal] things with. But we also had a scholarship fund, we had picnics, every summer there was a big one for all the clubs, we had an all-club ride. This was like some unheard of shit. People would look at me like, 'What?' At times I would catch heat. I didn't have a boss in Chicago, but I had bosses in the club and they were like, 'What are you up to?' I would explain it to them. Sometimes they would shake their head, but they were like, 'You live there. You must know what you're doing. Go ahead. Good luck.' And that's how that played out."

The dream of a united Outlaw Nation didn't pan out for Big Pete, but he's well respected for accomplishing what he did. Taking the Outlaws in a different direction, solidifying the club's power base in Chicago and holding the city with a steady hand during his 20-year reign. Big Pete said that writing his book was a bittersweet process. It's frowned on by the club, but Big Pete felt he was pushed into writing his story. He felt that the ideals that he and the club stood for in Chicago were being tarnished. He felt he was justified in telling his story – the true story of an Outlaw boss.

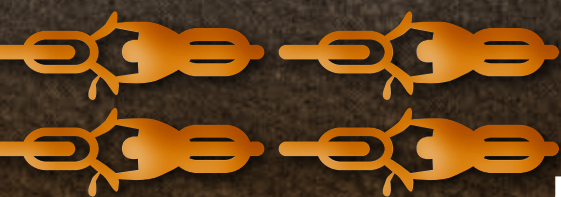
LEFT The Outlaws are one of the big four American motorcycle gangs that have chapters all over the world, including the UK. It is an international entity that is recognised everywhere

© Alamy: Thinkstock

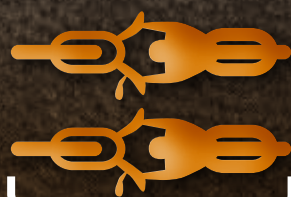
When Big Pete and his crew headed out on a run they would form themselves up on the highway in a tight formation that placed bikers in the line according to stature. As the boss Big Pete rode at the head of the group next to his road captain.

Traveling two abreast, the bikers would never break the speed limit: the sound of their engines would attract enough attention and scrutiny. On a run Big Pete and his crew wouldn't carry any guns or drugs. It wasn't a case of 'if' they'd get pulled over, it was

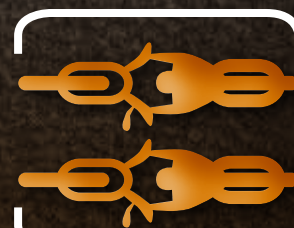
'when'. Precautions were taken, and all contraband items were stashed in the crash truck, which some prospects usually drove. By sticking to this rigid formation on their runs Big Pete and his club could get to where they were going without any arrests.



PROBATIONARY MEMBERS



ASSOCIATES OR HONORARY MEMBERS



ASSISTANT ROAD CAPTAIN



CRASH TRUCK
(usually 1.5 to two miles ahead or behind the pack, sometimes both)

ENFORCER



INTERVIEW

30 YEARS IN THE CLINK

**MURDERERS, BIG-TIME GANGSTERS AND
TERRORISTS: THIS FORMER PRISON OFFICER
SAW EVERY SHADE OF NASTY CRIMINAL IN
THE YEARS HE SPENT PATROLLING BRITAIN'S
TOUGHEST PRISONS**

WORDS **BEN BIGGS**

Paul Ward was born into a typical Yorkshire family near Leeds, England, in 1957. He walked the traditional path of a working-class man of his generation, forgoing higher education for an apprenticeship in engineering. He then found himself employed by the Prison Service. By his own admission Paul wasn't sure how it happened, but as a green 22 year old he walked into HMP Wakefield, a category A prison holding some of Britain's worst criminals, and landed a job as a prison guard.

Over the next 33 years Paul climbed a career ladder working in some of the UK's most infamous lock-ups, including HMP Full Sutton and Strangeways, which brought him into contact with the highest profile perps in Britain. His day-to-day included navigating the tempestuous mood swings of Charles Bronson, looking after and writing reports on IRA terrorists and keeping a lid on an excitable prison community when a Kray gang member entered the fray. But bit by bit prison politics and corruption made his job as a 'screw' intolerable. We spoke to Paul about what it was like to work alongside some of the UK's most dangerous men, the 18 months he feared for his life and the turning point that made him jack it all in.





Paul's casual pose belies the fact that he felt his life was at risk for 18 months in Full Sutton

The entrance to HM Prison Full Sutton, located near a sleepy village in Yorkshire, England



What's it like being a new prison guard on your first day?

To be honest, a lot of prisoners just get on with their own business. But yeah, you go in there and they see your shiny new suit on – I was 22 with this great big hat on... HMP Manchester [Strangeways] had what they called a Borstol Allocation Centre, [young offenders] go straight there from the courts. They were probably more a problem to me than the [older] adults because they saw me as somebody who was kind of their age – they saw me as a challenge. With the older officers they'd do exactly as they were told, they were like little tin soldiers. You have to put on this pretend air of authority, which does give you confidence in life. It did make me feel better really: you give a few orders, they try it on and you put them down. Eventually they realise they're not getting anywhere. Initially it was quite intimidating because you're on your own with anything up to 20 prisoners. You do have alarm bells and there's assistance just around the corner, but they can do a lot of damage in ten seconds. Even in my later service they still tried it on with me, but in a different way.

It took two to three months to get used to it and to the other officers as well. There were some pretty intimidating people in uniform too: 75 per cent of officers came from the armed forces at that time. There were some tough guys in there who were uncompromising. If you were in any bother they would help you out, but you were ripe meat for taking the mickey out of.

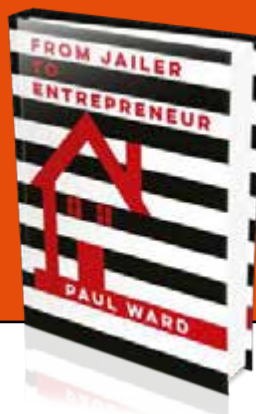
Early into your time at Strangeways a notable Kray gang member entered the prison. What effect did this have on the other prisoners and the guards?

From the prison officer's point of view it was this interest of 'Who's this guy coming? What's he like?' From a prisoner's

BIO PAUL WARD



Disillusioned with the prison service, Paul Ward retired early in 2012 to pursue a very different career. His book on the time he spent in Britain's most notorious prisons is available now on Amazon.



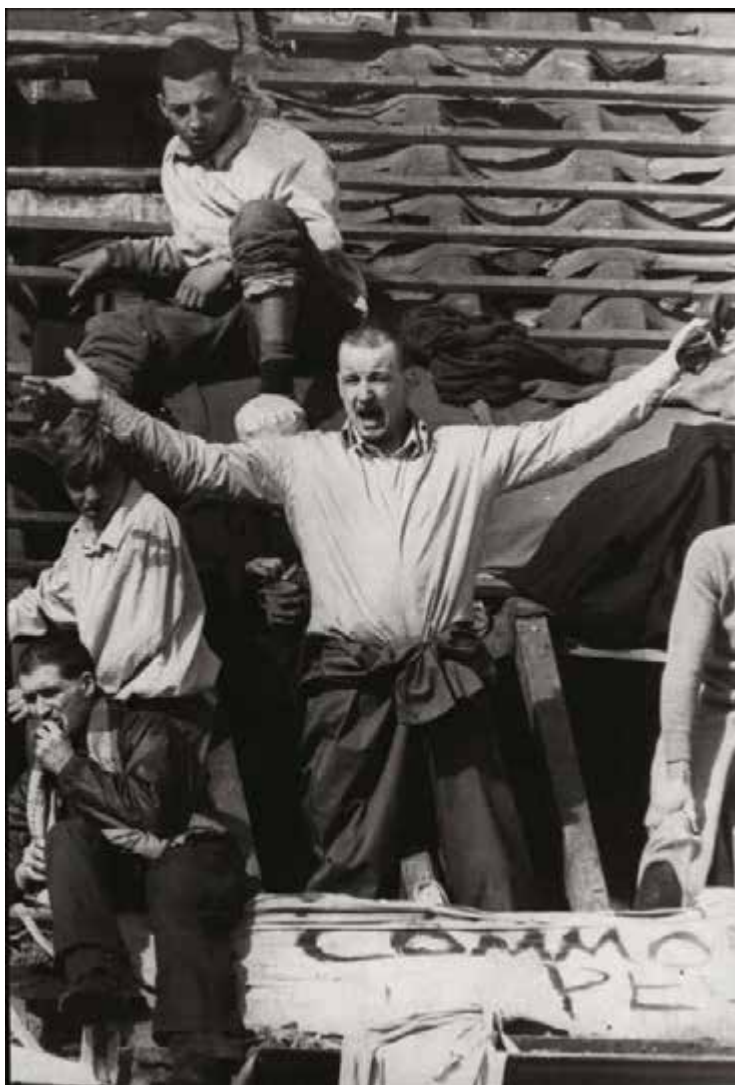
point of view, they puffed their chests out and wanted to get to know him. So what we used to do was when they'd come to a place like Strangeways and get locked up, they'd get a 'lay down', which was a colloquial term for giving another long-term prison a rest from him for 30 days. The prisoner knows they're only there for 30 days so they get on with it, then go back to causing mayhem in [their old] prison where they have a bit more freedom. So the other prisoners heard this guy was coming and you know... the younger end of the prison who want to be gangsters puff their chests out. But to be honest, he was having none of it. And by the time he'd been there 12 days no one bothered with him.

Describe Charles Bronson, one of Britain's most notorious inmates. Was he as volatile and dangerous as he's been made out to be?

Yes. With certain types of people he is, yes. He's a bit of a coward really – whenever he's confronted by prison officers he'll generally back down. His offences in prison have been against other prisoners or civilians such as probation officers and education people. Those are the type of people he's taken hostage. His favourite thing is to cause a load of bother. He used to cover himself in oil then go in with absolutely nothing on, then it's like getting hold of a wet fish. But he's a dangerous man, he's very capable of assaulting and doing damage to anybody. He's not a tall man but he was always doing press ups in his cell... when he was on the wings we'd give him a cleaning job and he'd go in the corridor and he'd go mad at it. He'd be alright for a couple of months, then something would switch in his brain and he'd become a complete nutcase really.

You'd left Strangeways by the time the infamous riots broke out in 1991, but you've been in the midst of several other riots. How do they escalate?

Sometimes it's spontaneous and often when it's like that, they generally get stopped. Because it hasn't been organised, other prisoners don't know about it and don't want to know. But when it's organised, that's when you've got a problem, because they're tooled-up, they've got things in place to stop the prison staff... our managers would instruct us if it got too



dangerous and people's lives were in danger, to leave the ring. Then the prisoners have got control over it. At the end of the day you can repair a building but you can't bring somebody back to life.

You knew if it was getting out of hand. It's like in Full Sutton, we had 108 prisoners in one wing and 12-14 officers: you do the maths on that one, who's going to win that battle? If you've got 20 prisoners running down the corridor and there's only two of you, you could be Arnold Schwarzenegger, you're not going to stay there and fight are you? So you retreat, lock it up, seal it up, bring in the C&R [Control and Restraint] teams with the big helmets and truncheons, and you get [control] back.

Most prisoners don't want that situation. Most prisoners just want to get on with their sentence and then get out again. Because if you've got people like that who have taken over the establishment, there are sex offenders and prisoners like that in there with nobody to protect them. That's worse for them than prison officers being in charge.

Some of the 'Birmingham Six' – men convicted for the 1975 IRA pub bombings – were on your wing in the middle of your career.

There were three of them in the jail at that time. You were the personal officer for six to ten prisoners. So you dealt with all their needs, did their parole reports and all that sort of thing. One of them was on my wing for quite some time so

ABOVE Paul Taylor goads security from the roof of Strangeways prison during the infamous 1990 riots. Paul Ward had left this prison by then but experienced several prison riots himself

PAUL'S PRISONERS

SOME OF THE HIGHEST PROFILE INMATES PAUL CAME INTO CONTACT WITH WEREN'T NECESSARILY THE WORST OF THE BUNCH, BUT THEY WERE CHARACTERS

CHARLES BRONSON



ARMED ROBBERY

An inveterate criminal, Michael Gordon Peterson (Charles Bronson was his bare-knuckle boxing pseudonym) was originally jailed for planning an armed robbery. He proved to be just as violent in jail and after taking numerous hostages over the years, he was finally given a life sentence in 1999.

BIRMINGHAM SIX



MURDER AND CONSPIRACY

Six men were arrested following the bombings of two pubs in Birmingham, England, in which 21 people died and 182 were injured. The IRA claimed responsibility. The men were tried, convicted and each given life sentences. 16 years later in 1991, an appeal overturned their convictions and they were freed.

FREDDIE FOREMAN

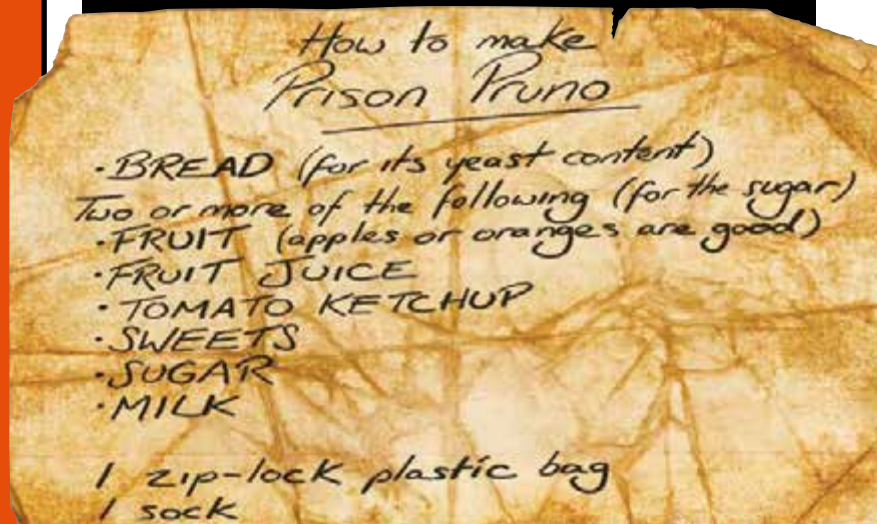


ARMED ROBBERY

Foreman (centre) was a hitman and notable member of the Kray gang. He confessed to several high-profile murders and after Reggie Kray killed Jack 'the Hat' McVitie Foreman disposed of the body. He served nine years in 1983 for robbing a security van.

A RECIPE FOR DISASTER

Prison hooch is nasty stuff, made from whatever ingredients the inmates can smuggle from the kitchens or buy from the prison commissary. It's often very potent, tastes foul, is a health hazard and is obviously forbidden. None of this stops inmates from brewing it, though. Paul said it "drives them crazy" and blames hooch for numerous violent incidents and even prison riots during his time as a guard. In the US it's often known as 'Pruno', and this concoction can have an alcoholic content equivalent to a strong bottle of wine.



- Mash the fruit or sugary ingredient in the zip-lock plastic bag with hot water and leave for 15 minutes.
- Mix the bread with sugar (or equivalent) and warm water and leave for 15 minutes.
- Add the bread mix to the fruit mix, place the ziplock bag into the sock (to help conceal it from the guards) then store in a warm, dark place.
- Check on the bag periodically to make sure it doesn't cool. Warm it up by placing the bag in a basin of hot water if it is necessary.
- After several weeks, filter the solids out (this can be used as a 'motor' for a new batch of Pruno) then decant.
- Enjoy a bile-tasting, nose-tingling cup of vintage Pruno with your cellmate. An ideal accompaniment to Spam, Smash and beans.

I got to know him very well, had lots of conversations with him about his life... he was a nice old boy, to be honest! Apart from the fact that [he had been convicted of] blowing a lot of people up.

They just saw themselves as prisoners of war, really. They didn't see themselves as criminals... they were fighting for a cause. Generally they didn't cause you any problems unless they were told to: if their people outside said, "I want you to kill a prison officer", they'd probably apologise to you and kill you. That sounds flippant, but I'm not exaggerating, that's what they'd do.

Was this the closest you've ever been to being friends with a prisoner?

Yes, I suppose. 'Friend' is probably a strong word, because you do have to keep that divide. But you become... especially in a place like Full Sutton, prisoners can be in that prison for two years. So to not develop a relationship with someone who's being okay with you... sometimes I could look at this person and think, 'Actually I could be friends with this person outside.' There are people in the prison who might be released, and you might meet that person in the pub, not have a clue what their background is and even become friends with them.

A violent criminal named Frank McGhee managed to hold a knife to your throat in a prison van – was this the most frightening incident in your career?

No. In the Frank McGhee incident, I was in the van for an hour, and as scary as that was, he was still handcuffed, there were three of us in the back of that van, we had contact with the police, and I knew he wasn't going anywhere. We got him under control reasonably quickly so that wasn't massively scary, it was just a bit of a shock at the time.

The most frightening was when I got taken hostage with my boss by two London gangsters who were... well, one of them was an absolute fruitcake. It was the scariest thing I've ever been involved in. I genuinely feared for my life because I knew what these two guys were capable of.

This guy had been brewing all day, he'd been in the prison 18 months so I knew him quite well. I knew he was very volatile, probably bordering on being a psychopath. I was in a room with a five-foot-two [1.58-metre], eight-stone [51-kilogram] prison rep and these two guys waving chair legs and threatening to do all sorts to us – it's not a pleasant situation to be in.

That scarred me for a little bit, it quite affected me: I got home and I just burst out crying, and I'm from a generation that just doesn't do that. I took a couple of weeks off... I love my sport and I find exercise the best antidote for things like that. I don't believe in tablets, and I wouldn't take anything. I [got myself better] really, I had no help whatsoever from the prison service: no prison manager came to see me, nobody asked [how I was] other than my colleagues. But the prison service couldn't give a monkey's what I'd been through. From that point I took a different view really – you don't care about me then I don't care about you. So I'll just get as high as I can, career-wise, get as much money out of you as I can and leave as soon as I can.

I think that if it had just been that incident on its own, I probably would have dealt with it easier and better than I did. But it was a build-up over 18 months. You wouldn't believe me if I described how it was, you'd think I was exaggerating, but it was 18 months of going into work and wondering, "Am I gonna come home?" And the senior managers were



“ IT WAS 18 MONTHS OF GOING INTO WORK AND WONDERING, ‘AM I GONNA COME HOME?’ ”

appalling. They were cowards, they just backed off and let us get on with it. We were just cannon fodder.

Did you experience much corruption among guards during your time?

Later on, yes. When I went to Brixton, that was an eye-opener. For many years no, I'm sure corruption was [in other prisons], but on a much, much smaller scale. Possibly because they'd come from the [armed] services, they were loyal people, until more civilians came into the service, like me.

In a place like Brixton there was a significant number of [corrupt] staff – and I'm not just talking about officers. I was head of security by this time, and the stuff that came onto my desk from the police and other sources, it was quite frightening. We had an officer who was taken to court, who was found guilty of 'obtaining money by pecuniary advantage'. We knew he was bringing drugs in, we knew he was bringing in mobile phones, but we just didn't have enough evidence.

What we found out was that he had been locked up in Rikers Island in New York for drugs. So he'd lied on his application form and that's what we got him for – lying to get into the job and taking a salary. So he got 18 months for that, and he got sacked. At that time, going back ten years or so, you could get £250 for a mobile phone [in prison]. So you're talking about a prison officer on £25,000 a year trying to buy a house in London. And on that you can add maybe £1,000 a week, tax free, if you're clever. It's a temptation, isn't it? I'm not condoning it, but I can understand it. There were probably more phones in Brixton than in Phones 4 U!

Your career spanned across the advent of mobile phone technology. In your experience, has that made smuggling contraband into prison easier?

Absolutely, yes. It's got more sophisticated now as well. After I'd left the prison service, I saw on the news – not long ago actually – they were using drones! When I was at Brixton we got some funding to put some netting between the prison and the prison wall, where you've got a walk-around. What used to happen was people used to throw things over the wall, like an orange carton stuffed with drugs and mobiles, things like that. They'd land on the inside where there were cleaning parties supervised by a civilian. He couldn't be bothered and [the prisoners] used to distract him, so they'd clean up, take this stuff and give it to the prisoners.

Then when we put this netting up, on the first night it was like kids in a sweet shop. The amount of stuff we took off that netting was just unbelievable. They're always one step ahead of us because they don't have to abide by the law and we do.

At that time, the way the service was going, from a managerial point of view, a political point of view, a PC point of view and the corruption – it was at that point I thought, 'I've had enough of this really'. It's not the service I joined. It was a turning point where I thought this was no longer a place I wanted to be.



When Paul began his career in the early eighties Prison guards were cut from a different cloth to today

TOP HM Prison Full Sutton holds 600 Category A and B inmates. These are some of the most dangerous criminals in the country. It includes a close supervision unit – a prison within a prison for inmates that represent a particular risk to the public and national security

© Alamy; Getty Images; Shutterstock

REVIEWS



Connie (Robert Pattinson) and his brother Nick (co-director Benny Safdie) keep a low profile

GOOD TIME



RELEASED 17 NOV 2017

DIRECTOR BENNY SAFDIE, JOSH SAFDIE

DISTRIBUTOR CURZON ARTIFICIAL EYE

The title might suggest fun – an idea reinforced by the use of an amusement park as a key location – but *Good Time* concerns a man's increasingly doomed dash through nocturnal New York to prevent a loved one doing a very different kind of time.

After Connie (Robert Pattinson) and his mentally challenged brother Nick (co-director Benny Safdie) carry out a non-violent bank robbery in Flushing but mess up the getaway, Nick is taken into police custody, leaving Connie to pursue one desperate action after another to bail or spring Nick before he ends up in Rikers Island Correctional Facility.

Good Time is not only directed by brothers (Benny and Josh Safdie, whose previous features include *Heaven Knows What* and *Daddy Long Legs*) but is also

propelled by the fraternal bond. It follows Connie on his long dark journey into the night, struggling to salvage something good for his brother after their plans for a better life have gone terribly awry.

From the opening scene, where a well-meaning psychiatrist (Peter Verby) upsets the confused Nick during a consultation, it becomes clear that even those who want what is best for Nick are not always so effective in serving his interests. Connie, too, wants what is best for his brother, but in pulling Nick from a state-appointed session to a heist he is acting with extreme irresponsibility, exposing his brother to all manner of danger for which Nick is not mentally equipped.

Connie's journey over the next 24 hours represents an unfolding of the decision that he has made and its ramifications for Nick and others – including Connie's girlfriend Corey (Jennifer Jason Leigh), paroled loser Ray (Buddy Duress) and up-for-anything teenager Crystal (Taliah Webster).

It's a moral odyssey in which Connie, running on empty and out of choices, is finally seen in haunting close-up as he realises what alone remains that he can do for his brother – something that will reconfigure the meaning of the film's title.

Cinematographer Sean Price Williams brings a street-level immediacy to Connie's experience by constantly tracking him closely with the camera, all to the Carpenter-esque pulse of Oneohtrix Point Never's synth-heavy score, which drives Connie constantly forward on his circular road to nowhere.

It is an energetic and intense trip down New York's side streets and past its more questionable characters and is also at times very funny. Though misguided from the outset, Connie makes for charming company along the way: readily slipping into different masks and guises, he is a natural improviser and capable of thinking fast on his feet. None of this, though, is enough to stop this spiralling tragedy, and in the end his own failure catches up with him.

STRANGLED

RELEASED 17 NOV 2017

DIRECTOR ÁRPÁD SOPSITS

DISTRIBUTOR EUREKA ENTERTAINMENT

In the mid-60s in Martfű, a Hungarian town best-known for its shoe factory, local women are being killed or left for dead by a sexual predator. Alcoholic detective Bóta (Zsolt Anger) and the new supervising prosecutor Zoltán Szirmai (Péter Bárnai) wonder if Ákos Réti (Gábor Jaszberényi), jailed after confessing to a similar crime back in 1957, may well be innocent. But they are under pressure to find a culprit fast in a communist system that rejects any suggestion of imperfection in its judiciary and prefers the maintenance of convenient fictions to the pursuit of truth.

Based loosely on historical events, Árpád Sopsits's *Strangled* derives genre thrills from real-life crime (shot on location in the actual town) while also exposing the personal and political oppressions of Soviet-era Hungary. With his identity revealed relatively early in the film, the serial killer (Károly Hajduk) is often accompanied on his murderous outings by a synth sequence from composer Márk Moldvai that echoes John Carpenter's score for *Halloween* (1978), marking Sopsits's period piece as a kind of proto-slasher.

Meanwhile the investigation follows



a pattern familiar from Bong Joon-ho's *Memories of Murder* (2003) and David Fincher's *Zodiac* (2007): while the past setting might come with a sense of nostalgia, this is tempered by our awareness that the old-fashioned, bungling approach to police work, involving extra-legal brutality, casual spoiling of crime scenes and in-house corruption serves as much to deter as to deliver justice.

The sort of doggedness, professionalism and innovation that young Zoltán brings to the investigation comes as a breath of fresh air, but there is little room for those qualities in this closed communist system, which is

far more concerned with unquestioningly upholding the status quo, even at the expense of facts and fairness – leading, after the case itself is wrapped up, to an extremely cynical coda that juxtaposes two very different kinds of state execution.

The motives of the strangler may remain ultimately unknowable, but the crimes of the state against its servants and citizens prove just as impenetrably pernicious. Both killer and country, however, are governed by their own abusiveness and impotence. Accordingly the film's English title alludes to an entire populace in the grip of totalitarianism.

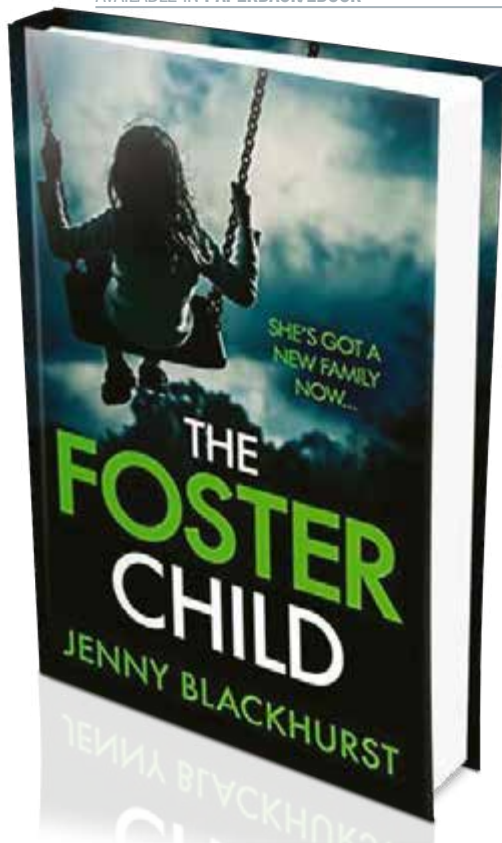
THE FOSTER CHILD

RELEASED OUT NOW

AUTHOR JENNY BLACKHURST

PUBLISHER HEADLINE

AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK/EBOOK



Is it possible for a child to be evil? Social worker Imogen doesn't think so – at least, not until she meets Ellie Atkinson. The sole survivor of a house fire that killed her parents and brother, Ellie's a quiet and awkward 11 year old who seems to attract disaster. Whenever she gets angry with someone, something bad happens to them. Her schoolmates say she's a witch, but Imogen's sure she's just misunderstood. As the evidence starts to pile up, though, even she suspects there might be some truth to the rumours.

You'd be forgiven for thinking *The Foster Child* had been mis-shelved in the Crime section. The premise is pure horror movie, and viewed through the eyes of her terrified teachers and foster family, Ellie looks frightening enough to give even *The Omen*'s Damien a run for his money. But stick with it. There's an explanation for all the weird 'accidents', and while it'll definitely give you the creeps, it's very much a crime novel.

It's a proper page-turner, too. Author Jenny Blackhurst keeps the suspense high throughout, and by switching perspectives – some chapters are told from Imogen's point of view, some Ellie's and some by other less

important characters – she forces you to sift through layers of prejudice, self-delusion and misunderstanding to figure out what's really happening. While the horror tropes are occasionally clumsy, that can be attributed to the characters themselves, who are constantly wrestling with demons of their own.

Blackhurst writes, for the most part, with real sensitivity. Her characters feel real, right down to the ones who only appear for a couple of pages: they've all got their own secrets, desires and grievances. There's an undercurrent of sadness to everything that happens, because everyone's been hurt before – especially Imogen – and Blackhurst gets a lot of mileage out of exploring the lingering effects of her childhood ordeals. The relationship between Imogen and Ellie is ever shifting, but both of them are somehow sympathetic even when they're making terrible, tragic mistakes.

But things do go slightly awry in the final pages. A last-minute twist might raise goosebumps, but it also feels like a betrayal of its characters for a cheap thrill. It feels uncharacteristically insensitive, making for a jarring end to an otherwise thoughtful novel.



NO STONE UNTURNED

RELEASED 30 SEPT (LONDON FILM FESTIVAL)

DIRECTOR ALEX GIBNEY

SCREENWRITER ALEX GIBNEY

In 1994 six men were murdered in a pub in the village of Loughinisland, Northern Ireland, while watching a World Cup match between Ireland and Italy. Despite numerous re-openings of the case and a police investigation, no one has ever been charged for the killings that left the village in a state of devastation. Alex Gibney cracks open the cold case, speaking to the families of the victims, police ombudsmen and survivors of the night revealing collusion and, for the very first time, the identities of the men allegedly responsible for the atrocity over 20 years ago.

An opening re-enactment of the night shows three men driving

away from the mass murder they committed with little care for the evidence they left behind. The getaway car and guns were all found in a matter of days in the surrounding area, and people were brought in for questioning very soon after. However, no one was ever charged.

Though the focus is on the police investigation and exploring the politics behind the Troubles in Northern Ireland, Gibney at first introduces the victims and their loved ones to pay touching tribute. An interview with the wife of Adrian Rogan talking about the aftermath of the massacre is genuinely affecting, as is an interview with Aidan O'Toole, the barman on the night.

Gibney has crafted a suspenseful, smart and emotionally engaging documentary that sheds new light on the case.



THE FEAR WITHIN

RELEASED 30 NOV 2017

AUTHOR J.S. LAW

PUBLISHER HEADLINE

When a young Navy Wren mysteriously disappears from her assigned warship, the Royal Navy's Kill Team sends in their best investigator, Lieutenant Dani Lewis, to track her down. What starts off as a simple case soon turns into a frantic game of cat and mouse.

This is the second novel from ex-Royal Navy engineer, J.S. Law, following on from his debut thriller, *The Dark Beneath*.

The story zips along at a cracking pace with various sub-plots popping up to keep the reader on their toes, while the main tale hurtles towards its explosive conclusion with break-neck speed.

There is a touch of 'something old, something new' about this book, with a repellent serial killer manipulating events from behind bars (seen it all before, but it's always entertaining) to a feisty young heroine working within a fascinating new branch of police investigation. But it is the original setting that really raises the bar for this particular series of books.

The claustrophobic corridors of the Royal Navy warships make for some seriously creepy scenes, and it's so well written that, even if you have never set foot on one of Her Majesty's warships before, you'll soon feel as if you have, for the picture has been superbly painted. There's a sense of unrelenting panic pulsating through the warren of narrow passageways, leaving the reader more than a little bit dizzy.

CARDINAL: SEASON 1

RELEASED OUT NOW

CREATOR AUBREY NEALON

AVAILABLE ON DVD, BLU-RAY



It is increasingly the case that it isn't enough for TV detectives to merely have a high-on uncrackable case to solve within a constrained time limit. Now they also have to have a whole range of external factors raining down on them – as is the case with *Cardinal*.

Adapted from *Forty Words For Sorrow*, the first novel in Giles Blunt's acclaimed detective book series starring the world-weary John Cardinal (Billy Campbell), his world is just as troubled here. Haunted by his failure to solve a missing child case, Cardinal is thrown back into the investigation when a

body is belatedly discovered amid the snowy locales of Canada's Algonquin Bay. Subsequently, he's paired up with recently promoted Detective Lise Delorme (Karine Vanasse), who has secretly been assigned to investigate Cardinal himself by his superiors.

The fact that the protagonist is under suspicion from the very first episode adds a whole new layer to proceedings. Cardinal seems affable and ethical enough, and we are given frequent insights into his private life. In this age of the unreliable narrator, though, it's still not enough to let him off the hook. Effectively we are encouraged to question everyone and everything. As a means of retaining viewer interest, creator Aubrey Nealon has done nicely here.

Ultimately, *Cardinal* is far more conventional and straightforward



than it pretends to be – right down to its decision to make the physically scarred local outcast an antagonist. It would have been nice if as much time had been put into developing these characters as the leads, but ultimately

it's not their show – it's Cardinal's, who is in fairness pretty faultless.

With more of Blunt's novels due to be adapted, we haven't seen the last of Cardinal. With a few tweaks, a TV favourite could be in the offing.

FREEFALL



RELEASED NOVEMBER 2017

AUTHOR ADAM HAMDY

PUBLISHER HEADLINE

AVAILABLE IN HARDBACK

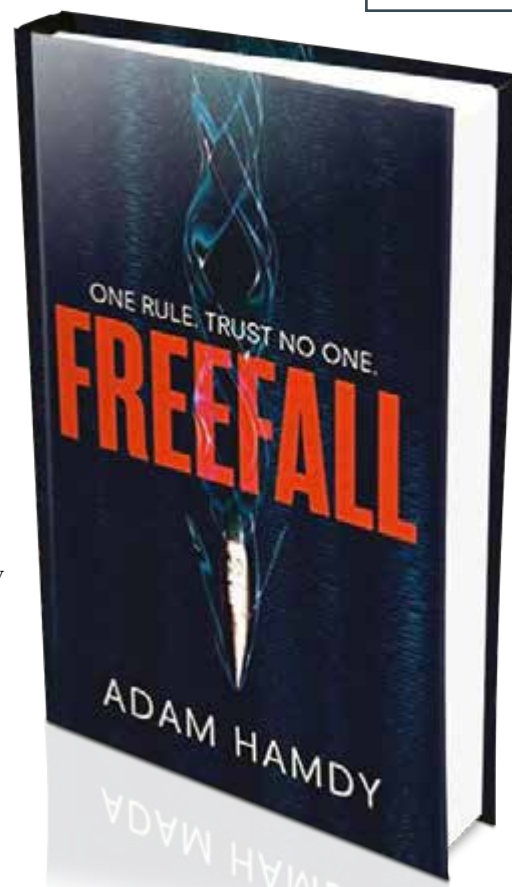
If crime novels were weapons, this would be an assault rifle, penetrating the reader's mind with an onslaught of images and descriptions of violence and torture. The second in the *Pendulum* trilogy (book one was reviewed in *Real Crime* issue 19) returns to the lives of Hamdy's three flawed heroes, showing how they have coped with the aftermath of previous events.

John Wallace is out in Afghanistan, deliberately putting himself in the most dangerous situations he can out of a warped sense of survivor's guilt. Meanwhile, cop Patrick Bailey is in London, on automatic pilot, and in America FBI agent Christine Ash is still dealing with the aftermath of her childhood spent in a religious cult presided over by her abusive father. However, it soon becomes clear that 'Pendulum', the villain of the first book, was not working alone, and now his 'colleagues' are out to carry on his murderous work.

Hamdy can certainly weave a gripping yarn, and he is skilled at starting with a powerful opening sequence that keeps you turning the pages. In this case, we have the death of a London magazine editor, Sylvia Greene, told from her viewpoint – though it is not made clear whether she is committing suicide or being murdered. She is certainly the victim of blackmail, however, and it is up to the psychologically damaged trio of Wallace, Bailey and Ash to find out what happened, why, and who was responsible.

The narrative flits primarily between New York and London, but with jaunts elsewhere – and Hamdy's work as a screenwriter and filmmaker surfaces here – it always appears as though he creates a scene with the thought of a forthcoming movie adaptation in his mind. Its position as the second in a trilogy is also, rather irritatingly, stressed, with the end of the narrative clearly setting up the start of the next volume.

If you like your crime thrillers super-violent and don't want to pause too long between multiple, wearying episodes of beatings and murders, then this is for you. This isn't to say it's not a good premise for a series – it is, and we hope the combination



of protagonists working as a dysfunctional, international team will appear in book three. However, how that can be achieved, given the psychological state of one of the team by the end of this book, is debatable.

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“ I HOPE READERS WILL MOST ENJOY *FREEFALL* FOR ITS TWISTS AND TURNS. IT’S AN EPIC STORY THAT TAKES US AROUND THE WORLD, AND WE’RE PROPELLED THROUGH THE BOOK BY HIGH-OCTANE ACTION ”

INTERVIEW

ADAM HAMDY

WITH THE SECOND BOOK IN THE *PENDULUM* SERIES COMPLETE, AUTHOR ADAM HAMDY REFLECTS ON THE JOURNEY SO FAR AND WHAT IS NEXT

What inspired you to write your trilogy?

I was inspired to write the *Pendulum* trilogy when family, friends and colleagues kept expressing the same concerns about the Internet. There was a friend whose daughter had become the victim of crime without even realising it, the colleague who was terrified that he'd be rendered obsolete and unemployable by technology, and the family member who'd been plagued by a cyber-stalker. These conversations kept coming back to the same theme: we're living through this profound change in human society and no one is asking whether we want all the advances that are being thrust upon us. *Pendulum* was born of these conversations and posed the question: in a world of unlimited connections, can we really know how we affect other people?

In your opinion, what makes a thriller novel successful? Or your trilogy, for that matter?

I think a successful thriller has a central character we can identify with. He or she doesn't have to be likeable, but must possess some quality that engages us. That character needs to be thrust into a world of uncertainty. Good thriller writing is about skilfully answering a series of questions in such a way that the reader feels happily ignorant. They have to enjoy being kept in the dark and relish the process of searching for the answers that are being denied them... I'm currently working on the adaption with Tom Hardy's production company, Hardy Son & Baker, and NBC Universal.

What kind of research did you have to carry out to make *Freefall* a convincing sequel?

I researched suicides that have been motivated by online abuse, of which there has been a depressingly high number. That led me into the strange world of suicide advocacy websites, where people will give advice to those seeking to end their lives, and beyond that the voyeur sites where people watch deaths. When we ask whether there's anything sacred on the Internet, the answer is an emphatic no. I did a lot of technological research, speaking to experts who design the systems that connect us. Some of *Freefall* takes place in a remote region of Afghanistan, so I learned a lot of the local history, as well as a rudimentary knowledge of a dialect that's spoken by fewer than 10,000 people in the world. Then there was the processes and procedures of Rikers Island, New York's largest jail, where people can be held for up to three years awaiting

trial. *Pendulum* and *Freefall* are both big books that touch on many areas of contemporary life, so my research has taken me all over the place.

What in *Freefall* do you think readers will enjoy most?

I hope they will most enjoy *Freefall* for its twists and turns. It's an epic story that takes us around the world, and we're propelled through the book by high-octane action. *Freefall* sees John Wallace, Christine Ash and Patrick Bailey develop as characters, and we get a real insight into the consequences of their ordeal at *Pendulum*'s hands. Each copes in their own way and all choose very different roads to recovery.

Before you were a published author you were a strategy consultant and a tech analyst. In what way did your former career influence your writing?

My former career has been invaluable. I've worked with mobile phone networks, medical systems suppliers, silicon chip manufacturers, banks and many others. It's given me practical experience of a number of sectors as well as a network of contacts that have been crucial for my research. Going into lots of different businesses, I quickly learned that no two people ever share the same agenda. In fiction villains and their conspirators are often presented as a monolithic entity, but if one studies the history of any real life criminal enterprise one sees that they are just as prone to disagreement, if not more so. I've tried to carry that conflict into my fiction, to give protagonists and antagonists their own sets of goals, to develop them as people with their own dreams and ambitions. One of the downsides is that it can bring complexity, but real life is chaotic, and I think the best fiction should also aspire to those qualities.

What advice would you offer to writers looking to be published?

Read everything you can get your hands on and write whenever you can. And then write some more. I've only met a couple of authors who got their very first books published. Most had written at least one or two unpublished works before they got deals. I also think writers should try to live interesting lives. Get out there. Talk to people, watch them, listen to them. Put yourself in uncomfortable situations, talk to people you disagree with, challenge yourself. A rich life makes for good writing, and as your books unfold, you'll find that no experience is ever wasted.

Freefall, the second part to Adam Hamdy's *Pendulum* trilogy is available to buy now from headline.co.uk



THE STORY SO FAR



RUN

In this adrenaline-induced prequel to the *Pendulum* trilogy, Hamdy introduces the character of John Wallace, a photo-journalist who is working alongside the British Army in Afghanistan as he documents the devastating effects of war. When a planned assault on an insurgent compound goes horribly awry, Wallace is forced to run for his life and for justice.



PENDULUM

The first book of the *Pendulum* trilogy opens as Wallace fights for his life – an unknown figure tries to hang him in his own flat and make it look like suicide. Struggling free, Wallace launches into action as he tries to find out who wants him dead – and why.



FREEFALL

Wallace is aware that he is still very much a target since exposing the *Pendulum* conspiracy. The death of a London journalist brings him out of hiding and back with two friends as they search for answers across the globe, putting themselves in the path of a killer who will stop at nothing.

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“WE CALLED IT HUNTING”

TWO SERIAL KILLERS, ONE MIND: WHY DID JOHN DUFFY REFUSE TO GIVE HIS ACCOMPLICE UP FOR SO LONG?

ALSO INSIDE

DISMEMBERED AND DUMPED

Kim Wall's murder is eerily similar to this cold case

ZODIAC CODE CRACKED

New leads narrow it down to two suspects

DISCIPLES OF THE TOY BOX KILLER

Inside his converted trailer, they were mere playthings

REAL CRIME

Future Publishing Limited
Richmond House, 33 Richmond Hill
Bournemouth, Dorset, BH2 6EZ

Editorial

Editor **Ben Biggs**
ben.biggs@futurenet.com
01202 586255

Senior Designer **Kym Winters**
Investigations Editor **Tanita Matthews**
Production Editor **James Price**
Editor in Chief **James Hoare**
Senior Art Editor **Duncan Crook**

Contributors

Robert Murphy, Charlie Oughton, Seth Ferranti, Joanna Elphick, Catherine Curzon, Charlie Evans, Sarah Dobbs, Katherine McLaughlin, Neil Darby, Anton Bittel, Steve Wright

Cover images

Adam Markiewicz, Getty Images, Shutterstock, Thinkstock

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Advertising

Media packs are available on request
Commercial Director **Clare Dove**
clare.dove@futurenet.com
Group Advertising Director **Mark Wright**
mark.wright@futurenet.com
Advertising Manager **David Lennox**
david.lennox@futurenet.com
01225 687412

International

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International Licensing Director **Matt Ellis**
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Subscriptions

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Head of subscriptions **Sharon Todd**

Circulation

Head of Newstrade **Tim Mathers**
01202 586200

Production

Head of Production US & UK **Mark Constance**
Production Project Manager **Clare Scott**
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Management

Managing Director **Aaron Asadi**
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Art & Design Director **Ross Andrews**
Head of Art & Design **Greg Whittaker**
Commercial Finance Director **Dan Jotcham**

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STRANGE CASE!

WHERE GARGRAVE, YORKSHIRE WHEN 27 JUNE 2014

FRUIT MACHINE LEMONS BUSTED FOLLOWING SOCIAL MEDIA BLUNDER

A PAIR OF CRIMINALS THAT COMMITTED A SPREE OF THEFTS ARE ARRESTED AFTER POLICE DISCOVER THEIR SELFIES WITH THE STOLEN LOOT

Benjamin Robinson, 30, and Daniel Hutchinson, 24, both from Skegness, Lincolnshire, were sentenced at Bradford Crown Court after their own selfies were used as evidence against them. Though they had enough forward planning to wear balaclavas to conceal their identity, the arrogant thieves couldn't resist taking to social media to boast about their deeds and posted photographs of themselves committing the crimes.

The duo had travelled around the UK, from Ipswich to Cornwall to the Isle of Wight, breaking into gambling establishments to force open fruit machines and take the money, all the while taking photographs of themselves with the machines and their stolen cash. The thieves went on to upload these photos onto social media websites in an effort to show off to their friends. However, their celebrations were short lived, their Facebook photos ultimately led to undeniable evidence in court, and both men pleaded guilty to conspiracy to steal.

Officers working on Operation Hawk – a scheme targeting cross-border criminals – stopped their car around midnight in Skipton on the A65 in June 2014. The police officers stopped the Vauxhall Insignia as it hurtled past them over the speed limit. Though the fruit machine bandits initially refused to stop for officers, eventually their car was searched and revealed £3,000 of the stolen loot – £1,000 of which was in £1 coins. Prosecutor George Hazel-Owram said that nine metal wires bent into various shapes were found

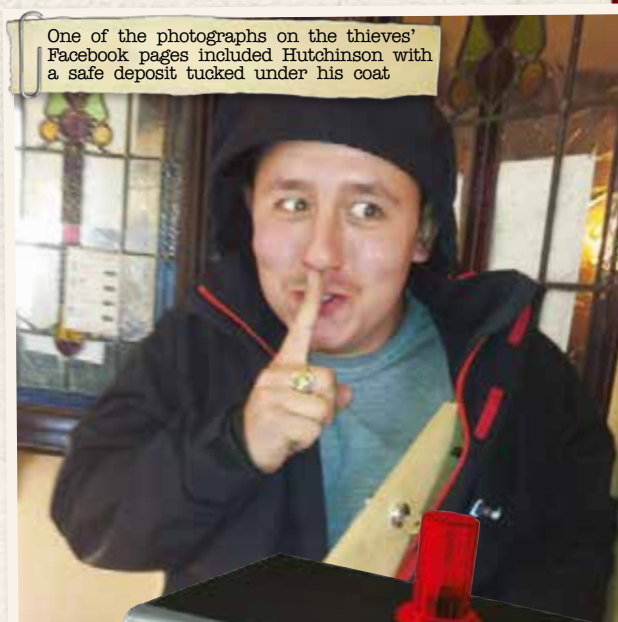
hidden in the lining of the car's roof, along with a set of pliers and screwdrivers, which is thought to have been the kit used to break open the fruit machines.

The goofy photographs they had taken of themselves with the fruit machines they had been looting around the country made the court's job much easier, as the robbed slot machines could easily be identified in the thieves' photographs. In many of the photographs both men were shown grinning as they posed with the huge piles of cash they had just stolen.

The thieves showed little remorse for their crimes, with Robinson saying to the court, "I don't care that [I'm] guilty. I'm not bothered mate. I love it mate," when asked about how he felt about his sentence and the guilty verdict. Detective Chief Inspector Matt Walker of Yorkshire Police, who was working on the case commented, "We knew we hit the jackpot when we investigated these lemons. These offenders carried out a string of crimes with no thought for the businesses they were targeting... Ultimately their greed, arrogance and affinity for selfies proved to be their downfall."

Robinson has an extensive criminal history, including theft from gambling machines, whereas Hutchinson had only had one previous conviction, also for stealing from an arcade machine. As a result, Robinson was jailed for 32 months, while Hutchinson was given a six-month sentence, suspended for two years, and will have to do 120 hours of community service.

One of the photographs on the thieves' Facebook pages included Hutchinson with a safe deposit tucked under his coat



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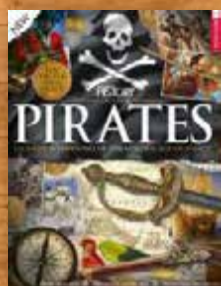
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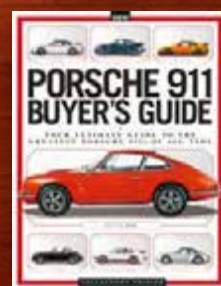
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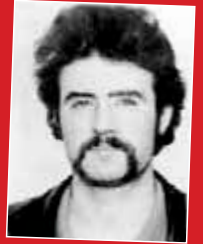
true-crime

Detective Monthly

DECEMBER 2017

**DID IRISH WIFE
MURDER HUSBAND
ON CHRISTMAS EVE?**

**"STILL A
DANGER
TO THE
PUBLIC"**



**The Man Who
Killed Candice, 13**

DIGITAL
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EDITION

How Many Victims For The Killing Nurse From Hell?



**Barbecue
Killer Sold
Victims As
"Special
Meat"**



**BLOODBATH
ON THE
FRENCH
RIVIERA**



HORROR AT ANGEL TUBE

THREE DIE IN RUSSIAN COURTHOUSE SHOOT-OUT

IT was a astonishing shoot-out even by the standards of modern-day Russia. Members of a gang, on trial for terrorising and killing motorists, launched an escape bid from a Moscow regional court and three of them died in the ensuing shoot-out.

The gang had grabbed guns from the convoy guards and taken hostages before three of them were shot dead. The other two were injured in the battle which followed, as well as the two convoy guards.

Nine men in total were before the court for the offences which took place in Moscow three years ago during 2014.

Prosecutors said the gang members placed spikes on roads, forced motorists out of their vehicles and shot them dead. The men, all from Central Asia, were charged with 17 murders and two attempted murders.

Police said five handcuffed defendants were in a lift with a male guard and a female guard, after being escorted to the court, 12 miles north-west of Moscow, when they tried to escape.

The defendants attacked the escorts and disarmed them, but one of the guards managed to push an alarm



Clockwise from top left: The court closes its gates as staff flee; the media are briefed by Lieutenant Colonel Alexander Kudryavtsev, of the National Guard of Russia; Addumukim Mamadchonov before his killing; police and ambulance workers escort the injured

button. When the lift opened on the third floor of the court building, officers from Russia's National Guard opened fire on the attackers.

Police said in a statement: "Three of the prisoners were liquidated and two wounded," adding that one of the convoy officers was also taken to hospital with gunshot wounds.

The other guard, female officer Elizaveta Lukyanova, said the attack was a "complete surprise" and that she was beaten by assailants for 15 minutes.

She too was taken to hospital to recover from the assault.

Russia media had dubbed the accused "the Grand Theft Auto gang" after the violent video game.

One member, Addumukim Mamadchonov, suspected of killing more than a dozen motorists, was among the three shot dead.

One of the group is known to have fought for ISIS in Syria before coming to Russia.

The prosecutor's office for the Moscow region said it

was looking into the incident to see if guards had violated the procedure for escorting defendants.

Lawyer Sofia Rubasskaya, in the courthouse on another case, told the state-run RIA Novosti news agency that she heard at least 20 gunshots.

The National Guard, a newly-formed internal security corps, said no one among "civilians" present at the courthouse was hurt "thanks to the brave and professional actions of the National Guard officers."

TC Comp: Win MINDHUNTER

Mindhunter – Inside The FBI Elite Serial Crime Unit is the best-selling true story that inspired the major new Netflix series. FBI special agent and expert in criminal profiling and behavioural science John Douglas is a man who has looked evil in the eye and made a vocation of understanding it. Now retired, Douglas can let us inside the FBI elite serial crime unit and into the disturbed minds of some of the most savage serial killers in the world.

The man who was the inspiration for Special Agent Jack Crawford in Thomas Harris's 1988 novel *The Silence of the Lambs* explains how he invented and established the practice of criminal profiling. He discusses what it was like to submerge himself mentally in the world of serial killers to the point of "becoming" both perpetrator and victim, and individual case histories including those of Jeffrey Dahmer, Charles Manson, Ted Bundy and the Atlanta child murders.

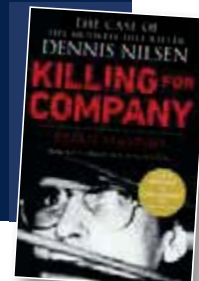
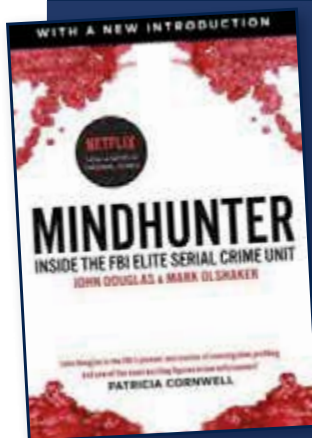
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The winner of the True Crime October competition with the answer North is Mrs. June Brian of Saltcoats. Well done! Your copy of *Killing For Company* will be with you soon.



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Joseph Metheny opened a stall on a busy main road and served meat products made from the bodies of prostitutes he killed. “And why not?” he wrote in his confession. “If you mix pork with human flesh you can’t tell the difference...” This report by John Sanders



Metheny (left) was a monstrous character whose titanic corpulence was in curious contrast to the scant known details of his life. As to whether he was as depraved as he claimed in his elaborate confessions – there was proof enough that he was a barbaric killer

Metheny was charged with the murders of three women in three separate incidents. In time he claimed he had killed at least 10 people, and also committed some other nauseating crimes.

He was a massively built man. He stood well over six feet tall and weighed 450 pounds. His sheer size made it easy for him to overpower his victims. It also enabled his last victim to get away with her life – he couldn’t run fast enough to catch her when she escaped from his clutches.

Very little is known about Metheny’s life before he became a depraved serial killer.

He was reportedly born in 1955 – but even that isn’t certain. His father died when Metheny was very young. The future serial killer, described as “very intelligent,” had a poor school record and spent a short time in the US Army, where he studied physics.

His life seemed to become chaotic in the 1970s. He began living in camps for the homeless, drifting away from friends and family. He claimed he had served in Vietnam, becoming addicted to heroin, but his mother didn’t recall him ever serving overseas, and military records haven’t been made available to corroborate these claims.

From that point until his arrest in 1996 his life remained something of a mystery.

In 1994, Metheny was living with his girlfriend and their six-year-old son in South Baltimore. He worked as a truck driver, which meant he was away for long stints on the road. One day he went home to find his girlfriend had abandoned him and taken their child with her.

He later claimed in his confession that she was a drug addict and living on the streets. He said: “I found out about six months later she had moved to the other side of town with some asshole that had her selling her ass for drugs. They got busted for drugs, and they took my son away from them for child neglect and abuse.”

Metheny claimed that these discoveries threw him into a blind rage that caused him to wreak havoc on almost anyone he came across. First he went out to search for his former girlfriend and, unable to find her, instead pounced on two homeless men living under a bridge. In a fit of fury he killed them both with an axe, and then chopped them up into pieces, leaving the remains where he found them.

In his confession he said that when he arrived at the bridge the two men were drunk. “They were passed out on some old stinking mattress. And that’s where they were when I left, except they were dead from being chopped up.”

In August 1995 Metheny was charged with murdering the two men, but the case was thrown out for lack of evidence.

He then confessed

JOSEPH METHENY, who must take first prize for being America’s most revolting serial killer, was found dead in his prison cell in Cumberland, Maryland, in August this year. He was 62, and is not likely to be much mourned.

It was his depraved boast that he chopped up

the bodies of his women victims and served them as barbecue burgers in a meat stall along a main road. He also claimed to have had sex with the skull of one of his victims after cleaning out the maggots when he revisited her skeleton at the crime scene.

In December 1998

BARBECUE KILLER SOLD VICTIMS AS “SPECIAL MEAT”



Metheny in a mug-shot. The horror of his cannibalism and necrophilia was increased by his claim to have fed flesh to unwitting others

“My murder rampage started out as revenge but ended up as a passion for the taste of blood and the overwhelming sense of power one gets from taking the life of another...”

to killing two women – Kimberly Spicer and Catherine Magaziner. Catherine was working as a prostitute when he invited her into his trailer. After she stepped inside he first had sex with her and then strangled her with an extension cord before dismembering her body.

Six months later he went back to the shallow grave where he had buried some of her remains, found her skull, cleaned out the maggots in it, and then had sex with it.

Kimberly Spicer was also working as a prostitute when Metheny met her in the autumn of 1995. He was then driving a forklift for a company that made wooden pallets, and living in a small trailer close by his workplace.

One night he brought Kimberly to his trailer, killed her and dismembered her body.

The fate of the two prostitutes' body parts defies human imagination. According to his confession, after burying the parts he didn't want in several shallow graves in a little wood behind his trailer home, he ate some of the rest and then chopped up what remained and put the meat into Tupperware bowls, “which I then put in the freezer.”

Over the next couple of weeks he opened up a barbecue beef stand alongside a busy Maryland road, from where he served the flesh from Kimberly's and Catherine's bodies. “I sold it as real roast beef, and in pork sandwiches. And why not? They were

very good.

“The human body tastes very similar to pork. If you mix it together, no one can tell the difference.”

He added this comment to his confession: “The next time you're riding down the road and you happen to see an open beef stand you've never seen before you might like to think about this story before you take a bite out of that sandwich. Sometimes you never know what you may be eating. Ha! Ha!”

He told police that on the night he killed Kimberly he killed three more people, weighed their bodies down with rocks and threw them into a nearby river. Three years later police divers searched the location, but found nothing. The inquiry was dropped for lack of evidence.

He later wrote about that night's work in his confession: “I lured the first crack-whore down under that bridge. I got her high and was trying to get information out of her about my old lady's whereabouts. She acted like she didn't know, so I beat the hell out of her and raped her ass then killed her.

“I put her in some bushes and went and lured the second bitch down there. I did the same to her as the last one, but I was about to throw her into the bushes with the other one when I noticed an old black man down by the river fishing and looking back at me. He just happened to be in the wrong place the wrong time.

"I grabbed a steel pipe that was lying by and ran down on him and laid his head wide open. So I put the two girls with him in the river and weighed them down with rocks."

"That was a very busy night for me. I washed up in that river and cleaned up the crime scene as much as I could, then left. Later, I showed the police where I put them, but they couldn't find them, so they couldn't charge me for them."

Metheny was delighted with the success of his barbecue meat business. But it came to a sudden end when he kidnapped another

my mistake. She ran out of the door before I could get to her. There was an eight-foot chain-link fence with barbed wire on top of it around the company's property. There was a stack of wooden pallets next to the fence, about ten feet high.

"That bitch scaled those pallets like a monkey and jumped the fence, and ran down to the main road. Some guy in a pick-up truck gave her a lift and took her to a nearby gas station, where they called the cops."

"Well, I knew the cops were on the way, but I didn't run. I gathered up her



Once in custody Metheny (above and left) took police to the alleged locations of his victims' remains



"The words 'I'm sorry' will never come out, for they would be a lie. I am more than willing to give up my life for what I have done, to have God judge me and send me to hell for eternity. I just enjoyed it"

prostitute, Rita Kempner. He told the story of her ordeal in his confession.

"Everything was going pretty good until I ran out of my special meat. So I lured another bitch up to my trailer. I got her there and started ripping her clothes off and knocking the hell out of her. She was screaming, but there was no one around to hear her except me. And I just kept laughing at her."

"I turned around for a split-second, and that was

clothes, grabbed the keys to the gate, and went out and opened it. Soon as I step out the gate a cop car pulled up. And the cop jumped out and pulled his gun on me and told me to get to the ground. And that is where I came to an end."

"They took me down and booked me. The girl had told them that I said I was going to kill them like the rest, which was true. They had me sitting in a little room down in homicide,

drilling me and damn near kissing my ass. Trying to find out what I had done."

"They pulled me out of the city jail every day for a month, taking me back and forth between the company's property and the bridge."

"I heard they were going crazy over at the company, digging up the remains of those two bitches there because I'd buried their remains in seven different holes."

"The only thing I feel bad about in any of this is that I didn't get to murder the two I was really after. That's my old lady and the bastard she got hooked up with."

He summed it all up thus: "My murder rampage started out as revenge but ended up as a passion for the taste of blood and the overwhelming sense of power one gets from taking the life of another."

Metheny was brought to trial for the murders of Kimberly Spicer, Catherine Magaziner and Toni Ingrassia, a 28-year-old woman whose body was found elsewhere.

He told the jury: "The words 'I'm sorry' will never come out, for they would be a lie. I am more than willing to give up my life for what I have done, to have God judge me and send me to hell for eternity. I just enjoyed it."

After that, the jury took only two hours to find him guilty, and he was sentenced to death, plus 50 years for the kidnapping of Rita Kempner. Metheny seemed satisfied with the sentence – he had literally begged the court to let him die. But

in July 2000, after he had been on Death Row for three years, the sentence was commuted to two stretches of life imprisonment

Metheny benefited from the law in the state of Maryland that held that the death sentence could only be imposed for murder if the murder was linked to a robbery. The argument turned on whether he had robbed any of his victims, or, as his defence lawyers claimed, simply left their possessions with them.

The appeal court decided it was unsafe to conclude that the victims were robbed as well as murdered, because their clothing and handbags were simply "left" after he killed them.

When investigators asked Metheny why he did it, his response was confused, but candid. "Sense of power. I don't know. Vulnerable. I dreaded just – I got very – got a rush out of it, got a high out of it. Call it what you want. I have no real excuse why, other than I like to do it. I don't know how to describe it."

The only redeeming feature in this record of the gruesome life of Joseph Metheny is that some of it might not be true. The number of victims he admitted to having killed frequently changed. For the barbecued human flesh, for the sandwiches, and for at least some of the murders, we have only his word for it.

Some of it could be just figments of his imagination – as anyone who bought a burger at a stand alongside a Maryland highway in the 1990s is doubtless hoping.

THE MOTHER was eight months pregnant – but that didn't stop the intruder robbing and raping her, and murdering her seven-year-old daughter.

Farmer Gaston Dupont was used to living in silence. His spread of land was up in the hills behind Nice where, away from the hustle and bustle of tourism on the French Riviera, a sprawl of villages is home to peasant farmers. The land, called the *garrigue*, is sparsely vegetated, stony and hard to work. It's hot and dry and everywhere is soundless.

It was perhaps as a result of the silence that Gaston would always remember the scream that broke it. It came from the outskirts of Gattières, where the farms were so spread out that some have no neighbours closer than a mile.

The scream was undeniably a woman's, and the despair of it as it reverberated between

the hills froze the blood in Gaston's veins. It was the cry of a woman in mortal agony.

Gaston turned in alarm. He recognised the direction of the sound. It came from his right, from an isolated farmhouse almost invisible at the bottom of a narrow ravine, on either side of which the mountain slopes rose sharply, and surrounded by a thick grove of old trees.

Gaston knew the folks who lived there. The family, the Marras, was in fact distantly related to his own. He turned and started trotting briskly

down the hill...

Ten minutes earlier Cortena Marra and her seven-year-old daughter Danièle had been alone in their farmhouse kitchen. Cortena's husband Francisco had gone off to the flower market in Nice to sell his cut flowers and in anticipation of his return Cortena had already started cooking dinner.

The Marras were market gardeners, Italian by origin. Their French was heavily accented; they came from Calabrese in the deep south of Italy, a place where market

Africa and stayed for the summer jobs.

Cortena was scarcely thinking about their origins, however. For the taller of the two, a man with a Hitler-type moustache, was holding a knife, and the other was armed with an axe.

Cortena stood rigid, nailed to the kitchen floor by the fear seeping over her. Before she had time to speak, the tall intruder raised his knife. "We want your money!" he shouted.

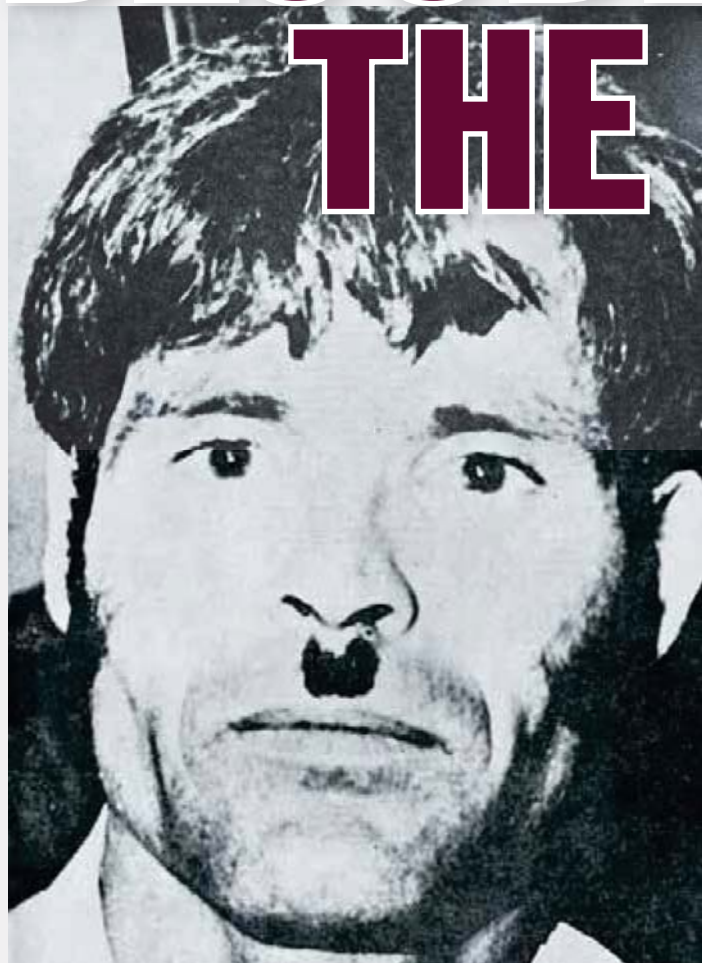
Bravely, Cortena shook her head. "There is no money. My husband is away."

The intruder lunged forward and brought his knife down hard on to her arm. Cortena yelled in pain. Her blood spouted like a fountain, cascading on to the floor.

Danièle, standing aghast at the kitchen door and still holding her rag doll, cried out in alarm. "Mummy will

The police had to find the man who robbed and raped a farmer's wife, and murdered her little daughter. They had to find him before the local vigilantes, who were out looking for him, found him first

BLOODBATH ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA



Above, Ali Ben Yanes with his Hitler-type moustache. He arrived at Cortena Marra's isolated farmhouse with an accomplice, armed with a knife and an axe

gardening is in the blood.

That evening, September 28th, 1971, as the hot sun set over the hills, Danièle played in the yard chatting to her rag doll while Cortena moved around the kitchen cautiously, for she was eight months pregnant. Nothing, it seemed, could disturb the rustic peace of this farmhouse in the Riviera hinterland.

Suddenly the door banged open wide. Two men stood on the threshold. Cortena didn't know them but instantly recognised their type – muslimans – Muslims from Tunisia. They were self-evidently two of the thousands of seasonal workers who crossed the Mediterranean from North

give you the sous," she shrilled. "They are upstairs in mummy's bedroom."

The two Tunisians pushed Cortena towards the staircase. Danièle, no doubt believing this was how to get rid of them as quickly as possible, led the way to her parents' bedroom. She took a bag from a drawer and gave it to the tall Tunisian. In it was 2,000 francs, then worth about £200.

"This is not enough," he shouted angrily.

MURDER THE FRENCH WAY
By John Sanders
Part 17

"Where's the rest? We want all the money. We know you have lots more."

Cortena, clutching her bleeding arm, shook her head. She was frightened out of her wits. "There is no more," she whispered.

The tall man advanced on her, beating her around the head and face with his knife. Then with an evil leer he pushed her on to the bed. "Hold her legs," he told his accomplice. As he raped her, Danièle sprang on to his back and beat him helplessly with her tiny fists.

Furious, he turned, grabbed the little girl by the hair, jerked back her head and slashed her throat from ear to ear.

As her daughter slipped off the bed, mortally wounded, Cortena screamed – a scream that echoed up through the hills to the top of the valley where Gaston Dupont heard it. And then she fainted.

The rapist-killer rose from the bloody bed, threshing the air with his knife and driving it three times into Cortena's swollen belly.

His accomplice grabbed his arm. He had seen enough. "Let's get out of here," he said. The tall man picked up the bag of money and the two men fled into the twilight...

Although he was in his 50s, Gaston Dupont had

dismay, and then it was his turn to scream. Half hidden by her mother's body, and with one tiny hand clutching imploringly at her mother's apron, was little Danièle. Her head was tipped back, her throat was cut, and she was quite dead. The little girl had struggled literally with her last heartbeats to reach her mother's side.

With eyes filled with tears, and in despair, Gaston turned back to Cortena. He looked, and looked again – she was breathing! "My God, she's still alive!" he exclaimed aloud, and without thinking more he ran out of the house and down the road, searching for help. Cortena needed a doctor and an ambulance – and the nearest phone was in the village café, three-quarters of a mile away.

When he finally reached the café he was so breathless he could hardly make himself understood.

"Doctor...ambulance... Marra farm!" he gasped.

"La mère Cortena is pregnant," one of the few customers remembered.

"Maybe there's been an accident. Give poor old Gaston a drink."

The café owner called a doctor in Nice and two customers ran off down the road to the Marra farm.

Meanwhile, Dupont soon got

"God help the fellow if the village people get their hands on him before we do. There are Corsicans all over that district. They'll kill the bastard!"

made swift progress down the hillside to the Marra farm. He had spent his entire life clambering up and down the steep slopes of the Alpes Maritimes – a lifestyle that had kept him remarkably healthy and agile.

Reaching the Marras' front door and finding it wide open, he rushed inside, calling out Cortena's name. There was no response.

Gaston leapt up the stairs. Cortena Marra was lying half-naked on the bedroom floor. She lay on her back and from her swollen pregnant belly blood welled in half a dozen thin streams to form a pool on the floor.

Gaston stepped forward in

back enough of his wind to describe what he had seen, and immediately there was an exodus of people from the café to the farm.

Someone fetched towels and pressed them to Cortena's stomach to stem the blood flow. Others made hot coffee in an attempt to revive her. Still others went out searching for her husband Francisco.

An ambulance and Dr. Jean-Marie Marechal arrived together. The doctor quickly examined Cortena, who had relapsed into unconsciousness, and told the stretcher bearers to get her into the ambulance and to hospital with no delay.



Farmer's wife Cortena Marra (above) was eight months pregnant when she was stabbed three times in the stomach. Her daughter Danièle (right), her throat cut and gaping open, struggled with her last heartbeats to reach her dying mother's side

"We can still save her if she gets to the operating room quickly," he said. "The little girl, though, is beyond hope. This is murder, and you need to call the police."

Francisco Marra came running up the road to his home with the men who had gone to fetch him. At the sight of the blood on the floor and the body of his little daughter, the 38-year-old farmer gave a hollow groan and fell on his knees.

"Who did it?" he whispered. "Who killed my wife and child?"

"We don't know yet," one of the men said. "But we're going to start looking now, and when we find him we won't turn him over to the police until he's ready for his funeral."

But the police were already on the job. Dr. Marechal, familiar with the peasants' ways and realising they would take the law into their own hands, had tipped off the gendarmerie as soon as Cortena was in the operating theatre.

As Inspector Jules Granet and Detective Sergeant Marc Saintdenis sped north to Gattières the inspector mused: "God help the fellow if the village people get their hands on him before we do. There are Corsicans all over

that district. They'll kill the bastard!"

The sergeant nodded. "Slowly," he said.

From the mood of the locals grouped around the Marra farm the two officers got an immediate feeling of what might happen if the police lost control of the situation. Inspector Granet phoned headquarters for reinforcements to seal off the area.

"I don't know what we're looking for," he said. "But anyone who can't prove they're local must be picked up and held. If you run into any groups carrying guns or pitchforks, arrest them too."

Granet had rightly anticipated what would happen. For one of the men arrested in the dragnet was Francisco Marra, out with a party of peasants armed with pitchforks and axes.

He wasn't the only one. More than half the able-bodied men in the district and 14 strangers to the area were picked up and locked up at police headquarters – "for their own protection," as the authorities described it. They were put together into a large cage known as the tank, normally used for indigents and drunks but now filled with farmers and fruit-pickers and what

looked like a few tourists.

In due course Inspector Granet had the unfortunate husband and father, Francisco Marra, brought out of the tank and presented to him.

"Can you think of any reason why someone should attack your family?" the inspector asked gently.

Marra shook his head. "It was a crazy man!" he said. "Who would kill my little girl like that if he wasn't crazy?"

Just then news came from the hospital about his wife Cortena. Incredibly she had survived the attack, although the knife that had been deliberately thrust into her swollen belly had stabbed into

the flesh of her unborn child as well.

Later that afternoon, in the emergency hospital operating room in Nice, the still gravely-injured woman, fighting for her own life, gave birth to a baby girl who had suffered severe stab wounds in the hip and lower abdomen, but was alive.

The following day Cortena briefly regained consciousness. Told she had become the mother of a baby daughter she whispered, "I'll call her Danièle. I have lost one Danièle. Now I have gained another."

Inspector Granet was stunned when Sergeant Saintdenis told him of her

reaction. "So she knew her daughter was dead," he said. "That means the child must have been killed in front of her eyes. Did she say anything else?"

She didn't, but the good news was that she would recover in a week and she would be fit enough to talk to the police in a couple of days' time. "But I doubt if she'll be able to identify her attacker," Granet mused.

There were still plenty of potential suspects in the tank downstairs. Four of them were North Africans. "Unless I'm greatly mistaken, this is a North African sort of crime," Granet said. "It is most likely Tunisian. It certainly isn't

French."

The two police officers weren't happy about that. There was a great deal of feeling against the North Africans on the Riviera. They feared that when the news got around there could be vigilante squads running all over the place.

Although the French have always prided themselves on being free of racial prejudice, recent events tended to indicate that this tolerance was primarily due to the fact that there was no other race in France in any significant numbers.

The advent of the affluent society and the reluctance of the French to accept the dirtier, less well-paid jobs, had brought a huge influx of Africans into the country. By 1973 there were more than two million of them, and North Africans were involved in roughly 80 per cent of all reported crimes in France.

The police were well aware that there were numerous cases of mob action that had resulted in the deaths of North Africans. During the summer of 1973 the situation became so grave that Algeria suspended permission for its citizens to travel to France.

For the moment, questioning Cortena was not an option. Her attention was riveted on her new baby. A series of operations were necessary – the child's intestines had been punctured in several places by the murderer's knife – and the distraught mother was worried out of her wits.

But when the operations proved successful and Cortena was sufficiently recovered she was able to confirm Inspector Granet's theory.

"He was a North African – in fact there were two of them. I was in the kitchen, starting to cook a meal, when all of a sudden, there they were. I hadn't heard a thing."

"Where was Danièle?"

"She was playing with her doll in the garden." Cortena began to weep. "If only she hadn't come in!"

"And the men?"

"They spoke broken French. They wanted money. When I gave it to them they still were not satisfied. The tall one, who did all the talking, kept saying, 'More money! More money!' and hitting me in the face and breasts. The other one, who was much

"Unless I'm greatly mistaken, this is a North African sort of crime," Granet said. "It is most likely Tunisian. It certainly isn't French"



A neighbour holds Danièle's sister, also named Danièle, who survived the murderous knife attack that killed her sister and wounded her mother

younger, said nothing. He just stood at the window waiting to see if anyone was coming.

"The tall one pushed me down on the bed and pulled up my skirt. I pleaded with him. I said, 'I'm pregnant. Don't hurt my baby!' But he just laughed. Then he called the other one over to hold my legs.

"I didn't dare fight too much because I was afraid I would have a miscarriage right there.

"Then Danièle came in. She couldn't have known what they were doing but she knew it was something bad and she just ran at them like a wild thing, pounding the man who was raping me with her little fists. It didn't hurt him of course, but it bothered him so that he couldn't do it any more."

"You mean, he was physically incapable?"

Cortena nodded. "He hadn't finished, but he couldn't any more. You know what I mean. It made him furious and he went back on his knees and started stabbing me in the stomach. He had been holding the knife in his hand all the time he was doing it. It was a big, long knife with a sharp point.

"I could feel the knife going in to my stomach and I thought it was going straight through the baby inside me. I screamed, and Danièle jumped right on to his back and was pounding him with both fists... And then he turned round and grabbed her by the hair and he ripped her head back and cut her throat."

At that point Cortena fainted again. A doctor told Granet: "She can't stand any more of this today. You'll have to come back tomorrow."

"We'll wait," the inspector said. "We need descriptions of these two men. Either we already have them in custody or they will have cleared out of the area. A day isn't going to make much difference."

The North African prisoners who were in custody were photographed, but when their pictures were shown to Cortena she recognised none of them.

"So they gave us the slip," Granet said. "But they must have known the area fairly well. The Marra farmhouse isn't the easiest place to find if you don't know it."

Cortena had given a reasonable description of her attacker – a tall, hollow-



A police van containing the headless body of Tunisian child-killer Ali Ben Yanes is driven out of the Marseilles prison where he was executed for the murder of Danièle Marra

cheeked man with Hitler-type moustache, probably about 50 years old. His age turned out to be a bad guess, because no one either in their 50s or 40s answered the description. The police had to get right down to age 32 to find a suspect who fitted the victim's memory of him.

A line-up of North African men in their 30s was presented to Cortena and she picked out one unhesitatingly. His name was Ali Ben Yanes. He was a tall man, and he had a Hitler-type moustache. He worked for several farmers in the region and he had been in the vicinity on the day of the murder.

So what had he to say for himself?

Nothing, he replied. He knew nothing at all about the crimes. He had never seen Cortena Marra in his life. But he admitted he had a cousin. His name was Hocine and he had left the area in a hurry and had gone 50 miles down the coast to Marseilles.

It didn't take long to wrinkle out Hocine. A few members of the North African community, aghast at what had happened, were quick to push him in the direction of police headquarters.

You can tell us the truth about what happened or you can take your place on the guillotine with your cousin if you're found guilty, he was told. He would be charged as an accessory in exchange for his evidence against Ali Ben Yanes. That suited everyone, because the prosecution needed his evidence. Hocine, understandably enough, told

the whole story.

He would have prevented his cousin from killing the little girl, he said, had he realised in time what he was going to do.

Left with no tangible defence, Ben Yanes made a full confession, pleading insanity. He had not intended to kill Danièle, he insisted, but only to frighten her so that she would leave him alone.

The court in Nice did not accept his version of the horrific killing, and after only a short deliberation returned a verdict of guilty, with no recommendation for mercy. The killer was sentenced to death. Hocine was jailed for 30 years. Both sentences were exactly what the prosecution had demanded.

Ben Yanes appealed with reasonable confidence, probably reminding himself

that in recent years there had been no executions in France. The appeal was rejected, and such was the intense feeling about the murder that even when his lawyers went to Paris to plead their case to President Georges Pompidou they went back to Nice empty-handed.

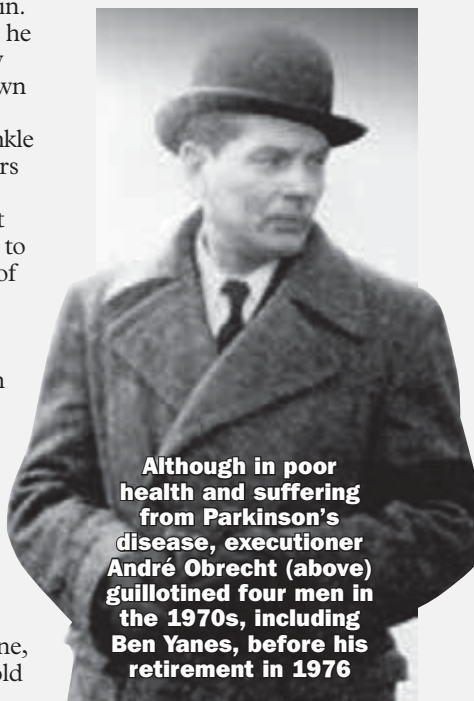
The condemned man was transferred to the Prison des Baumettes in Marseilles where, on May 10th, 1973, the French public executioner André Obrecht arrived with his assistants to erect a portable guillotine.

Next day, at 4 a.m., Ben Yanes was woken up and told to get ready to meet his maker. This was a time-honoured ritual. French executions habitually took place about the time the cock crowed.

He was asked if he would like a glass of rum to see him off. No, he replied, that was against the rules of Islam. Instead he drank a glass of water and smoked a cigarette.

Obrecht's assistants cut his hair and tied his arms and ankles. "I ask pardon of France and of all those whom I have offended," he said. He was directed through a little door that led on to the courtyard, where the guillotine stood silhouetted against the first light of day, and stretched out face down on the bascule. At 20 minutes past four the razor-sharp blade fell, severing his head from his body. He was 34 years old.

His headless body was driven rapidly to the Saint-Pierre cemetery, on the east side of Marseilles, and buried in an unmarked grave.



Although in poor health and suffering from Parkinson's disease, executioner André Obrecht (above) guillotined four men in the 1970s, including Ben Yanes, before his retirement in 1976

CHRONICLES OF CRIME

True Crime's monthly diary of criminal events day by day as they were reported in the national newspapers. This month, news from around the world in **August 2017**. Updates are indicated by the > sign. Researched by Tom Newman

RAPPER SHOT DEAD IN RESTAURANT

August 8th

A 31-YEAR-OLD US rapper known as Yung Mazi has been shot dead outside an Atlanta pizza restaurant, less than eight months after he survived being shot at inside another eatery.

Atlanta officers at a police precinct across the street heard multiple gunshots outside the restaurant. They said a suspect ran from the scene but nobody was apprehended.

John Henson, deputy chief investigator of the DeKalb County Medical Examiner's



Yung Mazi – a hail of bullets

Office, identified the victim by his legal name, Jabril Abdur-Rahman. The father-of-four died in a hail of 25 bullets.

Yung Mazi had been the target of at least 10 shootings, claiming it might be because he wore a lot of

jewellery or because some people resented him for his light skin.

In December 2016, he was targeted inside a Waffle House restaurant in Buckhead, Georgia. According to a police report a man walked into the restaurant and without saying anything opened fire on the rapper and then left. The rapper was shot in the head and left temporarily brain-damaged but told police he'd never seen the assailant before.

In the hospital, the rapper used Twitter to say: "God made me bulletproof."

LIFE BEHIND BARS FOR VICIOUS HAMMER-KILLER

August 10th

GORDON McCRONE appeared before Lord Arthurson at the High Court in Scotland to be sentenced to life with a minimum term of 20 years for the murder of 40-year-old Malcolm McLaren. McCrone had been found guilty at an earlier hearing of killing the father-of-four during a vicious hammer attack that shattered the victim's skull on September 27th, 2016.

The jury at the High Court in Glasgow heard that McCrone, from Airdrie, struck Mr. McLaren at least 13 times over the head. He also broke his ribs, before leaving him dead in his blood-spattered living-room.

McCrone, 46, tried to cover up the murder by sending text messages to Mr. McLaren, even though he knew he was dead.

The last text McCrone sent said: "What are you up to Malky. My son and aunt say there is police tape everywhere, r u home, everything OK?"

He also disposed of the



Killer Gordon McCrone – claimed self-defence

bloodstained clothes he wore during the attack.

Mr. McLaren had taken McCrone in as a lodger when he lost his job as a delivery driver after committing a road traffic offence.

McCrone claimed he was acting in self-defence and told the jury that Mr. McLaren had attacked him with a hammer and he had managed to grab it away from him. He said: "He was constantly stealing from me."

The two men had rowed because McCrone believed that Mr. McLaren was stealing his socks and underwear. He said he

snapped when he thought his victim had taken his laptop and his late father's jewellery.

McCrone said: "Malcolm was swinging the hammer. I was able to block it and grab it with my right hand."

He added: "I believe I did over-react and possibly hit him more than I should have."

"I was wildly swinging the hammer with my right hand. I'm left-handed. If I had been using my left hand I could have possibly knocked him out with one or two blows."

The only injury a pathologist found on McCrone was a bruised wrist.

McCrone confessed to his ex-wife in a letter written from prison, but claimed that he had acted in self-defence. He wrote: "My temper got the better of me. But he tried to stop me calling the police by hitting me with the hammer first and paid the price. Believe me I am not proud of what I did – it will be in the hands of a jury."

McCrone's claim that he had acted in self-defence was rejected by the jury.

August 11th

IRAN EXECUTES JUVENILE OFFENDER

A 21-YEAR-OLD man arrested at the age of 15 and convicted of rape, sodomy and murder has been hanged in Iran. Alireza Tajiki was aged 16 when convicted and sentenced to death after a trial reliant on his forced confession. The hanging went ahead despite international pressure to halt it.



Alireza Tajiki – forced confession

He had been placed in solitary confinement and denied access to a lawyer for two weeks after his arrest, during which time he said he was beaten, flogged and hung by his arms and feet to extract a confession. He later retracted it and maintained his innocence until his death at the Adel Abad prison in Shiraz.

He was the fourth juvenile offender to be executed in Iran this year. Another 88 remain on Death Row.

A spokesman for Amnesty International said: "This shameful act marks a critical turning point for Iran, and exposes the hollowness of the authorities' claims to have a genuine juvenile justice system."

Iran changed its laws in 2012 to raise to 18 the age at which an offender's crime could attract a death sentence. In Tajiki's case the court relied on "expert opinions" stating that he was mature at the age of 15.

● more Chronicles on page 24

FRENCH TRAGEDY IN SUNNINGDALE

Does art imitate life, or is it the other way round (*"Did Agatha Christie Predict A Real-Life Murder?"* – October)? It seems unbelievable that Agatha Christie's story "The Sunningdale Mystery" was published only two weeks before desperate Claire Meant shot her philandering lover, Louis Joubert, then herself, in the back of Harry Brixton's taxi.

In spite of the horribly tragic end to this story, it bears the characteristics of a French farce! Imagine the interesting situation with stiff-upper-lipped butler Ernest King, with his British phlegm, defusing Claire and Louis's volatile encounter when she unexpectedly appeared at Louis's place of employment, Sunning House. I would love to have watched the butler dealing with this snarling gallic couple, scrapping like a pair of enraged alley-cats!

If the Women's Vigilance Association existed today I wonder how many young people's lives could be prevented from going "off the rails" as they arrive in a big city like London to seek their fortunes?

B. Waters, Inverness

STORYTELLER BEHIND BARS

While I wholeheartedly agree that prison should be a source of reform, no matter what the crime the convicted person is incarcerated for, I would, however, draw the line at making a profit on one's own account. In your article, "Addict, Murderer...Literary Sensation" (November) it is stated that convicted murderer Curtis Dawkins – sentenced to life without parole – received a six-figure cash advance for his published fiction collection *The Graybar Hotel*. I would have no problem with this whatsoever, as long as the family of victim Kenneth Bowman received at least half of any earnings both now and for future endeavours.

I would also express joy at the fact that the victim's mother was happy with Dawkins finding a purpose for life through writing as she could not envisage anyone spending their life in prison. She has to be commended. I would purchase the book if I knew where the profits were going. I'm also happy that Dawkins's literary efforts are putting his children through education. Book publishers on both sides of the "pond" are well aware that a "lifer" is the author of these works, thus adding more to their coffers. Would the common man on the street have the same access to these said publishers?

Michael Minihan, Limerick

A FITTING END FOR KILLER THUGS

I'm always fascinated by the choices which people make, so was intrigued by your case, *"When Justice Failed – Fate Took A Hand"* (November). I wondered why a devout Jehovah's Witness would have a drinks cabinet stocked with spirits but a little research showed me that drinking alcohol is allowed if you are part of this faith.

The victim, who sounded incredibly lonely, doubtless used it as a way to lure fair-weather friends to her home. Jehovah's Witnesses are supposed to help one another, which is doubtless why her former manservant pretended to share her religious fervour – as long as he did this she was happy to give him regular cash. The victim might have been naïve but she didn't deserve a sustained beating and strangulation at the hands of two drunken thugs and she would doubtless have been horrified that the forensic team photographed her lying dead in only a thin nightdress.

It's fitting that both killers died within two years of committing this pointless homicide.

C. Davis, Weston-super-Mare

KILLER WITH A GUILTY CONSCIENCE

The *Ask True Crime* feature (October) concerned the 1991 murders of two innocent people who were unlucky enough to be married to Colin Howell and Hazel Stewart who were lovers. Only when Howell's guilty conscience led him to confess the crime to church elders

BRAINS, BEAUTY AND A WILL TO

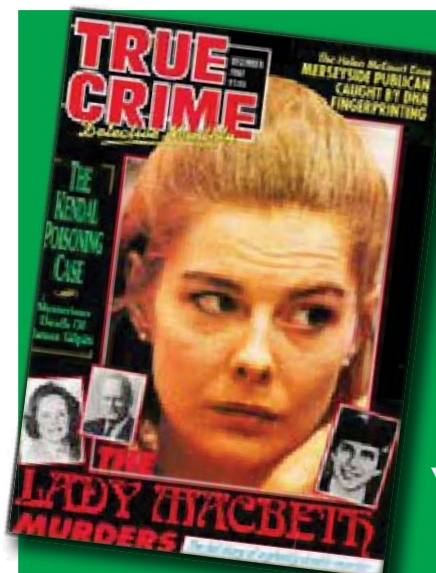
WHAT AN excellent read – the tragedy of glamour moll Virginia Hill (*"Virginia Hill – Queen Of The Mob"* – November). In this enlightened age, I wonder if you would consider a longer series on the feline powers behind the throne in the Age of the Gangster?

There are some cracking tales to be told. How about:

- Actress Inez Norton, who walked away with Arnold "the Brain" Rothstein's life insurance, valued at £200,000 today?
- Dona "Rita Rio" Drake, leader of an all-girl band and paramour of Louis "Pretty" Amberg – he was bumped off by Murder Inc.
- Lucky Luciano's sultry Russian showgirl, Gay Orlova, and Evelyn "Venus de Nylon" Carmel – "sharp as a Toledo whip" – she was the glory of Lucky's mentor, Georgie Hoffman.
- Nor must we forget smart-mouthed actress Hope Dare who dared to hope Dutch Schultz would love her (whilst secretly dating Jack Dempsey on the side).

To me, the distaff side combined brains and beauty to outsmart their beaux in three ways: (a) they avoided getting killed; (b) they got to party whilst the guys played tough and (c) they collected on the insurance!

Andrew Stephenson, Newhaven



25 years ago
this month...
True Crime
magazine,
December
1992

ALL OUR
YESTERDAYS

BEAUTY...AND TO SURVIVE



Clockwise from above left:
Evelyn Carmel; Gay Orlova;
Hope Dare; Dona Drake

Good thinking, Mr. S! Watch out for some female gangsters in TC's continuing Gangland Confidential series. And don't miss the latest edition of our sister magazine Murder Most Foul (106), featuring the exploits of the Millen-Faber gang and "moll" Norma Millen.

and police were the hitherto unsuspected murders revealed.

The character of Colin Howell is a really fascinating mixture of arrogant ruthlessness on the one hand and guilty awareness of sin, deriving from his career as a lay preacher, on the other hand.

Referring to the series *Gangland Confidential* I found the story about executioner Abe Reles was well-written and I wondered if all the writers in this series were American writers from the same era as the crime gangs or are they writing for crime magazines today?

Brian Mowat, Inverurie

We use mostly modern accounts, including many by gangland expert Tom Prior, but occasionally we draw on accounts from the time, e.g. this issue's report on page 20 co-authored by New York cop Cornelius Willemse.

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CODE BLUE! Emergency! In the US even the best-trained nurses and doctors feel a sense of panic and dread when it happens. It means that someone is dying of a cardiac or respiratory arrest and needs immediate emergency treatment.

The first one to arrive at the scene administers cardiac or pulmonary resuscitation, while another trained professional wheels in a metal cabinet, known as a “crash cart,” that contains all the medications and tools the doctors might need to save a life that is ebbing away. As soon as an emergency team – usually at least one doctor and a couple of other medics – is on the scene, the desperate battle gets under way.

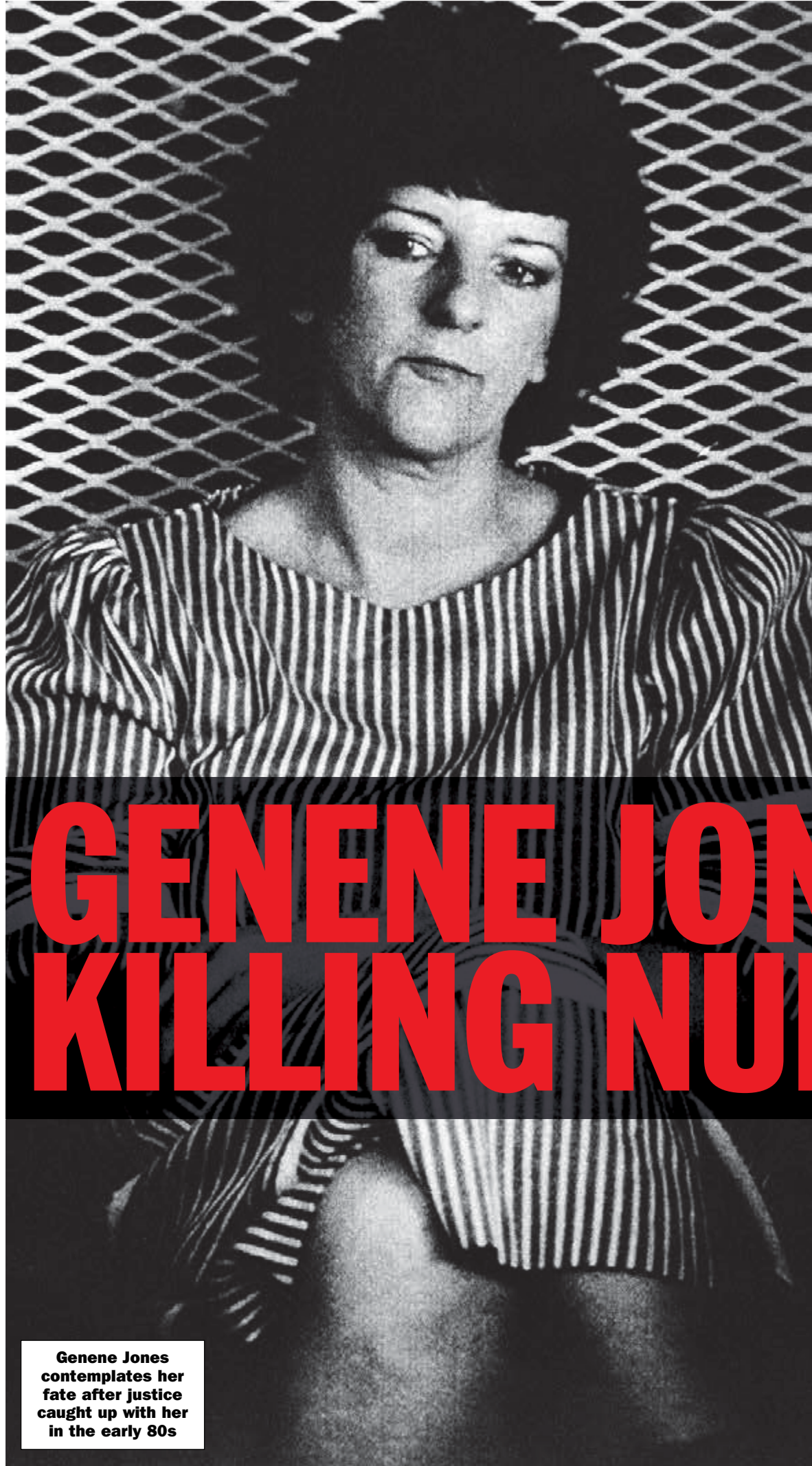
The whole team tries to save the life hanging in the balance. They race to stave off the damage that oxygen deprivation can bring to vital organs – heart, brain, kidneys and liver. The struggle for life can last a few seconds, minutes, sometimes up to an hour, even after breathing has been restored. The medics never give up until the code team’s leader knows that irreversible injury has taken place and the life in their hands has slipped away.

It is always a time of terror, hope and prayer. How much more frightening when it happens to a child, a little baby, who will never have the chance to grow up and savour the joys of life.

When the emergency occurs away from the hospital with all its life-support equipment, it is even more devastating. Chelsea Anna McClellan, 14 months old, was stricken several times – in Dr. Kathleen Holland’s paediatric clinic, and in an ambulance on the way to the hospital. How could this tragedy have happened to this laughing, happy little infant?

When Chelsea’s mother took her daughter to Dr. Holland’s clinic in Kerrville, Texas, with just a slight sniffle she explained she was worried because the child had been born prematurely, weighing only two pounds four ounces. Her lungs had been significantly underdeveloped and she’d always had difficulty breathing.

Chelsea laughed now, but her mother explained the problem to Dr. Holland, the new paediatrician in town. Chelsea struggled to get out of her mother’s arms, since it was



GENENE JONES KILLING NURSE

**Genene Jones
contemplates her
fate after justice
caught up with her
in the early 80s**

She's the infamous Texan suspected of killing as many as 60 infants and children in the 70s and early 80s. Dubbed the Angel of Death, she's been behind bars for the past three decades but was scheduled to be released next March due to a controversial legal loophole. Now, further charges have been brought against her by prosecutors. Jack Heise takes us back to the deadly events of the 80s – and considers the latest developments in the case

obvious she didn't want to be confined there. She was a little unwell, but she was still very lively.

Chelsea's mother, Petti, tried to explain the whole problem, the reason for her concern. At eight months, Chelsea had come down with a cold that wouldn't go away. The doctor had diagnosed pneumonia; Chelsea had to be taken to a hospital.

Her mother and a friend took her to a hospital in San Antonio. Ill as she was, Chelsea laughed and played during the long drive.

Chelsea stayed in the hospital for 10 days. The doctors wanted to be sure that the antibiotic they had administered had killed the infection in her lungs. Finally, Chelsea's relieved parents were permitted to take their girl back home to Kerrville. But the fear this close call induced had stayed with Mrs. McClellan. "I guess that's why I'm concerned when she gets even the slightest cold," the mother explained to Dr. Holland.

Chelsea still pushed and pulled against her mother's control, laughing and gurgling through it all. The mother

Suddenly, as Chelsea's mother and Dr. Holland talked, the urgent voice of Genene Jones, the nurse, sounded harshly. "Dr. Holland, come out here now, please!"

The young paediatrician jumped up. She ran out at the sound of her nurse's dismayed voice. When she got to the treatment-room, Chelsea was on the examining table, not breathing, her face growing mottled. Just minutes before, she had been a laughing, bouncing, energetic baby.

Genene Jones was as efficient a nurse as she'd always been, which was why Dr. Holland had asked her to join her new paediatric clinic. She already had an oxygen mask to the child's face. "She had a seizure. She stopped breathing."

The next few moments were panicky and frightening. It was Code Blue, but without the help of a fully equipped hospital staff and life-support system. Dr. Holland put her stethoscope to the baby's chest. There were heartbeats, but the lungs weren't functioning. Dr. Holland used

NES... THE RSE FROM HELL



Victim Chelsea McClellan who was killed, aged 15 months, with the muscle relaxant Succinylchlorine

added, "I know she seems fine, but I can't help feeling concerned."

Dr. Holland smiled sympathetically. At that point, the office nurse poked her head in and said, "Mrs. McClellan, would you like me to take Chelsea and play with her while you talk to Dr. Holland?"

Chelsea certainly didn't mind. She giggled while the nurse took her off her mother's lap and whisked her away. "Let's play," the nurse urged, and Chelsea giggled some more.

an ambu-bag to force air into the child's lungs, while she asked some carpenters still doing work in her office to call the hospital right away.

Dr. Holland constructed an oral airway to help get air into Chelsea's lungs. Once the airway was in place, Genene was able to use the ambu-bag to get the baby to breathe, and soon her colour returned.

As she worked, Genene, tearful and breathing heavily, explained the scene before the disaster had struck.

Genene said, "We were playing with a ball, rolling it across the floor, when she suddenly slumped over. I picked her up but there was no movement. I realised she wasn't breathing, so I started mouth-to-mouth and called for you."

Paramedics responded to the carpenters' call. A nurse in a doctor's office next door also assisted. Genene fixed up an intravenous drip and administered Dilantin, a drug given to stop seizures.

In the ambulance ride to the hospital, the paramedic in the rear attached a dextrose drip in water to the intravenous line that Genene had already begun. Chelsea's respiration was stronger and her colour became pinker and healthier.

Her mother was praying and crying, even though Chelsea appeared

to be improving. Dr. Holland told the frightened mother that she thought this could be the result of a seizure-related illness. She asked Mrs. McClellan if she could recall anything unusual having happened to Chelsea or any strange behaviour on the baby's part. After mulling over the doctor's question for a few minutes, the young mother tearfully told her that Chelsea sometimes, in a fit of temper, would hold her breath and that on occasion she was a little difficult to rouse from sleep.

Forty-five minutes after being admitted to the hospital, Chelsea McClellan was transferred from emergency to intensive care. The doctor ordered a battery of tests, even though Chelsea was indeed getting better. In fact, when the evening nurse came on duty a short time afterwards she was amazed at the progress. "This child was standing up in her crib, laughing and smiling. I'd never seen a child in intensive care do that before."

The infant was given every test possible. Chelsea's mother may have felt that the information she had provided about her child was insignificant, but Dr. Holland



Above, Genene Jones in handcuffs. Left, Dr. Kathleen Holland who had invited her to work at her paediatric clinic. Below right, a bottle of Succinylcholine



feared that the behaviour she had described – the holding of her breath, the too-deep sleep – meant that Chelsea might

have a seizure disorder. Yet each test came back negative. Chelsea's mother was so grateful to Dr. Holland and Nurse Jones for saving her little girl's life that she went around praising them to everyone in town who would listen. And everyone did...

But there had been other respiratory arrests in Dr. Holland's clinic.

Some months later Mrs. McClellan brought Chelsea's older brother, ill with the flu, to Dr. Holland's clinic. She also brought Chelsea along with her. The little girl was in great spirits, playful and energetic as ever.

Dr. Holland was late getting back from the hospital. In the meantime Nurse Jones took the children's temperatures and looked at their vaccination needs. After the doctor arrived, Mrs. McClellan went into the examination-room while Nurse Jones gave a

few routine vaccinations to Chelsea. Suddenly, everything went wrong. Chelsea, laughing just a minute before, turned blue. The world inside the new paediatric clinic turned over.

Chelsea's mother screamed hysterically, "She's not breathing. Help her! She's not breathing!"

They tried to get the child breathing again and then called for an ambulance. The nurse and doctor were using an oxygen mask on the child and an ambu-bag. At times, she seemed to revive slightly only to fall apart again.

When they arrived at the hospital, Chelsea again seemed to be regaining the ground she'd lost. Her mother whimpered, "It was my boy who was sick – not Chelsea. Nothing should have happened to Chelsea. Nothing!"

Soon it appeared that Chelsea's emergency was over. But Dr. Holland was not satisfied. At this point, she felt certain that Chelsea had a serious neurological problem and needed more intensive tests than had previously been conducted. She wanted Chelsea checked into a San Antonio hospital where a

thorough medical survey could be initiated.

Chelsea then began her second ambulance ride of the day. Genene Jones was in the back of the ambulance with the baby. The paramedic kept a close eye on Chelsea's heart monitor and pumped the respiratory bag. Genene monitored the child's blood pressure and pulse.

Less than 10 minutes after the ambulance left, Chelsea's heart monitor stopped its regular electronic beeping. There was a dreaded piercing tone. Chelsea McClellan was having a heart attack.

The medics radioed ahead to inform the hospital staff that their ambulance would soon be arriving with a Code Blue emergency. As they arrived at the hospital, Dr. Holland and the medics worked on Chelsea, along with other staff in the emergency-room.

Chelsea's mother was in shock. The doctors worked feverishly. Nurse Jones was ashen, tears running down her face. Soon after, the life-saving attempts stopped. They had to stop. Chelsea, not yet two years old, had no life left in her. She was pronounced dead as a result of "cardio-pulmonary arrest, due to seizures of undetermined origin." In the office log, Genene Jones would write, "I would have given my life for her."

It was a horrifying time for everyone. But there were too many questions, too few answers.

Texas Ranger Joe Davis and a staff of rangers and detectives were called in to investigate. Dr. David Purcell, the older paediatrician in town, felt that the circumstances surrounding Chelsea's death were quite unusual. In all his years in Kerrville, he had never experienced a child patient in cardiac arrest, but in Dr. Kathleen Holland's small clinic there had been six respiratory arrests in just one month!

The anaesthetist at the hospital also had misgivings about the situation. He'd observed Chelsea when she'd been brought in. "The child was exhibiting the same kind of behaviour that a patient has when coming out of the effects of the powerful muscle relaxant Succinylcholine. There is

often no control.”

A team of doctors got together to discuss the situation. “Something is wrong, very wrong,” they agreed.

Ranger Davis heard the accounts of the doctors and knew he and his group had to look into the matter. It was slow going.

They asked Dr. Holland about her use of antibiotics and then about her use of Succinylcholine. Dr. Holland was clearly nervous, unable to supply any more information. But it was not strange that a doctor would be upset in these circumstances. She said she’d check into the supply of Succinylcholine in the office. But she had no idea in the world how these problems arose.

“Probably the children were sick. Chelsea may have had neurological problems that we hadn’t found in the first series of tests. I told her mother it would be wise to take her to the hospital in San Antonio for more sophisticated tests.”

She put her head in her hands. “It can happen to children – especially those born prematurely.”

Next, the investigators asked about Dr. Holland’s staff. Who were they? What were they like? How did she come to hire them?

Most of the questions focused on Nurse Genene Jones, who’d been with Chelsea so much when she’d been in the hospital and in the ambulance.

“I knew Genene in another city. She was always calm and extremely dedicated. That was why I asked her to join my staff when I started my clinic in Kerrville.”

“Why did you open the clinic?”

“That had always been my dream. I loved my work and felt I could do the most good in my own clinic.”

“This Genene Jones – is she a registered nurse?”

“No,” Dr. Holland responded. “She’s a licensed vocational nurse.”

“LVN – isn’t that unusual?”

“No. As a matter of fact, she was employed in the hospital that way.”

Dr. Holland went back to her clinic,

exhausted, concerned. Her career could be on the line and she didn’t know why. Hadn’t she done the best she could to save the children? Had she failed somehow?

She saw Genene and asked her about their supply of Succinylcholine. Dr. Holland looked for herself and at first everything seemed to be in order. But Genene reminded her that a phial had been missing one day. After that, the staff had found it.

Genene became upset when Dr. Holland told her that the investigators had asked about her office staff. “They’re starting rumours – making trouble,” Genene whimpered.

The next day, Dr. Holland looked at the phials again. Was she wrong, or were there little holes in the stopper? A strange uneasiness took hold of her.

After lunch, she noticed that Genene was acting peculiarly. “What’s wrong?” she asked.

“She had an addiction to creating a medical emergency where none previously existed. We all believed that the nurse was trying to establish a need for a special intensive care paediatric clinic”

“I guess I did something stupid,” Genene answered, with faltering speech. “I was feeling down, so I took a bunch of Doxepin [an anti-anxiety drug].”

Genene’s eyes were drooping, and Dr. Holland sprang into action. “How much is a bunch?”

“I don’t know – several,” Genene replied.

Dr. Holland called the hospital. Genene would have to go there. At that point, the doctor also felt she had to fire Genene. Fair or unfair, she felt too uneasy having Genene Jones around.

The next day, Genene was fine, having survived her overdose very well. But the investigators were at it again. They knew about Genene’s overdose, and they wanted to question her and Dr. Holland.

Ranger Davis

went over to talk to Genene in the hospital. “I never did anything wrong,” she said. “Never.” She denied having injected the babies with Succinylcholine. But by now the doctors had discovered that there was an unusual amount of the drug in Dr. Holland’s office. “Dr. Holland signed for them all,” Genene said.

“There were two phials that you signed for,” Davis countered.

She shrugged. “That’s possible. I was allowed to order and sign for supplies.”

“I’d like you to take a lie-detector test when you get out of the hospital. Will you do it?”

Genene looked pointedly at Davis. “Yes, I will, if Dr. Holland will, too.”

Ranger Davis was interested by the sound of that. Was Genene Jones accusing the doctor of something sinister? Was one of them guilty, each trying to place blame on the other?

about Chelsea McClellan’s illnesses, the respiratory arrests, was discussed. One of the investigators asked the doctor if she would take a lie-detector test. “Sure,” the physician replied.

As they strapped her into the same chair that Genene Jones had been in the day before, somebody read Dr. Holland her rights. She looked shocked. “Am I a suspect here?” she asked in disbelief.

“We’ll see,” Davis replied.

The doctor answered more than 20 questions the examiner put to her. It was obvious she was trying to be calm as she answered them and then, at the examiner’s request, answered them again.

As the Rangers disconnected the doctor from the chair, the examiner went over the questions and the responses. Then the expert looked squarely at Dr. Holland. “It appears you didn’t pass this test, either. Genene Jones didn’t and now you haven’t.”

The Rangers wondered if the strange occurrences at the clinic had been merely coincidence, a twist of fate that caused the respiratory arrests and took little Chelsea’s life – or something worse.

Ranger Joe Davis sought out Genene Jones. He tried to discuss the phials of Succinylcholine, then read Genene her rights.

On October 7th, 1982, District Attorney Ron Sutton ordered a grand jury investigation into the case.

The investigation took officials back to the hospital in San Antonio where Genene Jones and Dr. Kathleen Holland had previously worked together. Both were also named in a mystery death civil lawsuit filed on behalf of Chelsea Anna McClellan on September 17th, 1982.

In the San Antonio hospital 42 child deaths had occurred within a four-year period. All the children had died as a result of cardiac and respiratory failure. One of Genene Jones’s attorneys, Jim Brookshire, said this was a case of physicians’ malpractice.

Dr. Holland took the Fifth Amendment during the grand jury investigation on the advice of her attorney.



Later she said she regretted doing so.

Then a strange, frightening battle began in the courts. Genene Jones was implicated in the hospital deaths. Although there were several cases of respiratory arrests in the Holland clinic, all of the children had survived except for Chelsea McClellan.

Genene was portrayed in court as a nurse who derived a strange high from creating a major emergency and then managing to rescue the children from death. What was being described was a condition known as Munchausen Syndrome by Proxy. The problem was, the nurse's rescue efforts didn't always work – in fact, in many cases throughout her career, the children had died. Certainly Chelsea died, and under strange circumstances.

The defence attorneys for Genene Jones pointed out that she was a loving mother of two children – and that she adored all the children she'd tried to save. "All these children were extremely ill – why blame a nurse who should be blameless?"

Dr. Holland acknowledged that Chelsea and some of the other children showed "the effects of the powerful muscle-relaxant drug Succinylcholine which, in a large dose, could be deadly."

The district attorney's office learned that new tests had been developed in Sweden that were able to detect the presence of the drug.

Chelsea McClellan's body was exhumed, and a leading Swedish toxicologist examined it. He reported that he had found traces of the drug in her remains. But a forensic toxicologist in New York refuted this testimony, saying there was no evidence of Succinylcholine in Chelsea's body. He agreed, however, that this drug could paralyse an individual's muscles and halt breathing.

Still another doctor called by the defence testified that the child's death could have been caused by many things. "It could be the result of early breathing problems and her premature birth, or of brain stem scarring, sudden infant death syndrome or a seizure in reaction to immunisation."

A parade of witnesses testified about Genene Jones's incredible dedication,

claiming other nurses resented her for it. Still other witnesses referred to "the high she would have" when there was a Code Blue. "She seemed to have a strange sense of excitement, almost euphoria," one witness told the court.

Finally, it was up to the jury to decide. It was a weighty decision but the weight was not in Genene Jones's favour. Too many deaths, too many coincidental factors, too



Genene Jones in recent years. She faces two further murder charges

many witnesses against her – all ultimately condemned the nurse.

Why should there have been six respiratory arrests in a small paediatric clinic in just a few months, when the long-established paediatrician in town, Dr. Purcell, had never even had one?

"Our office will attempt to account for every child whose life was stolen by the actions of Genene Jones. Our only focus is on justice"

The jury was out for less than three hours. When they returned, Genene Jones sat grim-faced as the verdict was passed to the court usher then to the judge. A look of shocked disbelief came across her face as the judge read: "Genene Jones, the jury has found you guilty as charged."

She was sentenced to 99 years' imprisonment on February 15th, 1984.

According to one of the jurors, the evidence was overwhelming. "She had an addiction to creating a medical emergency where none previously existed,"

the juror said. "We all believed that the nurse was trying to establish the need for a special intensive care paediatric clinic in Kerrville. Unfortunately, it backfired and a beautiful baby like Chelsea McClellan died."

On November 21st, 1983, Genene Jones had also been indicted in San Antonio, on charges of deliberately injecting one-month-old Rolando Santos with the drug Heparin, an anti-coagulant, which at overdose levels is fatal. She was also named as a suspect in at least 10 other infant deaths at Bexar County's paediatric ward.

In October 1984, eight months after her first trial, she faced charges of maliciously injuring and attempting the murder of Rolando Santos. In a statistical report presented at this trial, an investigator stated that children were 25 per cent more likely to have a cardiac arrest when Nurse Jones was in charge and 15 per cent more likely to die.

A psychiatric exam failed to give her the grounds she would need for an insanity defence. She was convicted and sentenced to a term of 60 years on October 24th, 1984, bringing her total concurrent sentence to 159 years, with the possibility of parole.

Investigations continued as she was still suspected in at least 10 other homicides – but Genene Jones was

a six-figure out-of-court settlement.

Locked up for the next three decades, Genene Jones continued to maintain her innocence. She insisted that her only fault was her great love and dedication. However, the Texas public did not forget her.

Fast forward to 2017, and Genene Jones was back in the news again. Thanks to a Texas law called Mandatory Supervision, enacted to prevent prison overcrowding, the killer was, incredibly, set to be freed on March 1st, 2018 – having served just one third of her sentence. This was because the law allows all convicted criminals to be automatically released on parole after they complete a certain amount of time and have behaved well.

Now, though, Texas authorities have indicted her with two new murder charges from the 80s in an effort to thwart the legal loophole. One is for the September 1981 death of two-year-old Rosemary Vega, the other the December 1981 death of 11-month-old Joshua Sawyer.

According to Nico LaHood, Bexar County's District Attorney, who brought the charges after setting up a task force to look into the case, the killer is still suspected in "dozens of infant deaths."

"Our office will attempt to account for every child whose life was stolen by the actions of Genene Jones," he said, adding, "Our only focus is justice."

Prosecutors say that the killer will be extradited back to Bexar County before March where she will await trial on the new charges.

Genene Jones remains infamous. Fellow-workers, jurors and shocked, grieving communities in Texas can never forget the emergencies and deaths that befell their helpless children – or the woman who perpetrated them.

With a "good" case being prepared against her in relation to the new charges, the Angel of Death appears to be a considerable way from gaining her freedom.

● Another killer nurse: see page 24

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Stories from the pages of True Detective, Master Detective, True Crime and Murder Most Foul



“YOU’RE TO take command of the First Detective District. You’re being sent there to smash up the Dropper and Augie mobs,” I was told when I was called to police headquarters in 1920. “It’s a mighty big job, but it’s got to be done and we believe you’re the man for it.”

It was the biggest job I’d ever had. The gangs of Nathan “Kid Dropper” Kaplan and “Little Augie” were formidable. I’d been crossing their trail, and they mine, for years and there was no love lost between us.

Murder after murder had been charged against them as they took opposing sides in labour disputes. It was the cold, nerveless “Kid Dropper” against calm-voiced, cool-headed Jacob “Little Augie” Orgen. Each was backed by a trained, merciless band of gunmen with no quarter being given or asked on either side, and they were the acknowledged rulers of New York’s underworld.



Above, Dr. Charles Norris. His friendship with Captain Willemse provided an opportunity to get information from inside the vicious gangs

My new command gave me the East Side, from the Battery to 42nd Street, the battleground of the two gangs. The whole district was in terror, for there was no knowing where either gang leader would strike

**Case recalled by
Cornelius
Willemse**

as told to Randolph Stark

that I could obtain the best of specialists and hospital service free for anybody who couldn’t pay.

All of which was true, thanks to Dr. Norris.

“Send the poor people to me, Con,” Dr. Norris



Above, the crowded streets of New York in 1920 were a breeding ground for crime. Right to left, the Brooklyn Bridge, the East River, the Manhattan Bridge and in the distance the Williamsburg Bridge

next to demand his tribute. Some poor devils were paying them both.

The Dropper-Augie feud was the bloodiest New York had known. Within a few months 23 murders were charged against the two gangs. How many other killings they committed I don’t pretend to know.

I didn’t underestimate the two mobs. I knew I was in for a long battle and that I needed all the breaks I could get. The underworld knew what my instructions were and both gangs knew I could get information. We understood each other thoroughly. And we were still understanding each other and battling each other three years later. I’d turned up a lot of other crimes and run down a number of murderers, but the Dropper and Augie mobs were still going strong. It was a three-cornered war watched by the underworld with the closest attention.

My only real weapon was the development of a great network of informants throughout

the East Side. From either gang itself there hadn’t been a peep. Whenever any of their gunmen got his

had told me. “I’ll take care of them or arrange to have them provided for. I’ll be only too glad to help them

The Dro

comeuppance he died silent, leaving the mob to pay off his score. But my desk had become a clearing-house for mysterious messages and letters. My phone was ringing at all hours with strange or forgotten voices offering a tip here and a clue there on various cases. My long-standing friendship with Dr. Charles Norris was proving invaluable in a manner I had never even thought about in the early days of our association.

The word had spread through the East Side that I was a friend of the poor; that I was the man to see if a family needed medical care;

out if you think their cases are deserving.”

I’d taken the doctor at his word and sent him hundreds of cases.

I’d been a down-and-outer myself on the Bowery. I’d been sick and broke and friendless and I knew just what poverty can be,

“The Dropper and Augie gangs were clever. They felt they had protected themselves against informants”

Right, the author of this report, Captain Cornelius Willemse, photographed moments after “Kid Dropper” was murdered outside the court. One of the gunman’s bullets ripped through the captain’s straw boater hat (arrowed)



How I Smashed ppper-Augie Mobs

especially to one who's old. And I loved my East Side for I'd found real friends there.

I knew that I had eyes and ears throughout the district, people who I'd been able to help and who wanted to help me. Not stool pigeons and not informants in the general police sense of the term. Just people who felt they were my friends. They were the sources of my tips. No names were signed to the messages and no names were given over the phone. I didn't want them.

I kept an eye too on the families of criminals I had sent to prison. Mothers and wives of criminals got

medical attention and charity when they needed it. I wasn't warring on women.

The Dropper and Augie gangs were clever. They felt they had protected themselves against informants. Up to a point they had, but they didn't know that I knew the mother of a gunman.

In the course of my police work the mother of a criminal pulled me through where nothing else would have served. Her name I can't mention. Her son is a gunman and he's alive today. He wouldn't live an hour if I dropped his name, or even a

hint that might betray him. I promised her I wouldn't and I won't.

The inside story of this woman's deed didn't come out at the time of the smash-up. I saw to that. She has since died, from breast cancer. If the East Side knew her name, it would erect monuments in her memory. It would be praying for her on the strength of this story.

I saw her on the street one day while cruising my district. Her footsteps were dragging and she looked destitute. She told me she was sick and I got busy. Dr. Norris was notified and we took her to hospital. A

famous surgeon made an examination and discovered the cancer. He operated and, as operations for cancer go, it was a pronounced success.

While she was in hospital I went to the Jewish charity organisation on the East Side and told her story. An award of \$15 a week was made for her. Then I dug up a charitable real estate man I knew and he gave her a couple of rooms. Between us we fitted up a nice little home for her.

I visited her regularly to cheer her up. I was the detective who'd sent her boy to "stir" and for that reason felt particularly sorry for

her. But the boy had been a tough gunman, a real bad lot.

On one visit the old lady remarked that she had received a letter from her son and that he was coming out in a very short while. That struck me. I put my thought into words.

"Say, ma, what a very valuable source of information he could be to me if he wanted to. He could certainly help me out a great deal, but of course I wouldn't dare to ask him."

Her gratitude was evident as she replied, "Well, Captain, I wrote my son about what you had done for me. Bad as he is, he loves me. When he comes out, if you leave it to me, I am going to suggest it to him, but in such a way that he won't be suspicious of you. I really depend upon you,

"The confession I got from that boy justified my methods. It was the most astonishing I ever received in my 25 years of police work"

Captain. You are the only one I have got. He won't be out very long. I know he'll get into trouble again."

"That's all right, ma," I told her. "Whether he does or not, I'll take care of you, but try anyway, will you?"

"I will."

A few days afterwards, my clerical assistant stepped into my office.

"Hey, Cap, there's a 'gun' outside. Wants to see you."

"Bring him in."

And there stood my man. "Hello, boss."

"Well, what'd you come here for?" I snapped.

"I came here to thank you for what you done for my mother."

The tough gunman actually looked as if he were going to weep.

"Boss, I'm going to do something for you."

"Yeh? For instance?"

"Well, I'll promise you I won't work in your district!"

There were tears in his eyes as he shook hands with me. "You won't be sorry for what you done for her

and for me. I don't deserve anything, anyway. I'm too far gone."

I kept up my visits to his mother.

Some weeks later I had a phone call.

"Is that you, boss?"

"Yes," I replied, recognising his voice. "Who is this?"

"Is this buzzer clear?"

"Yes, it's clear."

"Say, you had a bad one last night, didn't you?"

"Yes," I answered. He was right. We'd had a big fur robbery.

"Do you know who done it?"

"No."

He gave a string of names over the telephone and then – "The swag is now in such-and-such a garage. The mob is dickering with a receiver to sell the stuff. Send your men over there and 'sneeze' them, and you've got the whole works. Goodbye."

There was a click at the other end of the line. My men were working on an entirely different lead, because the fellows he had mentioned were not in the habit of stooping for cumbersome swag. Their graft was usually money or jewellery, and a fur robbery was out of their latitude.

We acted at once and nabbed them and the merchandise. The goods recovered were worth more than \$50,000. Another two or three hours and the loot would have been shipped God knows where, and the arrests would never have been made. We had the goods on the mob and all of them were identified and convicted.

A few weeks passed, and then the phone rang again.

"Is that you, boss?"

"Yes."

"Buzzer clear?"

"Yes, she's clear."

"You had another bad one last night, didn't you?" There had been a murder on Essex Street.

"Yes."

"Do you know who done it?"

"No." I hadn't even a clue, though the victim was a member of the Augie mob.

"You don't know him."

He's got no record. He's a new punk in the Dropper gang. He's a master now. Say, boss, this kid has no guts. He's just a big punk.

When he comes back I'll give you a buzz. Bring him in and give him the works and he'll open up like a barn door."

The Dropper gang! I called off my men. It was a break I'd been waiting years to get! For days I felt a sense of high excitement. Then I got the expected call.

Nathan "Kid Dropper" Kaplan, also known as "Jack" (below) and Jacob "Little Augie" Orgen (right), leaders of their respective mobs, waged the bloodiest feud New York had ever known



"Hey, boss, that punk is back. He's hanging out at –" (he named a notorious gang resort on the Lower East Side). "He's a tough guy now. He's got a notch. What I told you about the works goes. There's nothing to him."

The boy was brought in. He was fresh and steamed up with his own importance. He got the works – with me handling it personally. I was very rough when I felt it necessary, and this was one of those times.

The confession I got from that boy justified my methods. It was the most astonishing I ever received in my 25 years of police work.

FOR anyone who wonders why the police so often fail to convict gang killers, this confession was the answer. It demonstrated

the cautious, cold-blooded planning of the murder, and the leader's care to have his own perfect alibi. The boy told me he had gone to high school and flunked. Then he went to work for four or five employers and they all accused him of robbing them.

"Well, did you?" I asked.

"Yes," he admitted.

He began to hang out in Delancey Street with a fellow known as "Tough Jake," and he started to follow the Dropper gang. He left home

and went to live in the baths. Money became scarce and his clothes got shabby. Then he got up the courage to speak to the Dropper.

"Say, Jack, can't you give me some kind of a job? I need clothes. I'm willing to make good. Can't you send me out on a strike, or any other kind of a job?"

The Dropper eyed him up. The boy was tall, athletic, and looked a likely recruit.

"You want to be a member of the mob, heh?" the chief

do the job."

There was a chilling piece of advice – the underworld's traditional warning: "If you should be unfortunate enough to get the collar and they take you to the station house and give you the works, don't rat. Take your medicine. The next morning we'll look after you. There isn't a chance of you being convicted. You'll have the best mouthpiece in New York to look after you. In the Tombs you'll live on the fat

"The Dropper knew that I was after him. He knew, from the boy's conviction, that I had a sure source of information on his movements. He became uneasy"

you take a ride along the rat way that you're in solitary confinement."

The boy had followed these instructions to the letter and killed his man just as the Dropper had ordered. But the Dropper couldn't be touched. There was no corroborative evidence of that conversation, and that's what the law demands. The gang hadn't even known the details of the killing.

When the boy had got back to the gang after the murder the other gunmen surmised that he had done the job because he was "persona grata" with the Dropper. But neither he nor the Dropper said anything about it. The boy would never have been apprehended without my informant and would never have confessed without the beating he received.

I brought him before the district attorney after his confession. Realising the character of the boy, the fact that he had no record and that the confession was obtained under duress, the prosecutor agreed to accept a plea to murder in a lesser degree, although it was really a clear case of premeditated first-degree murder.

The boy was sentenced to prison, and he knew the penalty for squealing. He was afraid to go to Sing Sing, he was afraid to go to Dannemora or to Auburn, or to any other prison where the old-timers were confined. He knew the Dropper would find a way to take revenge on him in any of those prisons. I arranged for him to be sent to Comstock, where he would be safe.

The Dropper knew that I was after him. He knew, from the boy's conviction, that I had a sure source of information on his movements. He became

uneasy. He was more cautious than ever. He allowed no follower near him about whom he felt the slightest suspicion. His men were hunting for my informant. They meant murder.

To protect himself the Dropper began to hold his meetings with his men outside my district. But there was no way for the Dropper to know that the man who was serving me at the risk of his life was a notorious "gun" who the underworld would never suspect, but who owed me a debt that he remembered every time he went home and looked his mother in the face.

Weeks went by. I knew that another phone call would come. I felt somehow that I would get the big break at last. Then once again I heard the familiar voice.

"Is that you, boss? I haven't bothered you since that last one."

"No," I replied, hopefully.

"I've got a good one for you this time. The Dropper is handling a strike. The gang are to meet in the Putnam Building tomorrow at three o'clock, go out in two carloads, and get instructions from the Dropper where to do the entertaining. When you get them tomorrow, they'll all be armed. They are going to meet on the third floor of the Putnam Building, in the office of Dan Kaplan."

It was the break. As the gangsters would be armed, they could be grabbed and imprisoned even if we couldn't pin any other crime on them. I knew too that Dan Kaplan, the manager of Sid Terris, the prize-fighter, was in the west. Kaplan was the Dropper's brother and the gangster was taking advantage of his absence to assemble his killers together outside my district.

I selected a dozen men on whom I could rely absolutely, and the following morning I covered the Putnam Building.

I sent a detective to work in the building as an assistant to the engineer. His job was to repair radiators on the third floor. He didn't know the Dropper gang and they didn't know him. That's why I used him. His part in the round-up was vital. He was



finally asked.

"Yes."

"Well, I've got a job for you," the Dropper went on. "Now, do you know so-and-so?" He named a member of the rival "Little Augie" gang.

"Yes," the boy answered.

"Think you've got guts enough to croak him?"

"Sure."

"Well, that's your job. Here's a gat. The numbers are filed off it so they can't trace it. As soon as you leave, bunk it until you're ready to

of the land. If it's necessary we can fix a juror or two, and witnesses are made to order. Every man has his price, and we can raise all the money necessary to take care of you, providing you deserve it.

"But if you rat, you stand alone and you're going to take a ride. We've got plenty of friends in the Tombs to make it interesting for you, and when you get to stir we've plenty of friends there. You might as well make up your mind when

CHRONICLES OF CRIME

● continued from page 11

KILLER "SLASHED OFFICER"

August 15th

DAVID BIEBER

(right), who is serving life for the murder of a policeman, has allegedly knifed a woman prison officer at Long Lartin prison, Worcestershire. Bieber is accused of grabbing her and repeatedly slashing her with a 12-inch blade.



The guard's injuries were not life-threatening.

Bieber, 51, was a prime suspect for a murder in Florida when he fled to the UK from the US and shot dead PC Ian Broadhurst in Leeds in 2003. He also attempted to kill two other officers.

"MANY MORE VICTIMS FOR KILLER NURSE"

August 29th

FOLLOWING A three-year police investigation concerning Niels Högel, a nurse convicted of killing two patients with overdoses of heart medicine in Germany, the former medic is now believed to have claimed nearly 90 more victims.

Högel, 40, was jailed for life in February 2015 for two murders and several attempted murders of intensive care patients at Delmenhorst hospital in northern Germany. But police have found evidence of another 88 murders after analysing scores of patient files and exhuming more than 130 bodies in Germany, Poland and Turkey. Since several of Högel's patients were cremated, police said the real figure could be higher.

Police believe that Högel carried out his first murder in February 2000, when he was employed at a clinic in Oldenburg in Lower Saxony.

After killing at least another 35 patients, he moved in 2002 to a hospital in Delmenhorst, near Bremen.

Högel would inject patients' veins with a cardiovascular drug in order to orchestrate medical emergencies that would require him to step in and resuscitate the patients in the intensive care unit. During Högel's time in Delmenhorst, the number of deaths at the unit doubled from about 5



Niels Högel – jailed for life

per cent to 10 per cent.

On June 22nd, 2005, a colleague witnessed Högel injecting ajmaline into a patient, who died a day later. However, management decided not to call the police or raise the issue with Högel directly until two days later, allowing the nurse to kill another patient, his last, on June 24th.

When Högel was sentenced in 2008 to seven-and-a-half years in prison for attempted murder, a woman contacted police with suspicions that her mother could have also fallen victim to him.

In January 2015 Högel confessed to administering 90 unauthorised injections, of which 30 had been fatal because he had been unable to resuscitate the patients. At the time, he said he felt "fully responsible" for the 30 deaths but denied any further killings.

Högel is expected to be back in court next year.

● more Chronicles on page 50

to watch the office itself.

"Bob," I instructed him, "Let me know how fast they are gathering, and when I am ready to crash be sure to have that door open. Our case is gone if we lose one second."

I was talking from experience. If there's an instant of delay when the police are crashing in on a gang the killers will simply drop their guns on the floor and they'll be so surprised when you ask them how the pistols came to be there. A man has to have a gun on him under the terms of the law, so a raid of this nature has to be fast work.

Bob kept in touch with me by phone. Three, four, five, seven, nine and finally 12 members of the gang had been counted going into Kaplan's office. I figured it was time to move. We swept into the building and up to the third floor. Bob was ready and had the door open without a second's delay. We burst into the outer office before the Dropper's men knew what was happening and nabbed several of them, all with gats in their possession.

The Dropper and "Little Roddie," his gun-carrier, were in an inner room sitting in front of a desk, the Dropper in a low swivel chair. As I rushed into the room the Dropper stood up and so did Little Roddie. No weapon was found on either of them, but under a piece of carpet beneath the swivel chair were two .38 Smith and Wessons, fully loaded.

"I'm a sick man," said the Dropper.

"I'll agree with you," I told him. "Not as yet, but you will be."

Just then the phone rang and I answered it.

"Is that you, Jack?" asked a voice on the line.

"Yes," I replied with the best imitation of the Dropper's voice I could give. "Come on right over and be armed. We're ready to roll."

Then I hung up quickly.

About 20 minutes later three more of the gang walked into the trap. They were known on the East Side as "The Cowboys," and each had a gun.

Then we started to count noses. Besides the Dropper we had 14 men who we knew belonged to the mob and were all killers, although

we couldn't prove individual murders against them.

The Dropper had ordered and his killers had carried out too many cold-blooded homicides to expect kindness from the police. Women and children had been among the victims, innocent bystanders in gun battles between the

"That brother is a terrible handicap to me and my sisters. My father is dying up in Farmingdale right now. We are all trying to do the right thing, and Jack has always made trouble for us"

Dropper and Augie gangs. A policeman had been slain only a few weeks before too. All of which my detectives remembered when we finally had the notorious crew with the goods on them.

We took the whole band down to headquarters, where we entertained them all night. We sent out an alarm to all precincts, districts and police squads to have complainants in important cases attend the line-up at headquarters the following morning. Thirteen of the gangsters were identified in serious crimes, three of them murder. But nobody identified the Dropper. Gang leaders take no chances.

I arraigned the whole band before Judge Renaud in Essex Market Court, and they were remanded in custody for 48 hours. The following day Dan Kaplan came to me, very upset.

"Captain," he said, "my fighter Sid wants me to drop him as his manager, and I don't blame him. Every newspaper in the United States, maybe in the world, has two or three columns on their front pages about the arrests, and linked with the story are the names of Dan Kaplan and Sid Terris because of the arrests in my office."

● **TURN TO PAGE 29 FOR THE REST OF GANGLAND CONFIDENTIAL**

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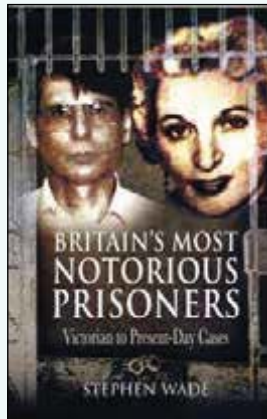


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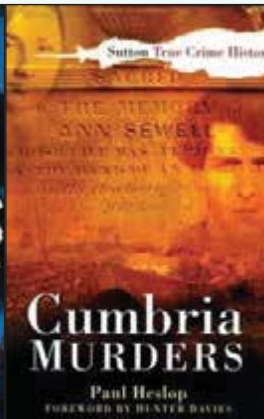
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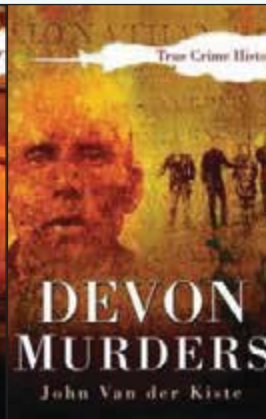
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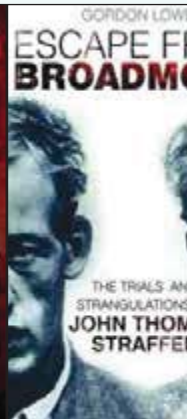
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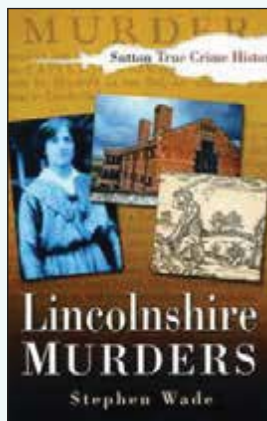
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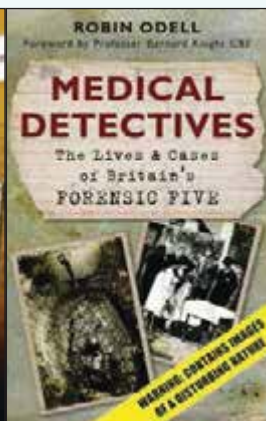
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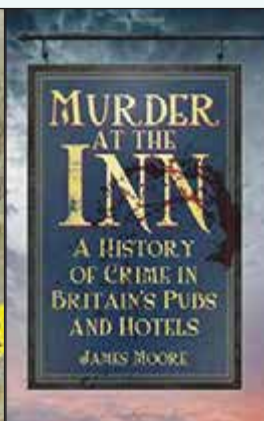
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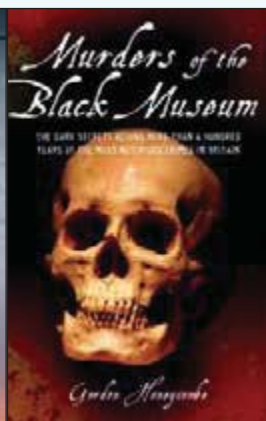
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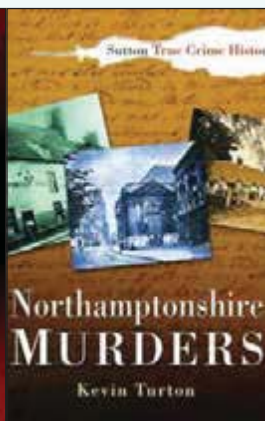
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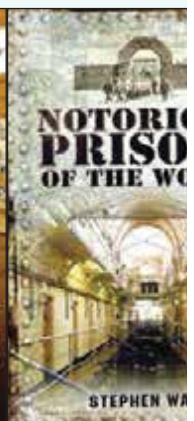
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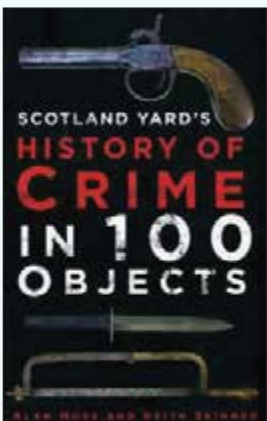
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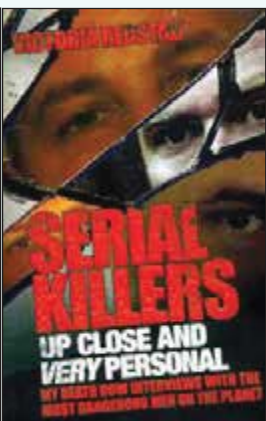
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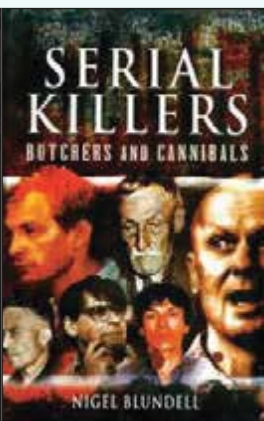
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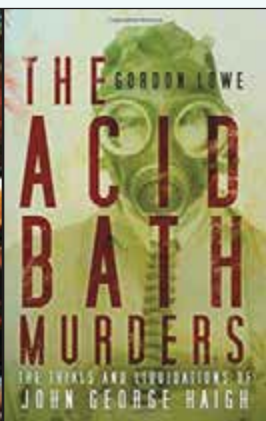
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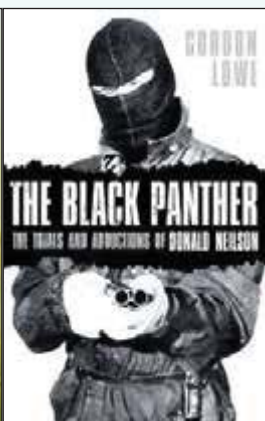
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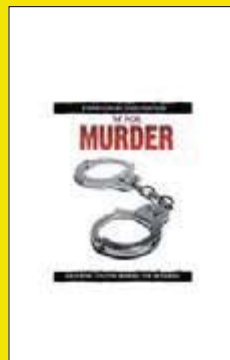
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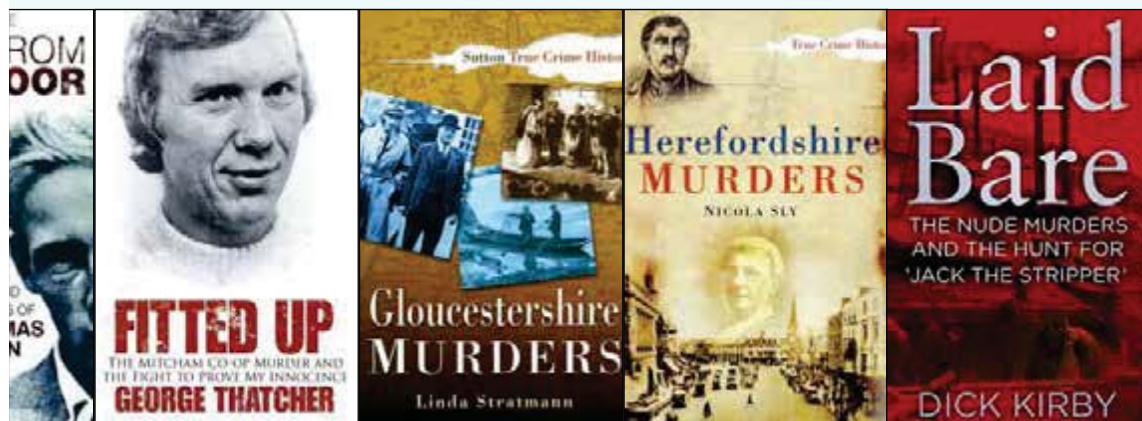
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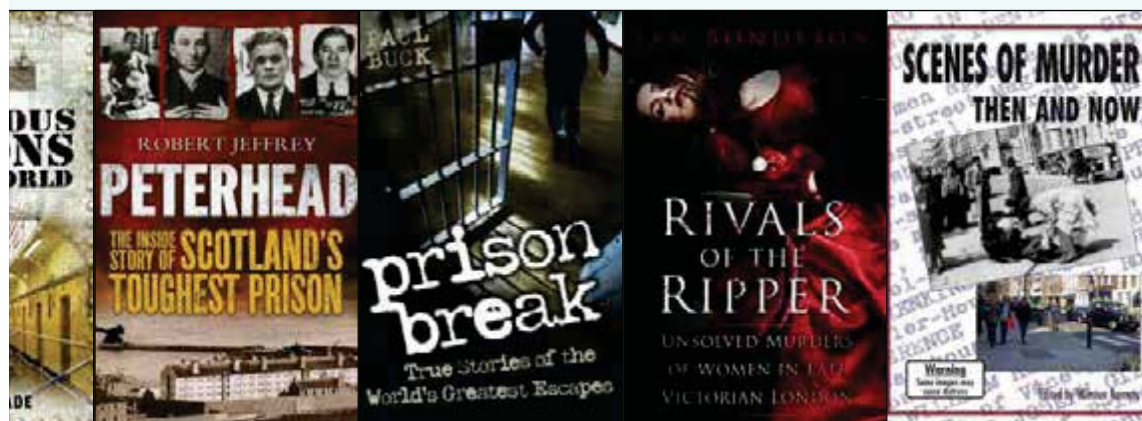


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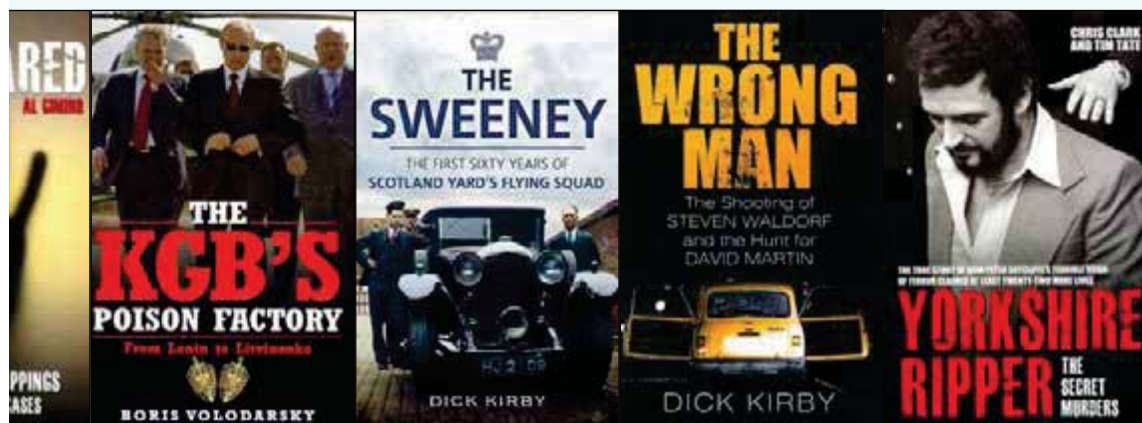


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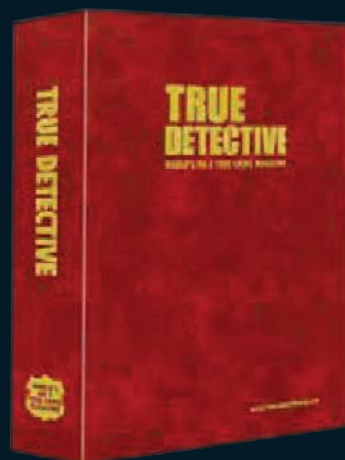
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Facing the judge after their round-up, Nathan "Kid Dropper" Kaplan (a white pin in his tie) flanked by his chief lieutenant and some of his gang. A few minutes after this photo was taken, Kaplan walked from the court a free man. Two minutes later he was dead, gunned down by a 17-year-old youth out to make a name for himself...



● **GANGLAND
CONFIDENTIAL
CONTINUED FROM
PAGE 24**

"That brother is a terrible handicap to me and my sisters. My father is dying up in Farmingdale right now. We are all trying to do the right thing, and Jack has always made trouble for us."

Then he raised a point which was causing me no end of thought as well.

"I've been over to see Jack this morning," he went on. "He doesn't want to be discharged tomorrow morning. He wants to stay in jail with the rest of the gang. He is afraid that when he comes out the Augie mob will get him. So would it be possible for me to take him out west with me, so long as you haven't got anything on him? For the sake of my father and my relatives, I want to get him away from New York. He's anxious to go west too. He realises that he's at the end of his rope, and I don't want to see him killed. He's my brother."

I got in touch with the district attorney and told him of Dan's offer to keep the Dropper out of New York for all time. Since we had nothing on the gang leader, the court would have to free him. And we all knew the Dropper would most certainly be murdered by his Augie enemies if he remained in the city.

"It is really the best way out of a poor bargain," said

the district attorney. "But put a tail on him so if we want him again we can pick him up." The plan was agreed.

"Dan," I asked, "what time are you and the Kid going to leave for the west?"

He named a train starting shortly after noon the next day at Grand Central Station.

"All right," I said. "You come to Essex Court at eleven o'clock tomorrow. I'll give you and your brother a couple of detectives to go a reasonable distance out of New York with you to see that nothing happens, and I'll tail behind you from the court to the Grand Central and cover the station. And keep this to yourself absolutely. Don't talk about it; don't let anyone know that you are going to take him along."

Dan promised me and left. About an hour afterwards the phone rang and I heard the familiar "Is that you, boss?" This time my friend surprised me completely.

"I hear that life-taker is going out west with his brother," he began. I was astonished. How did he know?

"Look out for yourself tomorrow," he continued. "Little Augie has got the news and he's steaming up a lot of punks because he realises that he can't get near the court with you there. You never know what a cokey (*cocaine user*) will do. I don't care if they get that

life-taker, but I don't want them to get you. Now be mighty careful of yourself tomorrow. Look out for yourself first!"

Nobody unfamiliar with the criminal world can fully appreciate just how great a devotion he was showing to me. He was playing with his life and taking a desperate chance. If I had dropped one word, he wouldn't have lived five minutes, and he knew it. He wouldn't have taken such a chance ordinarily for all the money in New York, for it wouldn't have been much use to him if the faintest suspicion arose concerning him. He had led me into trapping a whole gang of killers and now he was telling me the plans of a second band just as dangerous as the first. His mother was his motivation. I knew that. She was giving him no rest.

I had 80 detectives assigned to Essex Market Court the following day. All the avenues and streets leading to the court were crowded with small squads covering all approaches. Uniformed men were placed around the court.

News began to come in about 9.30. A sergeant and two men had picked up Little Augie himself, "Whitey," and "The Mouse" in a taxi. Two guns on Whitey, one on The Mouse, nothing on Augie, the sergeant reported. Of course not. Whitey was

carrying Augie's gun. Within a short while we had seven or eight members of the Augie gang in the Fifth Street station, charged with carrying concealed weapons, violations of parole and so on. Other men were also being picked up.

I was the happiest man in New York that morning. The job I'd been ordered to do was completed. No matter what happened to the leaders, I knew that the power of both gangs was shattered, since all the members under arrest were facing long terms.

Then we got ready for the Dropper. The other members of his band were arraigned in Essex Market, held without bail for the Grand Jury and sent off to the Tombs. The stage was set to arraign the Dropper, have him discharged quickly, and then rushed off to Grand Central.

I picked out two detectives, Jesse Josephs and La Bataglia, and told them to get a taxi. I didn't want to take the Dropper in my car, feeling that would be too conspicuous. I sent a squad of detectives ahead to the railway station, and then I had the block cleared of all people.

"Don't let any civilians at all remain in the block in front of the court," I ordered.

Jesse came back to report to me in the court that the taxi was ready. The formalities were soon over.

The Dropper's wife was there, and we got rid of her. Then I looked out. The taxi was waiting, and the block seemed completely clear of civilians, although I could see heads at all the windows fronting on the court. There seemed no danger with policemen and detectives everywhere on the watch.

"A shot rang out. A bullet ploughed into the back of the Dropper's head and blood spurted out on my face. A second slug ripped into my straw hat, through my hair and out the top of my hat. The Dropper's body fell on me"

We came down to the street and I put the Dropper into the taxi. I placed my foot on the running-board to get in beside him, but there was something I wanted to get off my chest first.

"You dirty life-taker," I said, "you're responsible for twenty-three murders that I know of, and it's a pity that I've got to protect your filthy carcass. Here I am forced to get squads and squads of men to take you to a train – to protect you. If I had my way I'd throw you out on the street and get you croaked. But, you dirty dog, don't ever come back to New York..."

A shot rang out. A bullet ploughed into the back of the Dropper's head and blood spurted out on my face. A second slug ripped into my straw hat, through my hair and out the top of my hat. The Dropper's body fell on me.

There were two more shots and I felt them thudding into his back. I hauled out the Dropper and threw him into the street. There was a fifth shot and the cab driver slumped in his seat. I leaped for the back of the taxi.

A dozen detectives were closing in around a little runt, a boy of 17 who stood there grinning, a gun in his hand. He was coked up to the nozzle. One quick squint

at his face told the story.

The men thought Detective Josephs and I were hurt because of the blood on our clothing, and they were grim as they surrounded the boy. But we had escaped and I didn't want a kid like this abused.

"Leave the boy alone," I ordered. "He's only a child. Look at the condition he's in." Then I went back to the Dropper, lying in a heap on the ground. He had the death rattle in his throat as I leaned over him and spoke.

"Well, you had it coming to you," I told him. "What do you think of it? You gave it to a lot of other guys. How do you like it yourself?"

Those were the last words the Dropper ever heard. He went into a coma and died soon afterwards.

THE Tombs was in an uproar. We had so many gangsters in there that we needed special help to keep the Dropper and Augie supporters from each other's throats. My attention was centred on the boy killer. We indicted him that day, and I brought him to court to plead before Judge Mancuso.



Louis Cohen, 17 (centre below, with Captain Willemse on the left), immediately after he had gunned down "Kid Dropper" in a taxi. He fired at point-blank range through the glass (above)



He was Louis Kintzler, or Louis Cohen, only five years out of Europe. He was a helper on a laundry wagon and had worked hard every day he'd been in the States. Yet he'd become a criminal overnight and now he was wild with happiness and excitement. His pockets were bulging out with clippings which he had cut from all the afternoon papers.

"Have you a lawyer?" asked Judge Mancuso.

"No," answered the grinning Louis, "but I'd like to have the firm of Walker and Warren."

"Who?" asked the judge, not certain he had heard right. Senator Walker was the leading member of the firm. His partner was Joseph Warren, subsequently Police Commissioner of New York. The firm was extremely well known, and I suppose the boy had seen its name in the newspapers.

"Hmmm," said the judge. "Well, the punishment is death or life imprisonment. Messrs. Walker and Warren are assigned to defend you, Mr. Cohen."

I brought Louis back to

the Tombs. As soon as he was inside he began to yell: "Hey, Augie, Augie!"

"What is it, Louie?" Augie shouted back.

"Did you see my pictures in all the papers?"

It was Louis's day. Hadn't he killed the notorious Kid Dropper, and hadn't Augie told all the punks of his mob that the man who killed the Dropper would be the greatest gangster in New York? Louis thought he was the hero of the underworld. As soon as he was in his cell he decorated the walls with pictures of the famous Louis Cohen. He didn't even think about what might happen to him in court.

Jimmy Walker was a very clever lawyer, and he put up a splendid defence for the boy. It was clearly a case of first-degree murder, but the lawyer outlined the boy's history, that he had worked every day since his arrival in America, that he had the mind of a child of about seven and that he had fallen into the hands of the Augie gangsters during a wet-wash handlers' strike. Walker described the character of the Dropper and brought to court dozens of people who had suffered at the hands of the Dropper mob or whose relatives had been slain in the various gang feuds. The jury returned a verdict of second-degree murder.

How did the boy manage to kill the Dropper despite all our precautions? I later heard the inside story from one of Louis's fellow-convicts:

"Louis and a friend had gone to the court to see the members of the Dropper's gang arraigned and taken away. Then people started to come through the gate in the courtroom. Louis spotted a man, pulled out his gat and said, 'There he comes now.'

"Just as Louis was about to pull the trigger, his friend struck down his arm. 'Say, hold on,' he told Louis, 'that ain't the Dropper, that's a reporter. Say, I'm off you for life. You'd shoot anybody?'

"Louis's friend walked off and Louis also left. He didn't have a chance to put his gun in his pocket, but he had a copy of the *Morning World* in his hand. He rolled up the gun in it and walked out with the rest of the crowd into the street. The police

were clearing the block and Louis walked into a barber shop across from the court. Nobody was getting shaved. Everybody in the shop was standing in the doorway or looking through the windows to see what was going to happen at the court. Louis mingled with them.

"Then someone cried: 'Here comes the Dropper now.' Louis walked out onto the sidewalk. A detective stopped him at once with the question, 'Where're you going?'

"'I'm going over there,' said Louis, nodding along the street.

"'One minute,' said the detective.

"Louis held up his hands and the detective felt all over his clothing but found no gun. Louis was holding it in the *Morning World* which he held over his head.

"'Go ahead, get out of here,' said the dick, satisfied all was OK.

"Then Louis raced over

to the cab, thrust his gun in the back window and fired away. If he hadn't pulled his gun in the courtroom he would never have thought of the newspaper trick. His pistol would have been in his pocket when he stepped from that barber shop and the detective would have grabbed it and him. The Dropper would be alive today, but I think things worked out better as it was."

"How does Louis figure he's lucky?" I asked his fellow-convict.

"Well, Louis says 'If I had croaked the captain I would have got the chair; if I had croaked the taxi chauffeur, I would have got the chair; but I just killed that big punk and when I come out in 1940, I'll be the most famous guy in New York City, and anything the cap wants he can have. The sky is the limit.'

What about the gunman whose mother enabled

Captain Willemse (left) and Louis Cohen (centre) moments after the murder



me to round up the Dropper and Augie gangs? Well, he kept out of prison while she lived. Shortly after her death he got mixed up in another shooting affray and he's now in stir. So are several members of the Dropper and Augie mobs. They'd like to know his name, but they never will. There are altogether too many notches on their guns already.

With the Dropper dead and the principal members of the two great East Side gangs in prison, I ordered Little Augie Orgen to report to my headquarters daily. He obeyed, and each time he appeared I questioned him for hours about his movements of the previous day. I didn't learn much, of course.

From Jacob Orgen's appearance and manner it was hard to believe he was

as bad as I knew him to be. He had respectable parents and brothers, and he was a good-looking young man except for a scar across his cheek, a souvenir from the Dropper.

He was soft-spoken, polite and gentlemanly. A man with at least a fair education, speaking English well and German fluently, acquired in Austria where he was born and from where he came to America as a small boy.

With the Dropper gone Little Augie had become the real East Side gangster chief. I knew that the remnants of the Dropper mob were to be wiped out or driven from town. Yet I was doubtful that this youngster before me could fill the place of the Dropper, the man who had conquered Johnnie Spanish, and was once the right-hand of Jack Zelig, "The Starker."

I'd treated Little Augie roughly at times in the past and knew him to be as game as they make them.



Right, "Big Jack" Zelig. Kid Dropper was his former right-hand man.

But he was a handful, and his ever-present smile, with the scar dimpling his cheek, made him seem strangely boyish.

I tried to be friendly with him but he was always silent – or smiling. A study for psychologists, he was always two blocks ahead of me. I never could fathom him. I spoke about his mother. No use. I warned him of jail, death from the mob or in the electric chair. No effect.

"You won't live very long," I warned.

"Well, all right, Captain, then I'll die soon. It's my life and I'm going to lead it as I have a right to do. I like you, Captain. You mean well. But if it wasn't for the likes of us, you wouldn't have a job."

Augie was still alive at the time of my retirement in 1925, and from time to



Above, "Legs" Diamond under arrest in 1931 shortly before his murder

time after that I heard news of him. The garment and fur strikes of the period had supplied plenty of money for the boys. A little clique of the Dropper gang was still active and gang shootings were occurring at intervals, but the Droppers lacked a leader and Augie was recognised as the chief during 1926 and 1927.

Then I happened to meet a member of the old Dropper mob at a summer resort early in September 1927.

"Augie's days are numbered," he told me. "He double-crossed the mob on a strike deal in Brooklyn and he's going to get his."

I paid little heed to this report since the man who gave it to me was not reliable. But a few days later I had the same word from another source.

Late in September I met Augie himself on Upper Broadway, and warned him. I knew that he had plenty of money.

"Get out of town," I said, "and take a trip."

Augie's younger brother was with him and had stepped aside when I spoke to the gangster.

"Augie," I demanded, "is this kid brother of yours flirting with death by travelling with you?"

"Oh, no. The kid's straight. He's working!"

"Good. You keep away from him and beat it while you've got the chance."

On the morning of October 16th, a Sunday, I met Dr. Norris at the Red Star Line pier. We were to pay our respects to the new Belgian Ambassador to the United States. We had been invited to the ship by the Belgian *chargé d'affaires*, Prince De Croy.

After the brief introductions Dr. Norris called me aside.

"We have a friend of yours in the morgue."

"Who is it this time, Little Augie?"

"Yes; you read about it in the papers?"

"No, I haven't seen a paper, but I knew he had it coming to him."

"Well, come on over and see him," the doctor suggested.

On a slab in the morgue lay the body of Little Augie, awaiting an autopsy. On his face was his habitual smile, but it didn't look so real now.

Augie's kid brother was on hand to identify the body, two doctors were about to begin the post-mortem, and a police officer was in attendance. I debated with myself, then I called young Orgen forward.

"Take a good look, son, and never forget. If they try to draw you into the mob,

think of where and how you last saw your brother. He was one of the gamest and shrewdest, yet you see where he got. They all come here if they stick at it long enough, and once a boy gets in, the mob won't let him quit."

Other detectives were talking elsewhere while I was at the morgue. They were grouped around the bedside of a wounded man in the hospital. Jack "Legs" Diamond, the lieutenant of Little Augie, had been shot down in the same fusillade that had killed his chief.

"Who did the shooting?" the detectives were asking him. "Come on, name them and we'll get them! Can you identify them?"

Finally the man in the bed raised his head.

"I'm not identifying nobody." That was all he ever said about the shooting – to the police.

"Legs" Diamond recovered. He'd got his start as the right-hand man of Little Augie, and he stepped into his chief's shoes as the city's gang boss, his subsequent career becoming legendary.

Whenever an underworld murder occurred, the police wondered what "Legs" Diamond might know about it. He was wanted in the Hotsy Totsy murders, but couldn't be found until after four of the state's witnesses had disappeared – permanently, some of my brother-detectives were convinced.

He kept away from the East Side. So did Little Augie after the first smash-up of his gang. The East Side was a hard district to control, a dangerous field for the racketeer whose organisation had any weak spots.

The East Side was the Dropper's territory, and it once was Little Augie's. But it never belonged to "Legs" Diamond. He was to be found on Broadway, until he was shot dead on the night of Thursday, December 17th, 1931, sharing the fate of the Dropper and Little Augie.

● *Cornelis Wilhelmus Joannes Maria "Cornelius" Willemse died, aged 70, on July 11th, 1942, in Manhattan, New York.*

DID IRISH WIFE MURDER HUSBAND ON CHRISTMAS EVE?

ISOBEL MARTIN WAS delighted. Her aunt and uncle had invited her to stay with them over Christmas at their small house overlooking Belfast Lough, and she looked

**Case report by
Mike James**

forward to seeing them.

Her uncle, 78-year-old William Barber, had been a sergeant in the Royal Irish Constabulary, retiring in 1909. Fanny Barber, considerably younger than her husband at "over 50," was his second wife.

A week after Isobel's arrival, Christmas Eve 1933 began quietly enough at the couple's home, "Sunnybank," in Cultra, County Down. That evening they had a caller, a Mrs. Dornan with whom they chatted in the dining-room. William Barber was on good form and seemed to enjoy the company, although Mrs. Dornan's visit was brief – she arrived just after 8 o'clock, and at 8.20 she rose to leave.

Mr. Barber offered to see her to the bus, but his wife objected. He'd had several colds recently, she reminded him, and she didn't want him to catch another. When Isobel said she would accompany Mrs. Dornan instead, Mrs. Barber protested that it was too dark for a young girl to be out alone. Nevertheless, Isobel went with Mrs. Dornan to the bus.

It's a County Down slaying that continues to intrigue. Fanny Barber claimed a mystery intruder killed her elderly husband. Shortly before he was shot she was worried about him catching a cold...



Belfast Lough, which the Barber home in Cultra, County Down, overlooked

On her return 45 minutes later, she found that the front door of Sunnybank was locked, so she rang the bell. From a bedroom window her aunt called to her saying that she was too frightened to come down. A rough-looking man had been hanging around the house while Isobel was away, Mrs. Barber explained, telling her

niece to go round to the back door.

Isobel told her to come down and open the front door. After waiting a few seconds she rang the doorbell again, but there was no response. On going to the side door to gain entry to the back yard, Isobel found that this door was also locked. It didn't occur to her to try the

when she heard her aunt's footsteps behind her.

Fanny Barber took Isobel's torch from her and led her in through the garage and into the yard, saying that she thought there had been a struggle in the hall.

As they entered the house, she asked Isobel to go with her into the hall to see what had happened. "The hall was in darkness and I was afraid," the niece said later.

They decided to go for help to the home of a neighbour, Peter Conlan. He was in fact Mrs. Barber's tenant as he lived in a bungalow that she had built the year before.

It was then about 9.10 and Mrs. Barber asked Mr. Conlan to accompany her and her niece back to Sunnybank. On their way to her home Mrs. Barber asked him: "Did you see a man prowling about the back of my house this evening?"

When he said he had seen no one she asked: "Well, did you hear him?"

He told her he had been startled by some noises, and she said that the prowler had been hiding in her garage all that evening. When they reached her home, she said something about her "poor darling lying in the hall," but Mr. Conlan did not know what she meant.

She flashed her torch at the garage. "Be careful," she warned. "Maybe that scoundrel is hiding there yet." But nobody was there. They went through the garage, and as they reached the back door of the house the Barbers' two dogs came out of the kitchen. Mrs. Barber led the way

garage doors, and she was returning to the front door



inside. "Come till you see my poor darling," she said.

There was no light in the hall so she shone her torch and the neighbour saw Mr. Barber lying on his back near the front door.

"What is it, Mr. Conlan?" asked Mrs. Barber. "Who could have done that to my poor darling?"

William Barber appeared to be dead. A revolver lay across his right forearm, and he had a wound below his left ear. Isobel had remained in the kitchen, and as Mr. Conlan and Mrs. Barber bent over the body, the niece began screaming and fainted.

Going to her assistance, Mr. Conlan revived her and quickly ushered the two women out of the house and took them back to his home, where Mrs. Conlan looked after the distressed niece while her husband called on a friend, Mr. M'Gaghey, with whom he went to the nearby yacht club to phone the police.

The two men then returned to the Barbers' house where Conlan lit the gas in the hall. A police sergeant arrived a few minutes later, accompanied by a doctor. They found that the dead man had a chest wound as well as an injury to his head. The mats on the hall floor were not disarranged, and there was no sign of a struggle.

Police Sergeant William Patton then went to Mr. Conlan's home, where Mrs. Barber told him that a man had entered her house at about 8.35 p.m. He was aged between 45 and 50, she said, and was wearing a grey suit and a cap pulled down over his eyes. She had run up to her bedroom and locked the door.

Hearing a scuffle in the hall, she stayed in her room until her niece returned at about 9 p.m.

Mrs. Barber said that the intruder had not spoken, she had not seen anything in his hands, and she had heard no shots.

On Christmas Day, Sergeant Patton interviewed Mrs. Barber again, noting several changes in her story.

"A few minutes after Mrs. Dornan and my niece left," she told the sergeant, "my husband said that he was going into the kitchen to listen to the wireless. Both of us then went into the kitchen.



The Union flag flying from City Hall, Belfast

"I lit the gas and my husband went out the back door into the yard. He did not say what he was going out the back for. He returned to the kitchen in eight or nine minutes. He was about to sit in the armchair near the wireless when the back door opened suddenly and a stout man of medium height rushed in.

"I dashed upstairs to a front bedroom and bolted the door. The man did not speak. He had a brown tweed cap

I thought was one or two shots. The noise in the hall lasted only a few minutes."

Mrs. Barber went on to say that after her niece returned "when we came to the hall we saw my husband lying at the back of the front door. I walked towards him and looked at him. There was blood on his mouth. My husband had a revolver, and I think that the revolver shown to me by the sergeant was my husband's.

"He generally kept it

The bullet had been fired from above at an angle of 30 degrees, and William Barber's chest wound had been inflicted from an angle of 45 degrees above the right shoulder

pulled down over his eyes. He was wearing a brown woollen muffler which was well up over his chin. He had a shabby brown or fawn suit and no overcoat. He might be about fifty years of age and burly-looking. I think he had a small moustache.

"I could not say if the man had anything in his hand as I rushed away too quickly. When I was in the bedroom I heard a noise in the hall like wrestling and also heard what

on top of the wardrobe in the bedroom occupied by himself. That was the only place I ever saw it, and the last time I saw it was the time of the riots in Belfast in 1932. At that time he took it with him when collecting rent for Adam Turner and Co. of Belfast.

"At the time I was running up the stairs I heard my husband and the other man running into the hall. At that time I had not heard any

shots."

The sergeant subsequently examined all the rooms in the house, but none of them appeared to have been disturbed, apart from the kitchen. There he found a chair, the centre bar of which appeared to have been shattered by a bullet. The chair was between a window and the scullery door, and there was a mark on the wall between the window and the door in line with the centrepiece at the back of the chair. The mark on the wall appeared to have been caused by a bullet, as there were fragments of mortar. A bullet was found in the room, under a sofa.

Later that day, Police Constable John Kiernan went to the house, where he saw Mrs. Barber in the kitchen. "My dear has gone for ever," the constable claimed she said. "Isn't it terrible, constable? I had a lovely home here, but it is hard for some people and it has been hard for me. I always had it hard.

"All that troubled him was saving for one thing and another. He gave me an allowance, and the remainder had to go by. I could not get him to come away for a week's holiday. I was in here all the time, and between working in the yard and knitting stockings for him I never got out, except for running to Belfast and Holywood for messages. See these shoes I am wearing? I have had them nine months."

The following day another constable claimed Mrs. Barber told him: "This is a plan of his family to put me out of the place. He has a son coming off the navy next year, and a daughter of his is a nurse. Neither of them likes me.

"All the furniture in this house belongs to my mother. There is nothing in this house, only what I made with my own hands and brought into it. I got that bungalow built last year as an income in case anything happened to him. He was an old scringe and never gave me anything, only what kept the house. He always said he was putting it by for me, but I know who he was putting it by for. He made a will in favour of me if I could prove there was nothing wrong with me."

Later that day her behaviour became

increasingly irrational and a doctor was summoned from Hollywood. He certified her insane and she was taken to Downpatrick Asylum, where she remained until the following May when she became a voluntary patient at another hospital.

Then in September 1934 she was arrested and charged with her husband's murder.

Fanny Barber's trial began at Ulster Winter Assizes at Derry on December 7th, 1934. Dressed in a black, fur-trimmed coat and a black hat, and little more than four feet tall, she pleaded "Not guilty."

The prosecution was led by the attorney-general, Mr. M. D. Begley KC, who told the jury that one bullet had entered Mr. Barber behind his left ear travelling down across his chest. This, together with other medical evidence, indicated that he must have been lying on his right side – probably on the sofa in the kitchen – when the shot was fired. Another shot had missed, striking the kitchen wall, and a third bullet had penetrated his chest.

Peter Conlan, the Barbers' neighbour, told the court that he was in his sitting-room when he was startled by a loud noise, accompanied by a lot of vibration, between 8.15 and 8.30 p.m. He thought at first that a picture had fallen on the floor in his dining-room.

After trying unsuccessfully to trace the source of the noise, he returned to his sitting-room. About 20 minutes later he was startled again by another noise. "It was a single noise," he said, "and seemed to go down by the boats directly opposite the Barbers' house." This was at about 8.50 p.m., and the noise sounded like a car door being slammed.

Conlan added that earlier, in about mid-October, he had been chatting to Mrs. Barber and had referred to her husband's continued good health.

"Yes," Mrs. Barber replied, "I wonder will the old fool ever die?"

Mr. Justice Brown asked: "You did not take that as a threat to murder him?"

"No, I took it as a joke."

Asked about the couple's relationship, Mr. Conlan said they had appeared to be



Bishop's Gate, Derry. Fanny Barber's first trial opened in the town in December 1934

happy. He had heard them arguing, but no more than was usual between a husband and wife.

Sergeant Patton said that the butt of Mr. Barber's revolver was too rough for any fingerprints to be found on it.

Dr. L.F. Donnan told the court that after examining Mr. Barber's body, he had offered Mrs. Barber and her niece some tablets. Mrs. Barber, who did not seem particularly upset, was indignant and refused the offer, but Miss Martin accepted a tablet.

The doctor said that while the sergeant was questioning the niece, Mrs. Barber grimaced at her as if to warn her. On a cushion on the sofa he found a pipe which had just been lit. On looking under the sofa for ashes, he found a bullet.

The pathologist who conducted the post-mortem at Belfast mortuary, Dr. E. A. Clerkin, said that the hair by Mr. Barber's ear had been singed, indicating that he had been shot at very close range. The bullet had been fired from above at an angle of 30 degrees, and Mr. Barber's chest wound had been inflicted from an angle of 45 degrees above the right shoulder. He died from shock and haemorrhage.

Dr. Clerkin said he did not think that in a struggle the revolver could have been raised to the angle from which the shot to the victim's chest had been fired.

Challenging this, Mr. William Lowry KC, defending, requested a demonstration. Dr. Clerkin then left the witness-box, and Mr. Lowry, struggling with him, tried to raise the revolver

to the angle from which the shot to the chest had been delivered.

Dr. Clerkin said he still could not agree that the wound could have been inflicted in that way.

The court then heard the details of Mr. Barber's will, which had been made in 1920 and was produced by his solicitor. Leaving everything to his wife, Mr. Barber had declared: "My children will not, I am satisfied, attribute their not receiving any pecuniary benefit hereunder to any lack of parental affection or regard of them by me, and they will understand that my duty to my dear wife, who has made my home and my latter life so comfortable and happy and for whom I have a deep affection, imposes on me the necessity of making all the provision my small limited means enables me for her future."

Opening the case for the defence, Mr. Lowry said that not a single witness had been produced to show that the happy relationship which existed when the will was made had ceased by the night of the murder. The sole benefit which the widow stood to derive from her husband's death amounted to only £270 from insurance policies. Was it reasonable to suggest that a wife who had looked after her husband so well that he was in good health at 78 should suddenly murder him on Christmas Eve?

On December 23rd, Mr. Barber had been collecting rents in Belfast, the defence counsel said, and it was possible that he had then been marked down as a target for robbery.

Mr. Lowry suggested that when the alleged intruder entered the Barber home, the victim dashed for the hall where his overcoat was hanging, containing the revolver which he carried for his protection while rent-collecting. Mr. Barber had then discharged a shot into the kitchen at his assailant, but missed. A struggle had then taken place, the gun being forced from his hand.

Giving evidence in her own defence, Fanny Barber told the court she had always been on good terms with her husband. She denied making the remarks attributed to her by the two constables. If she had made such statements, she said, then Downpatrick Asylum had certainly been the right place for her.

"During the whole course of your married life were you always on the best and most affectionate terms with your husband?" asked Mr. Lowry.

"Decidedly so. I could not have been otherwise."

"Was the word 'scringe' true about your husband?"

"I don't really know what it means."

"As far as I can gather it means a sort of miser."

"My husband was an upright, industrious, thrifty, hard-working man. That is all anyone can say about him, and that is all I can say about him."

When she heard shots after locking herself in her bedroom, she told the court, she collapsed on the floor and did not regain consciousness until she was roused by her niece ringing the doorbell.

"Had you hand, act, or part in your husband's death?" was her counsel's concluding question.

"Certainly not," she replied.

Cross-examined by Attorney-General Begley, Mrs. Barber said she did not remember any conversations she had with the police on the morning after the shooting, and described the statement she was alleged to have made to Constable Kiernan as an absolute falsehood.

Asked why the constable would tell a story against her that was not true, she replied, "I say I did not say it."

Questioned about the statement the second constable swore she made to him, she said she could not remember having a

conversation with him. She claimed she was forced into a room several times by a number of policemen and questioned. Some of the officers were quite nice, she said, but others asked very rude questions about her husband, which she thought they were not entitled to do in the circumstances.

The attorney-general then asked, "If you were treated

in the way you state by the constables, do you know you could have complained to Sergeant Patton?"

"At that particular time I would have done anything the police asked me."

"Might you have made these statements without appreciating what you were saying?"

"I don't remember ever having made any statements."

"Do you remember saying that this was a plan of the family to do you out of the place?"

"I don't remember that."

"Did you say, 'He has a son coming off the navy next year, and a daughter who is a nurse, and neither of them likes me'?"

"I don't think so."

"Had your husband a son coming off the navy next

year?"

"Yes, a nice boy."

"How do you suggest the constable got these items of information if you did not tell him?"

Fanny Barber said the other constable seemed to have more information about her husband's affairs than she had herself. Through her husband's relations with the police he and his family were well known to them.

"So you think all this information was known to the constables?"

"I certainly think it was known to them."

Cross-examined further, Mrs. Barber said that she did not run from the house through the front door and alarm the neighbours because it did not occur to her to do so. She did not raise the alarm by shouting from her bedroom window because she had collapsed.

"The reason you didn't come down and open the front door was because you knew your husband was dead"

"Did it not occur to you to tell your niece immediately to alarm the neighbours?" asked Mr. Begley.

"I was too excited. I didn't think of it."

"I put it to you that the reason you didn't come down and open the front door was because you knew your husband was lying up against the door dead."

"I didn't know."

The prosecutor then asked: "Don't the dogs usually bark when strangers come about the place?"

"They have a habit of barking, but I don't remember if they did that particular evening."

After Mrs. Barber stepped down from the witness-box, Mrs. Elizabeth Richardson of Clanbrassil Terrace, Cultra, gave evidence for the defence. She told the court that between 8.30 and 8.45 p.m. on Christmas Eve, a man had come to her door, asking if she knew where the



MURDEROUS MICHAEL SAMS

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THE TWO MARGARET ALLENS

One Awaits Execution



HANGED IN AUSTRALIA

Christmas Horror At South Creek



THE "COME DINE WITH ME" MURDER



120 Hanged At PENTONVILLE

Your Complete Casebook

"Their Deaths Broke My Heart," said the Preacher



SPURNED LOVER KILLS 87

AMERICA'S MOST EVIL

Barbers lived. Their home was about 10 minutes' walk from her house.

The witness said that it had not occurred to her that this might be related to the case until some nine months after the murder.

This evidence, claimed Mr. Lowry, proved that the stranger prowling the neighbourhood was no myth invented by a murderess to cover her crime.

The attorney-general asked the jury if they thought that the two constables had deliberately concocted statements for the purpose of putting a rope round the accused's neck. He described Mrs. Barber as a woman of very peculiar mentality, and commenting on the absence of any signs of a struggle asked if it was likely that Mr. Barber, an ex-policeman who should have known self-defence, would have allowed an assailant to take his revolver without putting up a fight.

Summing-up, Mr. Justice Brown said it was more important that the jury should acquit the accused if the Crown had not proved her guilt than that the murderer of William Barber should be brought to justice.

Referring to the defence counsel's comments on the conduct of the police, the judge said he thought them unjustified.

He went on to say it was astounding that a woman who had been through the brainstorm Fanny Barber must have suffered in the past 12 months could remember half the things she did in giving evidence.

"What was the motive for the crime? Was it robbery?" he asked. "There was left in the dead man's possession a gold watch and chain, and a sum of £46. Do you think there was an assassin in that house at all, as described by the accused, or that such an assassin, having shot this man, would have gone away and left him with £46 and his gold watch and chain?"

And the verdict? There wasn't one! The jury were unable to agree, and a retrial was ordered, which began at County Down Assizes on March 11th, 1935.

This time the defence counsel focused more closely on the bullet wounds. If William Barber was shot

while lying on the kitchen couch, as the prosecution claimed, Mr. Lowry said, it was inconceivable that he could then move 15 or 16 feet to where he was found and not leave a spot of blood. He must have been shot while in an upright position. The downward wounds in the neck and chest could not have been inflicted by Mrs. Barber, who was only 4ft 2ins in height, while her husband was 6ft 1ins tall.

Glasgow pathologist Professor John Glaister was then called to testify for the defence. He said that in view of William Barber's age there would be no voluntary movement by him after he received the wound on the left side of the neck.

Assuming that Barber was lying on the couch when he was shot, he did not think he could have proceeded to the position behind the hall door where he was found. Had he been dragged or carried, there would have been copious traces of blood.

As it was not possible to get close to the wall the shot could not have been fired at Barber while on the couch from the angle suggested.

The attorney-general continually objected to the line of questioning adopted by Mr. Lowry, and when the defence counsel said he had finished with the pathologist, the prosecutor declared, with apparent anger, "I have no questions to ask this witness."

As Professor Glaister was leaving the box the attorney-general said: "Let me tell you the Scots boat leaves at 9.30."

Resuming his seat in the box, Professor Glaister asked Lord Justice Andrews whether he could demand an apology. "I am not used to being treated in this manner," he said.

The judge said he could not ask for the remark to be withdrawn, but suggested that the attorney-general should withdraw it.

However, the prosecutor declined to say anything.

Mr. J. H. Campbell prefaced his speech for the defence by referring to this "uncalled-for attack" on a witness of such worldwide reputation as Professor Glaister, who had come to give the jury the benefit of his

undoubted experience and knowledge, "not to defeat the cause of justice or to run like a chased hare to the Glasgow boat."

Addressing the jury, the attorney-general said he would apologise if he had said anything in excess of his rights and privileges as an advocate. However, he must point out that professional witnesses were different from ordinary witnesses. They were not there because they had any interest in the parties. They were expert and were being paid for being there.

They were, he said, witnesses who had not seen the corpse but gathered the evidence from outside the court and talked about probability and incompatibility. Professor Glaister's evidence was not worth a snap of the fingers.

The rest of the evidence was largely a repetition of what had been heard at the first trial.

At her retrial, Mrs. Barber had maintained her composure, but when the verdict of guilty was brought in by the jury she collapsed on the floor of the dock, where she lay in a state of hysteria; the silence of the court broken only by her cries of distress.

For almost 15 minutes until a doctor arrived, the judge and jury remained in their places, listening to Fanny Barber's cries. She had not heard the clerk of the court ask whether she had anything to say why the sentence of death should not be passed upon her.

She was still crying on the floor when Lord Justice Andrews pronounced the death sentence. He said the jury's recommendation to mercy would be noted.

Fanny was subsequently reprieved and her sentence was commuted. She went to prison but was freed on September 14th, 1942.

Did Fanny Barber shoot her husband, as the second jury believed, or was he – as she said – the victim of a mysterious intruder?

Consider how each piece of evidence against her was balanced by conflicting testimony in her favour. She was anxious to prevent her husband accompanying Mrs. Dornan to the bus, which suggests that she wished to be left alone with him at the

time of his murder. Yet she also objected to her niece accompanying Mrs. Dornan, and had the niece stayed at home, Mrs. Barber could hardly have carried out the killing.

Then there was Fanny Barber's claim that her husband was killed by a man who suddenly appeared from nowhere. Understandably, the prosecution dismissed this as a convenient but implausible story. And so it might seem, but for the evidence of Mrs. Richardson, the witness at whose home a stranger called shortly before the murder, asking to be directed to the Barbers' address.

Mrs. Richardson didn't know the Barbers, she merely knew of them, so she owed Fanny Barber no favours: she didn't come forward to testify out of friendship. And it was not until several months after the murder that the possible significance of what she knew became apparent to her.

Any grievances Fanny Barber might have had against her husband seem to have been no more than those of countless wives who think themselves hard done by, but would never dream of contemplating murder. If Fanny hated her husband, it would surely have showed, and her niece would have thought twice about spending Christmas in a household soured by disharmony. As it was, Isobel Martin was apparently happy to go there.

Equally apparently, Fanny Barber's attitude to her elderly husband was protective: she didn't want him to risk catching a cold. Had she wanted to be rid of him she would surely have welcomed any illness.

Consider also the killing's timing. Christmas Eve, with a young niece as house-guest, was a strange time to choose for a murder. When Isobel went to the bus stop with Mrs. Dornan, did Fanny Barber suddenly think, "Ah, she won't be back for a while. I'll shoot my husband?"

It seems incredible, but some murders are, and anyone would be suspicious of Fanny's story of the mystery intruder.

But what's your verdict? Would you have convicted Fanny Barber, or would you have let her walk free? Let us know by writing to us at the address on page 12.

Cultra Murder Verdict

Death Sentence on Mrs. Barber Jury's Recommendation to Mercy

Mrs. Barber was found guilty of the murder of William Barber, and sentenced to death. The jury recommended mercy.

40 Years Ago...

TWO ON THE GALLOP
BERMUDA'S LAST H

THE INFORMAL Saturday night dinner party had just finished at Government House in Hamilton, Bermuda. The guests, mostly VIPs from the legislature and administration, had dispersed to their homes and now, before turning in, the island's governor, Sir Richard Sharples, decided to go for a walk in the darkened grounds with his Great Dane Horsa. It was March 10th, 1973.

Along with them went the governor's bodyguard, Captain Hugh Sayers, 23. He too had been a guest at the dinner.

As the two men stepped out from the veranda to walk through the attractive gardens that surround Government House, they could never have known that they were taking their last walk.

For minutes into their nocturnal stroll two gunmen surged up from behind bushes and gunned them down in cold blood. This senseless act was supposed to be an expression of determination by an obscure group demanding independence for the island. The two officials were killed simply because they were symbols of British rule.

In his new post in Bermuda, Sharples had been plunged into a hornet's nest. There was a restless stir, an agitation for change, going on. Some of the islanders wanted an

end to colonial rule, and were prepared to murder for it.

Bermuda, an English settlement and then a Crown Colony from 1609 to 1684 respectively, was a divided island with a black majority that felt shut out of the political process by an entrenched white settler minority. In 1968 about 35.7 per cent of the island's population of 50,000 was white, the rest being of African, native American or mixed descent.

For its part, Britain was divesting itself in the 1950s and 1960s of its colonies. Macmillan's "wind of change" was blowing all over the place, but not fast enough for some.

In Bermuda the political action turned to murder for the first time on Saturday, September 9th, 1972 – just before Sharples was appointed governor, when the island's

Peter Baker from Leatherhead writes: "It's nearly 40 years since the last-ever executions under British rule took place in Bermuda. One of the killers had murdered the Governor-General of Bermuda. Have you ever written about the case?"

This dark episode in Bermuda's history hasn't previously featured in TC – so it's high time we put that right! Here's our account by Matthew Spicer, whilst opposite, crime writer John Sanders, who knew victim Sir Richard Sharples, pays tribute to the man – and recalls his distinguished career



Sir Richard Sharples and Lady Sharples with Captain Hugh Sayers, following the new Governor's swearing-in ceremony in October 1972. Five months later Sharples and Sayers were murdered

police chief Commissioner George Duckett was shot dead in the grounds of his home. Six months later Sharples and Captain Sayers were gunned down in the grounds of Government House.

A month following that double-murder, on Friday, April 6th, two local white men, Victor Rego and Mark Doe, were shot dead in the capital's shopping centre, during a robbery in the shop they ran as partners. Their killers had demanded money for their political movement to end British rule in Bermuda.

The murder of the Governor triggered a massive manhunt and investigation by the Bermuda Police. It took nearly three years to bring the killers to justice. Eventually, in 1976, a petty criminal named

Erskine Durrant "Buck" Burrows, a black man, was arrested, and confessed to shooting Sharples and Sayers. A co-accused named Larry Tacklyn, also black, was then arrested.

It transpired that the two men were linked to a small militant Bermudan Black Power gang calling itself the Black Beret Cadre.

What followed was a large and complex inquiry, led by Scotland Yard. It resulted in two trials.

In the first, on July 6th, 1976, Erskine Burrows, 33, was found guilty of murdering Duckett, Sharples and Sayers. In the second, four months later, on November 18th, Larry Tacklyn, 26, was found guilty of the shopping centre murders, but acquitted of involvement in the Sharples-

DOWNS FOR HANGINGS

Sayers murders.

There was only one sentence for the pair – hanging.

In his confession Burrows wrote: “The motive for killing the Governor was to seek to make the people, black people in particular, become aware of the evilness and wickedness of the colonialist system in this island.

“Secondly, the motive was to show that these colonialists were just ordinary people like ourselves who eat, sleep and



Condemned killers Erskine Burrows (above) and Larry Tacklyn (below)



die like anybody else and that we need not stand in fear and awe of them.”

The men’s appeals were swept away, together with pleas for mercy. The executions were stayed, so that the case could be heard by the Privy Council in London, but that appeal too was rejected.

No one thought for a moment that the hangings would actually take place.

There hadn’t been an execution on the island for more than 30 years. On top of that Britain had abolished capital punishment in 1965, so it seemed inconceivable that the government would allow executions to take place on what was legally British soil. Or so it was thought...

The island now had a new governor. He was Sir Peter Ramsbotham, and on October 20th, 1977, the Foreign Secretary in London, Dr. David Owen, sent him a cable that started up one of those buck-passing games beloved of high-profile administrators, saying that the government would not intervene.

It was up to the local governor to make the decision, Ramsbotham was told; the British government

“The motive for killing the Governor was to seek to make the people become aware of the evilness and wickedness of the colonialist system in this island”

could only intervene in exceptional cases. Apparently, this was not regarded as an exceptional case.

Ramsbotham’s response was that legally he couldn’t intervene either, and that most people in Bermuda wanted and expected a reprieve granted from London. The reply to that took another three weeks. When it came it was Dr. Owen’s view that he could not advise the Queen to prevent the law taking its course.

After that, London fell silent. The buck had been well and truly passed. Bermuda

THE KINDLY GOVERNOR

Dickie Sharples, as he was known to his friends, was an unlikely man to have become governor of the island colony. He was a career army officer, educated at Sandhurst, achieving the rank of major in the Welsh Guards. At first there didn’t seem to be a great deal to mark him out from any other British Army officer.

But Sharples was indeed something different. While still a young officer he was singled out for staff college and subsequently posted to Whitehall to join the headquarters staff of Field Marshal Montgomery in the newly-created Western European Commanders-in-Chief Organisation.

This was a secret outfit that was the forerunner of the free world’s defensive framework that followed the Second World War. It led to the creation of SHAPE, the Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Powers in Europe, and eventually to NATO.

The object of these sequential organisations was to defend civilisation against the onset of the Third World War, then looming large over Europe in the shape of the nascent Cold War. Many thinking people were convinced the Third World War would start soon and Sharples was one of the expert strategists chosen to be at the centre of planning for this forthcoming apocalyptic vision.

It was there, in Whitehall, that I began a three-month stint working for him. That experience taught me that the political murder of innocent people is stupid beyond belief. However meaningful the “reason,” the end can never justify the means.

The Third World War never came, of course. Sharples left the army and was elected Conservative MP for Sutton and Cheam in a 1954 by-election. After the 1970 general election he was appointed Minister of State at the Home Office.

Two years later he was appointed Governor of Bermuda. He took up his new post in late 1972 and was murdered only months later. The crime would result in the last execution conducted under British rule anywhere in the world.

Interestingly, two backbench MPs I’ve spoken to since knew nothing of Sharples’s work in the secret Cold War headquarters. That was the kind of man he was – modest, self-effacing and always thoroughly genuine.

I remember Dickie Sharples as a decent, urbane man, a man who always had a kindly thought and a helping hand for others.

JOHN SANDERS



Sir Richard Sharples – decent and urbane

announced that the two men would be hanged on December 2nd, 1977.

During the legal arguments bouncing back and forth across the Atlantic Ocean, Tacklyn passed the time by playing table tennis, while Burrows took a virtual vow of silence, confining all his thoughts and requests to written messages.

A new gallows was built in Casemates Prison, Hamilton. A hangman was hired from Canada. Bizarrely, he called himself John Ellis, a

pseudonym he had borrowed from the celebrated British hangman of that name. For some reason, Canada’s hangmen didn’t want to be known by their real names.

This “John Ellis” was short, stocky and somewhat overweight. Born in 1920 in Australia, he was said to look more like a benign bookkeeper than an executioner. When he wasn’t hanging people he was running a trailer park in Ontario. He was married with three children.

Ellis had hanged 15

Canadians when he was summoned to Bermuda. Unlike other Canadian executioners, he did not wear an executioner's mask. His reason, he said: "I'm here to execute a man, not scare him to death."

Even so, he turned out to be something of a fantasist. He claimed the Royal Canadian Mounted Police had offered him the Bermuda "job" after meeting him in an Ontario hotel. They arranged his passage to Bermuda and gave him a special security



Casemates Prison, Hamilton, where the double-hanging of Burrows and Tacklyn took place on December 2nd, 1977

clearance number and the clandestine cover of an RCMP agent.

All this was denied by the authorities in Ottawa, and the RCMP said the whole

scenario was "too much like James Bond to be credible." They were not involved in getting Ellis to Bermuda, they insisted.

The hangman with a

false name and apparently travelling clandestinely was nonetheless pleased with his work in Bermuda. "I placed black shrouds over the heads of the two convicted murderers Burrows and Tacklyn and opened the trap-door," he reported. "Everything went off very cleanly. There was no problem with them. They went very quietly and had no last words to say."

Things may have been quiet on the scaffold, but after the executions three days of rioting pulverised the island. Bermuda didn't have enough soldiers to cope, and British servicemen were flown in to restore order.

Even executioner Ellis had problems after that – he had some trouble getting home. When he got back to the Canadian border he was without the papers that would identify him as a Canadian citizen. He was refused entry, despite falsely telling immigration officers he was an undercover agent with the RCMP.

After some delay he was allowed back in. He had performed the last executions carried out in Canada in December 1962 when he hanged killers Ron Turpin and Arthur Lucas in Toronto Prison. There was still work for him, however, in the US. As late as 1987 the state of Delaware had two men under sentence of death and the state still used hanging, so a call went out for John Ellis.

Mrs. Ellis, or whatever her name might be, answered it, to say her husband was seriously ill after major brain surgery to remove a life-threatening aneurysm. Officialdom has since heard no more of John Ellis.

Today Bermuda is classified as a British Overseas Territory. Business and tourism make it a prosperous island. The executions of Burrows and Tacklyn were the last ever carried out on the island. Their brutal murders achieved nothing, except perhaps a grim reminder that while the history of colonialism may bear some ugly scars, so too does the history of anti-colonialism.

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"I KILLED
TO SAVE MY
DAUGHTER"**



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Matthew Clydesdale**

LAST PUBLIC EXECUTION IN HERTFORD

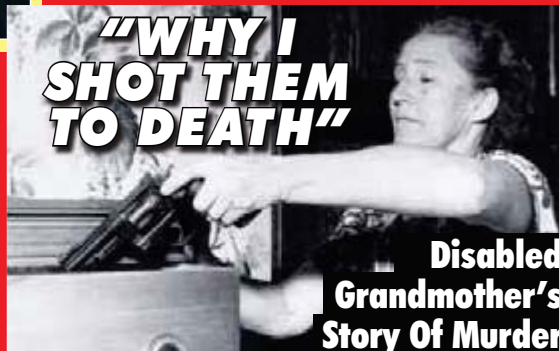
Three Went To The Gallows



MURDER ON HMS MARSHAL SOULT

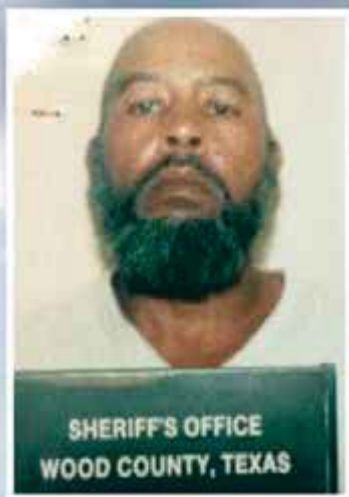


"WHY I SHOT THEM TO DEATH"



**Disabled
Grandmother's
Story Of Murder**

THE ELIOT NESS STORY: CLEVELAND'S MAD BUTCHER



Story by
**Mark
Davis**

THE PREACHER WAS A TWO-TIME KILLER

Pillar Of The Community On 30-Year Run

IT CAN'T be easy living two completely separate lives. But Joseph Miller managed it with consummate ease. Until the law finally caught up with him – after over 30 years “on the lam.”

Miller's early life was a tangle of brutal shootings; his second life was as a much-loved deacon at a Baptist church, a man who would do anything for

anyone and who was widely respected in the community in which he lived and served.

Miller's two lives never mixed; one followed the other. At least until another sudden death almost spoilt the second life he was starting to craft over a thousand miles away. Authority, unaware of his chilling past, wrote off that one as a suicide, although

police are now having to revisit that rather hasty conclusion.

Miller went on the run after a murder in 1981, having already served a life sentence for a murder in

Above, three faces of Joseph Miller/Roy Eubanks during his varied career, and the church where he served as a deacon

1959. The two killings were very similar. A late-night row in a bar after which Miller followed his victims to their car. A tap on the window to attract attention and a blast from a 12-bore. A fountain of blood and brains.

But that was then. Joe Miller was now living a life of some leisure, hundreds of miles away from his hometown of Harrisburg,

Pennsylvania. He had found a life separate from the violence and trouble with the law that had dogged him so often in his younger days. He was no longer a convicted murderer, having reinvented himself as a deacon of a Baptist church and pillar of a small community far away in Texas. He also had a new name which he had “borrowed” from a cousin who had died.

Miller first hit the headlines in Harrisburg on the night of June 12th, 1959. The then 23-year-old Joseph Lewis Miller blasted John and Donna Lumpkins after an argument in a bar which had carried on after the Lumpkinses had left. Miller followed them to their car and shot them both as they prepared to head home.

John died from his wounds three weeks later, but Donna survived with life-changing injuries. The following year he pleaded guilty to murder and attempted murder and received a life sentence.

Throughout the late 1960s, Miller made several requests to have his life sentence commuted. In February 1971, he finally got his wish when Governor Raymond P. Shafer, in the waning days of his administration, granted his motion.

After serving 11 years and six months behind bars, Miller began his life as an ex-con on lifetime parole, with the knowledge that even a quite minor breach of parole would land him back in the slammer to serve the rest of his life sentence.

Governor Shafer’s decision would cost another man his life. Whenever a politician commutes a sentence in a case that does not involve a miscarriage of justice or technological advances that may have led to an acquittal, the politician is saying that he knows better than the judge who issued the original sentence after hearing perhaps days of detailed evidence. Governor Shafer didn’t even contact Donna Lumpkins to inform her of his decision.

Miller was out on the streets again and in just a few years he was in trouble again. Big trouble. On January 15th, 1981, Miller,

Governor Shafer’s decision would cost another man his life

then aged 45, shot Thomas Waller to death with a 12-bore in the car park of the Times hotel at the corner of 14th Street and Regina Street, again in Harrisburg.

Waller’s brains were splattered on his car seat but Miller didn’t hang around. Waller, an associate of Miller, was pronounced dead at Harrisburg Hospital. A witness reported seeing a man matching Miller’s description running away from the scene.

His real identity should have shown up through his fingerprints, one part of him he could never change. He was booked in at Wood County Jail as Roy Eubanks, who had been born in San Francisco on December 14, 1942, and bailed after a few minutes. He never went to trial.

A few years earlier he had turned up in Mineola, a former railroad town in east Texas. It was some 1,300 miles south-west

into a home for him and the woman who would become his wife.

Mineola must have seemed perfect for a stranger to stay on and settle into the community. It was small and anonymous enough for any law-abiding citizen to make a good life for himself and to get along with the folk there.

Miller’s new name, Roy Eubanks, was that of a deceased cousin who had no criminal record. He adopted the identity and social security number – and the knowledge of where his cousin was buried. It was a long way from Harrisburg and Mineola.

Despite his violent past, Miller did right by Mineola, its residents and its rules. Roy Eubanks got on the town zoning board. A better neighbour one couldn’t ask for, locals said. A handyman with a heart of gold, he often refused to take payments from friends, most of whom were either unemployed or on fixed incomes.

And when he wasn’t serving as a deacon at the New Life Baptist Fellowship, he was volunteering at the local food pantry and fund-raising charity events. When he had to give up his job as a foreman at a local paper mill, Eubanks, who had suffered a disability and was walking with a stick, didn’t complain. He just looked for other ways to help his fellow-townfolk.

It took him a few years to ingratiate himself into the Mineola community. But even then, some, who knew him in the early years there, never took to him.

Eubanks had a girlfriend soon after he settled in the Texas town, Selina McDowell. She was just 28 when she was found dead in her home from a gunshot wound in her chest in 1991. Her death was ruled a suicide, but her mother Faye McCann never believed her daughter shot herself.

“I’ll go to my grave saying no,” she said. “She was a good person. Everyone in town liked her.”

The family knew her boyfriend as Roy Eubanks. “He told her he would kill her if she left him,” Faye McCann said. “I really don’t think she did it herself because she didn’t have



The corner of North 14th and Regina Streets, Harrisburg, where Thomas Waller was shot and killed by Joseph Miller. Inset: Waller with his son, Thomas Jr.

After being charged with murder and firearms violations a month later, Miller was suddenly nowhere to be found. He became a fugitive from justice as police turned up nothing in their interviews with his former associates, friends and family.

Miller’s file was handed over to the federal authorities. Where was he? Was he still alive? Lots of questions but no answers. He disappeared, moved on – and kept his head down.

He slipped up in Texas when he was arrested and booked for aggravated assault with a deadly weapon in 1988. But due to what must have been, to put it kindly, an administrative oversight, it didn’t result in his identification as a fugitive on a murder rap.

of Harrisburg and had a population of 4,500. Although it was a small crossroads town where a new person might stick out, no one wondered why Miller had decided to stay on.

Mineola, rooted in the glory days of the Texas-Pacific line, had grown accustomed to new faces showing up in town, riding in and out on the railroads. Sometimes, those new faces stuck around. It was how the town first grew up back in the 1870s.

Mineola was going through some tough economic times back in the 1980s when, as Roy Eubanks, he settled there and rose to prominence as a respected member of the community. He bought a grocery store along a highway route and turned it

powder burns or nothing on her.”

Faye said Eubanks always held different IDs, looking different in each picture. She also said there was evidence he used drugs and was violent. “He beat her [Selina] one time with a belt. She had big buckle belt [marks] all over her back.”

Selina’s mother was speaking after she had urged police to look again at the death of her daughter as soon as news of Eubanks’s arrest became public and his earlier life far north in Harrisburg began to unravel.

Mineola Police Chief Charles Bittner said the investigative unit was starting working on the case again at the request of Selina’s family. He said there was still a long way to go to determine if Miller had any involvement.

It was a Monday morning when the feds came knocking. Eubanks looked “almost relieved” it was all over after 33 years on the run, said a detective. He was 78, in poor health and had just had enough.

Eubanks was extradited back to Pennsylvania to serve the rest of his life sentence for parole violations. Given his age, the length of time since 1981 and missing witnesses, the authorities haven’t yet decided if he will be tried for a second murder.

Arresting US Marshal Martin Pane would only reveal that they tracked down Miller through a tip-off but he added that a lot of dogged detective work had been under way for some time. “I’ve heard how he’s turned his life around, how the citizens of Mineola love him, and what a caring husband he is. But now he’s facing judgment by his peers, not the Lord.”

Many of Eubanks’s friends were still speaking highly of him when the full story of his early life had come out. “He was very active in the community, a real gentleman,” said David Stevenson, Mineola’s City Administrator.

“He was never any trouble and nothing was too much,” he added. “Roy was the go-to guy in our town and he always had time for you. We served together on the zoning board and he was

The family knew him as Roy Eubanks. He told her he would kill her if she left him

always coming up with ideas on how to improve life here.”

However, there were gaps in Eubanks’s past, if not warning signs. He talked little of his past in Pennsylvania. No one heard Miller use the word “Harrisburg” – just Pennsylvania. “We assumed he came from Philadelphia,” said Stevenson.

Miller himself might have slipped on occasions,

Round here, we’re more interested in what a man is now because everyone has a past. It’s not our business what secrets he may or may not have. He gave this town more than he ever took from it.

“I’ve known him since the day he arrived here and he’s done nothing but good. There must be some mistake. I’m no more scared of him than a bat is of the moon.”

The same line was taken



The home where runaway killer Eubanks lived with his second wife in the Texas town of Mineola

exposing cracks in his facade. Neighbour Bobby Humphreys said Miller sometimes called himself Joe. So much so, he came to use the nickname. “He told me that as a kid his family called him Joe but it wasn’t his real name.

“Sometimes I’d call him Joe also. But he didn’t talk about his past. I didn’t know he was from Harrisburg. He never mentioned it. When I asked him about family, he said they were all gone or had moved to other parts of the country and he’d lost touch with them.

“He once told me the only place he’d ever really felt at home was here in Mineola and that was good enough.

by David Roberts who only knew, or cared, that Miller was the best neighbour he ever had. “He’s more than a neighbour, he’s a brother,” said Roberts, who runs an appliance repair shop next to Miller’s home.

“When I was diagnosed with prostate cancer, just a couple of years after cancer took my mother, my life was shaken to the core. The first person I sought out

was Roy. “He got down on his knees and he prayed with me. I can only judge him as my neighbour. One who cared and who always had time to listen to your troubles. Whatever they say about his past, it don’t matter to me.



Emblem of the proud railroad town of Mineola

He’s my neighbour in the best biblical sense.”

Perhaps the Mineola resident who had most reason to feel betrayed was Gennell, the woman he had married in 2010. She is now 64; he has turned 80. They met when she was a member of the congregation to whom he preached every Sunday.

“My husband had died a few years earlier, and Roy saw how lonely I had become. He offered me a relationship of companionship, love, respect and the word of the Lord,” she said. “He was the best man I ever met.

“I already liked him and knew from his reputation he was someone who would do anything for you that he could do. He told me had been divorced years earlier and we just felt we could provide each other with end-of-life companionship.”

The companionship came to an end sooner than Gennell expected in a way she couldn’t have imagined. On the early morning of April 21st, 2014, came the knock on the door Miller must have always expected...

Perhaps Gennell shouldn’t have been too shocked at her husband’s arrest. She admitted that Roy had told her about the 1981 shooting. “He said it was an accident. He was trying to protect his brother because a man was trying to kill him.

“I believe my husband. He wasn’t trying to kill that man – it just happened. He isn’t going to lie to me because he’s a man of the church. He was trying to do what was right.”

“I don’t know how I’ll pay the bills because they’re going to cut off his social security cheques and sickness benefits,” said his wife. “If they send him back to prison he’s not going to survive. He’s got early-stage Alzheimer’s, arthritis and heart problems.”

She had to admit, however, that she never knew her husband’s real name or that he had killed another man back in 1959 and had done time.

But Gennell remains unperturbed. “Round these parts townfolk believe in the words of that great song, Stand By Your Man – and that’s just what I intend to do.”

MAJOR BRITISH MURDER CASES

RAPIST AND strangler Patrick Hassett was looking forward to another appearance in court. It was close on 25 years since he was sentenced and he was much more mature and worldly-wise.

He would give the judge a carefully constructed

**Case report by
Harold Heys**

sob story at his appeal to be allowed to continue his sentence away from the harsh reality of a Category A prison. Somewhere rather more cushy, although he wouldn't put it quite like that. And he would also make it clear that he had been wrongly convicted all those years ago.

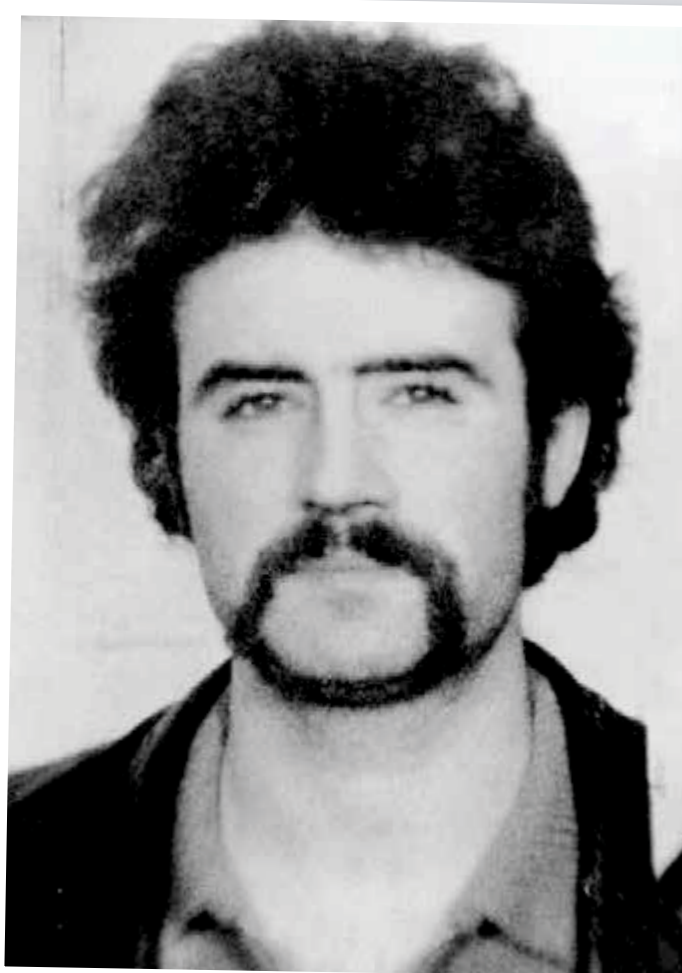
Life can be worse than boring in prison; it can be mind-bendingly tedious; screamingly monotonous.

court. He didn't get out of his prison cell.

At the Old Bailey, first of all, Hassett's lawyers challenged the Justice Secretary's refusal to give him an oral hearing before the Category A Review Team on whether he should remain a high-band prisoner. Mrs. Justice McGowan said that Hassett, serving time for the rape and murder of a pretty 13-year-old girl, had previously been convicted of "a number of other violent sexual offences against women and children." She told the court it was "difficult to see" what Hassett could have contributed to the debate over his categorisation. It was a withering put-down.

Early in 2017 his lawyers went to the Court of Appeal which was told firmly that Hassett, now 56, was still a danger to the public – four decades after he raped and strangled teenager Candice Williams in a block of high-rise flats in Birmingham in July 1978.

His appeal to be moved to a Category B prison was refused. Lord Justice Sales



"STILL A DANGER

The Man Who Kill

What day is it today, he must have wondered often. What did it matter in a Category A prison? Every day was much like the last. Tomorrow will be the same. And the day after that.

Hassett's forthcoming appeal had given him a new focus. He was confident of not only putting up a good show in court but also winning the appeal hands down. Perhaps, in time, an open prison...

He had been checked over by a succession of men in white coats over the years. He knew the ropes and he felt he had convinced the chaps who had seen him in recent months that he was a reformed character; ready to start the steady progress to the outside world after a quarter of a century.

His confidence was misplaced. He didn't get to

said two psychology reports suggested the prisoner refused to accept he was a sex offender. If he were moved to a less strict jail there was a danger of him absconding and offending again.

Lord Justice Sales said the Ministry of Justice's refusal to allow him to move to an easier category without an oral hearing was not wrong. And, after considering the arguments with Lady Justice Black and Lord Justice Moylan, he refused him permission to fight on in the Supreme Court.

When Hassett was jailed for life, he was ordered to serve a minimum of 14

years. Ten years after that tariff expired, he remains in the highest security category – and no closer to eventual freedom.

Hassett, a ringer for Yorkshire Ripper Peter Sutcliffe, has been in jail for sexual offences since 1984, but was not convicted of Candice's 1978 murder until 1992, following a DNA breakthrough.

Police had to wait to get their hands on him, but they knew exactly where to find him. He was in Wakefield Prison, convinced that he had cheated a murder rap.

Twice, in 1985 and 1988, detectives had visited Hassett

in prison – Shrewsbury and then Wakefield – and asked him to supply a sample for DNA testing. The sample could come from any of the body fluids – blood, semen, saliva, etc – and even from the hair. Hassett refused to supply a sample. That was his right under the law and he knew exactly where he stood. He was unco-operative and the detectives left empty-handed.

But now, on the morning of February 10th, 1991, he was leaving the technical protection of the Home Office as a free man. And he was fair game.

He stepped out into the



Left, violent sex-killer Patrick Hassett. Above, Erdington schoolgirl Candice Williams who was murdered in 1978

Hassett was cocky, convinced that the police were bluffing when they asked for a sample of his hair. He gave them a strand – and a smirk. He was then released on bail, to return to the police station on March 14th.

In those three weeks the West Midlands forensic laboratory worked feverishly, extracting Hassett's genetic profile from the hair sample, and then comparing it with the DNA profile of the sperm taken from the body of the young girl decades before. It was a perfect match.

Detectives were amazed when Hassett surrendered to his bail. Some had expected him to go on the run and there had been a few bets on it. However, the ex-con walked cheerfully into the police station, only to find himself being charged with the murder of Candice Williams. He began shaking uncontrollably, realising that his brief period of freedom was over – perhaps for ever.

On the early evening of Tuesday, July 25th, 1978, the half-naked body of a young girl was found

up an incident room and all males in the area between 14 and 60 were asked to account for their movements in the 24 hours preceding the murder.

The girl had been identified fairly quickly, having been reported

Police had to wait to get their hands on him, but they knew exactly where to find him. He was in Wakefield Prison, convinced that he had cheated a murder rap

missing by her family. She did not live in the tower-block, but in Montpelier Road, about a mile away. Whoever the killer was, it seemed he had managed to lure the girl to

R TO THE PUBLIC"

led Candice, 13



Wyrley House. Candice's body was found on a landing between the top floor and the roof

chilly wind that edged its way around the high stone walls and wondered what to do next. It was a decision taken out of his hands as a familiar figure approached. It was Ernest Robinson, now a detective chief inspector, who arrested him and took him back to Birmingham to face more questions. His freedom, after several years inside, had lasted barely a minute.

At this stage there was no firm evidence against him, just the statement of a former girlfriend, and an alleged "confession" he had made to a fellow-prisoner. However, advances in DNA testing had been moving on.

on a landing between the top floor and the roof of Wyrley House, a 12-storey tower block in aptly-named Bleak Hill Road in the Birmingham suburb of Erdington. The bottom 11 storeys were occupied, mostly with elderly residents; the top one was open. A resident, Arthur Poulton, 64, went up to check if any down-and-outs were bedding down up there as they often did. He didn't find any tramps, but he did find the body of Candice Williams. She had been raped and strangled, her body left trussed and gagged.

West Midlands Police set

Wyrley House and up to the top floor. As he was familiar with the layout of the block, it was possible that he might live in one of the flats, but exhaustive inquiries revealed that he did not.

However, one important step had been taken which was not always normal practice in a murder enquiry all those years ago. The semen of the killer, taken from the body of his victim, had been placed in deep-freeze in a laboratory. The blood-type of a person could be discovered from a semen sample, and this could eliminate all suspects not of the same blood group as the killer-rapist of Candice Williams.

At that time the DNA "fingerprint" test – genetic profiling from DNA material – was not in existence. It was discovered and first

used to trap a killer of two schoolgirls in 1986.

However, in the Candice case, her killer's semen remained frozen for the next 13 years. It was felt that, with technical advances, it might still point the finger at the killer.

During door-to-door inquiries the name of Patrick Hassett cropped up. He lived less than half a mile from the murder scene in Dalton Road, and was a known sex-offender. Nineteen-year-old Hassett, who worked as a painter and decorator, had at the age of 12 been convicted of indecently assaulting a child of seven and another aged nine.

But he was just one of many known sex-offenders in the city. There was nothing obvious to link him to the murder, and he gave a false alibi, saying he had been with a girlfriend at the relevant time. Hassett had actually beaten this woman just two days prior to the murder and she lived in fear of him.

She did not tell the police about Hassett's plea for her to lie for him; nor did she tell them that after the murder Hassett had scratches around his neck and had shaved off his moustache. The girlfriend knew nothing of his record of sex offences and, like most people, could not imagine anyone she actually knew being capable of murder.

Apart from her silence, something else threw the police off the right track. They were also investigating the activities of the notorious murderer John Cannan, who had worked as a car salesman at nearby Sutton Coldfield. Suspecting that he might also have been responsible for the murder of Candice, West Midlands Police had his blood tested against the semen sample. It did not match, and he was eliminated from the inquiry, but he had served as a red herring to lead the inquiry astray for the vital first few days of the murder investigation.

The search gradually tailed off as no new leads came in and detectives were deployed to other, more pressing cases. Then, 18 months after the murder, Hassett's girlfriend contacted the police. She told them



A police officer puts up a poster appealing for information about the murder at Wyrley House

about Hassett's Jekyll and Hyde personality, of how he had visited her in her flat and begged her to provide him with a false alibi for the time of the murder. The secret she had kept for so long had preyed on her mind, and now she could keep silent no longer.

Hassett was arrested and questioned, but he did

"It was a brutal attack. She was raped and strangled. Her skirt was removed and put in her mouth to stop her screaming"

not crack. He had had 18 months in which to feel more secure, to build up his defences, to quell his guilty conscience – if he ever had one. He was released.

One of the officers involved in his interrogation had been Detective Sergeant Ernest Robinson, then a crime squad officer...

Patrick Hassett was just 12 when his ingrained depravity manifested itself. He indecently assaulted the two children. He continued to target vulnerable females and abuse them. In his job he came across many women and he developed a "nose" for the born victims among them.

In 1983 he abducted a mentally abnormal woman of 28 and put her through a terrifying ordeal of sexual assault. He dragged her into a car and threatened her with a knife. He was jailed for 18 months as a result.

Shortly after his release, he kidnapped a 12-year-old girl and subjected her to a harrowing sex attack. This time he was jailed for 10 years. He walked free from Wakefield Jail in 1991 – and back into the arms of the law.

A year later, in Birmingham Crown Court on March 3rd, 1992, Hassett, aged 33, pleaded not guilty to the rape and murder of Candice Williams.

Richard Wakerley QC prosecuting, told the court what had happened to Candice back in 1978. "It was a brutal attack. She was raped and strangled. Her

skirt was removed and put in her mouth to stop her screaming." Candice was strangled twice; once with her shoelace, and then with the arm of her cardigan.

He went on to tell the jury how a strand of hair had caught the killer 13 years on, explaining how scientists, using genetic fingerprinting, had matched the hair to a sample from the raped girl's body which had been kept in deep-freeze in a laboratory by far-sighted experts.

At the close of the Crown case, defence counsel rose to say that Hassett would not be going into the witness-box. There was no point. He could not remember events at the time of Candice's death.

Defence counsel went on to tell the jury that Hassett was being "used as a guinea pig for unsafe and unproven scientific experiments." He warned the jury that there could be a miscarriage of justice if they convicted Hassett, because history had shown that scientific evidence was not always right. The jury ignored the line and found Hassett guilty.

Candice Williams's mother had died just two months before her murder. After the case her grieving father spoke to the *Birmingham Mail* and applauded the police for their persistence over the years. "I thank the officers for working so long and so hard to catch the man who killed my daughter," he said. "I've spent days, weeks and months wondering who killed her. I even wondered if it was one of my friends."

Twenty-five years on, DNA evidence has given police and prosecutors a reliable and acceptable means of solving many crimes, some of them going back half a century.

As Lord Justice Rose said at an Appeal Court hearing when Hassett was protesting his innocence: "The evidence before the court shows that in the 20 years since the murder, the case against this appellant has grown progressively stronger."

Patrick Hassett has spent most of his life in prison. It hasn't changed him. As he nears his 60th birthday he is "still a danger to the public."

HORROR AT ANGEL TUBE

DEATH ON THE RAILWAY
Part 12

Main picture: the northbound (left) and southbound (right) platforms of Angel tube station. Below, the battered front of the Morden-bound death train. The impact almost knocked the driver from his seat

The retired bank manager had enjoyed lunch with his Rotary pals in Islington and was on the platform waiting for the train. But a young man lurking behind him had other ideas...

IT WAS within a whisker of being a perfect murder. There was nothing to connect the killer with his prey – they had never seen each other before, and it was all over in a split-second,

**Case report by
Matthew Spicer**

the victim's death as unpredictable as if he'd been struck by lightning.

One moment on May 5th, 1948, Ralph Usher, a 77-year-old retired bank

manager from Southend, was standing on the southbound platform at London's Angel tube station in Islington. The next moment he was flying through the air, to land in a crumpled heap on the track.

From the small crowd of people awaiting the next train, a young man had suddenly stepped forward. Using both hands, he had pushed Mr. Usher in the back, toppling him into the path of the incoming 3.33 p.m. train for Morden.

As Mr. Usher fell, the

train struck him, tossing him aside. The impact almost knocked the driver from his seat, and it killed Mr. Usher



instantly, fracturing his skull and shattering his rib cage, which pierced his left lung.

The killer might have mingled with passengers leaving the station, to vanish without trace. But he didn't, as a woman witness told the police. She was sitting on a platform seat awaiting the Morden train, Mrs. Kathleen Hattersley said, when she saw the young man step forward about two feet and deliberately push Mr. Usher. She screamed and buried her face in her hands, to

avoid seeing the inevitable outcome. Then the young man sat down next to her and began sobbing.

A crowd gathered round, and she cried out that she had seen him push the old man. "Go away. Leave me alone," the killer said.

Police Constable Frederick Ainsworth arrived on the scene and asked the young man his name. "Kidwell," the man muttered, confirming what the train's guard had seen when he asked him for his identity card. Kidwell had produced

it, and then thrown his wallet onto the platform.

He was taken the short distance to the City Road police station, where he said he was Henry Kidwell, a 25-year-old mechanical engineer living in Tottenham, north London.

He was still weeping, and Detective Inspector Cecil Rowe asked him, "What is the matter?"

"I pushed a man under a train," Kidwell replied.

His breath smelled of alcohol, and a bottle labelled "Surgical Spirit" was found

KILLERS ON THE UNDERGROUND

Henry Kidwell was neither the first nor the last mentally ill killer to strike at a London underground station.

On February 15th, 1939, Leonard Davies, a 29-year-old barman from Holloway, north London, pushed 14-year-old Edware girl Avril Waters under a train at Tottenham Court Road tube station. He was found unfit to plead when he appeared at the Old Bailey, and was committed to Broadmoor. There was



on the grounds of diminished responsibility. Two years later, in July 2006, an independent report commissioned by the NHS found that Soans-Wade was indeed afflicted by a psychotic disorder, possibly schizophrenia.

In the same month Mehmet Bala, 20, was arrested on suspicion of murdering a rush-hour commuter who was pushed in front of a tube train at Highbury and Islington station. Like Kidwell, the killer said



no suggestion that he knew his victim, and he had earlier been certified insane.

Christophe Duclos, a 37-year-old French security guard, became the victim of another tube station killer on September 13th, 2002. Earlier that day Stephen Soans-Wade, a 35-year-old psychotic drug addict, complained of voices in his head urging him to do "bad things."

He had repeatedly asked to be sectioned under the Mental Health Act, saying he feared he was going to kill. "I'm going to push somebody under a bus or a train,"



Top, Stephen Soans-Wade who struck in 2002. Above, Kieran Kelly. Above left, Tottenham Court Road tube station. Right, Mehmet Bala – a killer in 2006. Below, Highbury & Islington station

he said, "unless I get some help."

Three hospitals refused to admit him, psychiatrists suspecting he was faking. After his final plea was turned down, he went to Mile

End station and pushed Mr. Duclos under a train, targeting him at random.

At his old Bailey trial in February 2004, the jury convicted Soans-Wade of murder, rejecting his plea of guilty to manslaughter

nothing before shoving his victim, John Curran, 52, on to the electrified line.

Bala then fled but was arrested shortly afterwards, and at the Old Bailey on December 15th, 2006, he admitted manslaughter on grounds of diminished responsibility and was sent to Broadmoor.

And Kieran Kelly – an Irish vagrant who lived in the capital for decades – is suspected of pushing many victims to their deaths on the network. He was convicted on murder and manslaughter charges in 1984 and died behind bars in 2001.



in one of his pockets.

Called in to examine him, the police surgeon Dr. Benjamin Alcock asked, "Why are you here?"

"I have pushed a man under a train," Kidwell replied. "Will they hang me?"

He was unsteady on his feet and said he had been drinking beer, red wine and surgical spirit. His pulse was 96 per minute instead of the normal 72, his tongue was dry, his eyes were bloodshot, the pupils dilated, and the doctor concluded that he was drunk.

"All right," Kidwell replied when he was charged with manslaughter. Then he was put in a cell, where at 11 p.m. he told the constable keeping an eye on him, "I came out this morning with the idea of killing somebody. Anyhow, now I've done it."

Arthur Sadler, the train driver, told the police he was about halfway along the platform "when I saw a movement in the crowd, saw a man's head come forward in front of the train and then felt a terrific impact. I had applied my brakes and my speed was about fifteen mph.

"I made an emergency application of the brakes, got out, started to look to see if the man was under the train, and saw him on the platform. I examined the train later and found that the destination glass was smashed to pieces, the head lamps were broken and the destination boards were thrown out of the bracket. This was caused by the impact.

"Mrs. Hattersley spoke to me and I saw a man standing there and indicated him to my guard."

Further inquiries revealed that Kidwell had a history of mental trouble. In 1946 he spent five months as a voluntary patient at a mental hospital. Subsequently certified, he had been a patient at another mental hospital for nine months, remaining there until he was allowed out on a month's trial 11 days before Mr. Usher's death.

The police also learned that on the day Mr. Usher was killed he had gone to London to attend a lunch held by the Islington Rotary Club, of which he was a



Above, the original Angel tube station entrance. Below, Brixton Prison where Henry Kidwell was held on remand. Bottom, Broadmoor where the killer was sent

founder member.

Two days earlier, Kidwell had bought a bottle of surgical spirit, and his mother, Mrs. Phoebe Twitchell, said that until he was 17 he was perfectly normal. He had later become

always fascinated him, and he read about little else. On May 5th he left the house around 10 a.m., saying he was going to see a friend in Highgate. His mother said she gave him four shillings and sixpence, telling him it

"He told me he'd often wanted to push a man in front of a train, and that on May 5th he decided to do it. But first he'd take some drink to give him courage"

depressed, making two suicide attempts, and at Napsbury mental hospital, near St. Albans, he had been found to be suffering from paranoid schizophrenia.

On being released to spend a month with her, he had talked continually about trains. They had

would be enough for his fare and lunch, and he told her he would be back at 5 p.m.

The senior medical officer at Brixton Prison, where Kidwell was being held on remand, reported that he found him to be abnormally quiet and unemotional, expressing no regret about



Mr. Usher's death and no concern about his own predicament.

"He told me he had often wanted to push a man in front of a train, and that on May 5th he decided to do it," the medical officer reported. "But first he would take some drink to give him courage. He tells me that he did not pick out any particular man, that in fact he was going to push another man in front of the train but suddenly changed his mind. Why, he does not know, and he pushed Mr. Usher.

"He told me that he thought his conduct was due to 'indiscriminate vindictiveness.' While his memory is intact for recent and remote events and he can relate accurately what he did on May 5th, there is a complete lack of any normal moral assessment of his actions."



Kidwell was still suffering from schizophrenia, the medical officer concluded. He was still certifiable, and on May 5th he knew what he was doing, but did not know it was wrong.

"I am of the opinion that he is insane, fit to plead to the indictment, and fit to stand trial," the prison doctor's report ended.

Because of Henry Kidwell's admitted intent to kill, the charge was changed to murder, and at his one-day trial at the Old Bailey on June 22nd, 1948, he was found guilty but insane and sent to Broadmoor. In December 1966 he was transferred to a mental hospital nearer his relatives in north London, and he died there in 1979, aged 56.



The house where police found the body parts

COPS CLOSE IN ON CANNIBAL RING

August 29th

A SOUTH African man walked into a police station and told police that he was "tired of eating human flesh."

The officers, on questioning the man's

claim, noticed he gave off a rancid smell. The man revealed the source of the stench, showing the officers a bloodied human hand and leg. The self-confessed cannibal, who said he was a "traditional healer," led officers to a small, beige home in the farming town of Estcourt, in the KwaZulu-Natal province of South Africa. Inside the house, police found a collection of body parts. Human ears were found cooking in a pot and other body parts were stuffed in a suitcase.

The discovery led police to uncover what they suspect is a cannibalism ring. A total of five men, aged 30 to 32, have been arrested for possessing human body parts. Two of them claim to be traditional healers.

The men have been charged with murder, conspiracy to commit murder and attempted murder. However, it is still unclear how many people have died. Police have not yet identified the human remains.

The accused men appeared in court for a bail hearing as hundreds of locals protested outside, shouting, chanting and holding up signs that read "No to cannibalism."

The man who first turned himself in to police was reportedly nicknamed "mkhonyovu," or "corruption." He had moved into his home about two months earlier. It is believed the body parts were to be served to his customers, who were told they had magic properties and would convey money, power and protection.

There are more than 200,000 traditional healers in the country, and traditional health providers are the first stop for South African patients in up to 80 per cent of cases, according to the World Health Organization. The murder allegations have almost certainly tainted that practice.

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January

Death On The Railway
HORROR AT WINCHESTER STATION



MAJOR BRITISH MURDER CASES



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South Africa's Supercop
THE HUNT FOR THE JOHANNESBURG HAMMER-KILLER



THE MURDER THAT SENT A 61-YEAR-OLD WOMAN TO THE DEATH CHAMBER



MURDER THE FRENCH WAY

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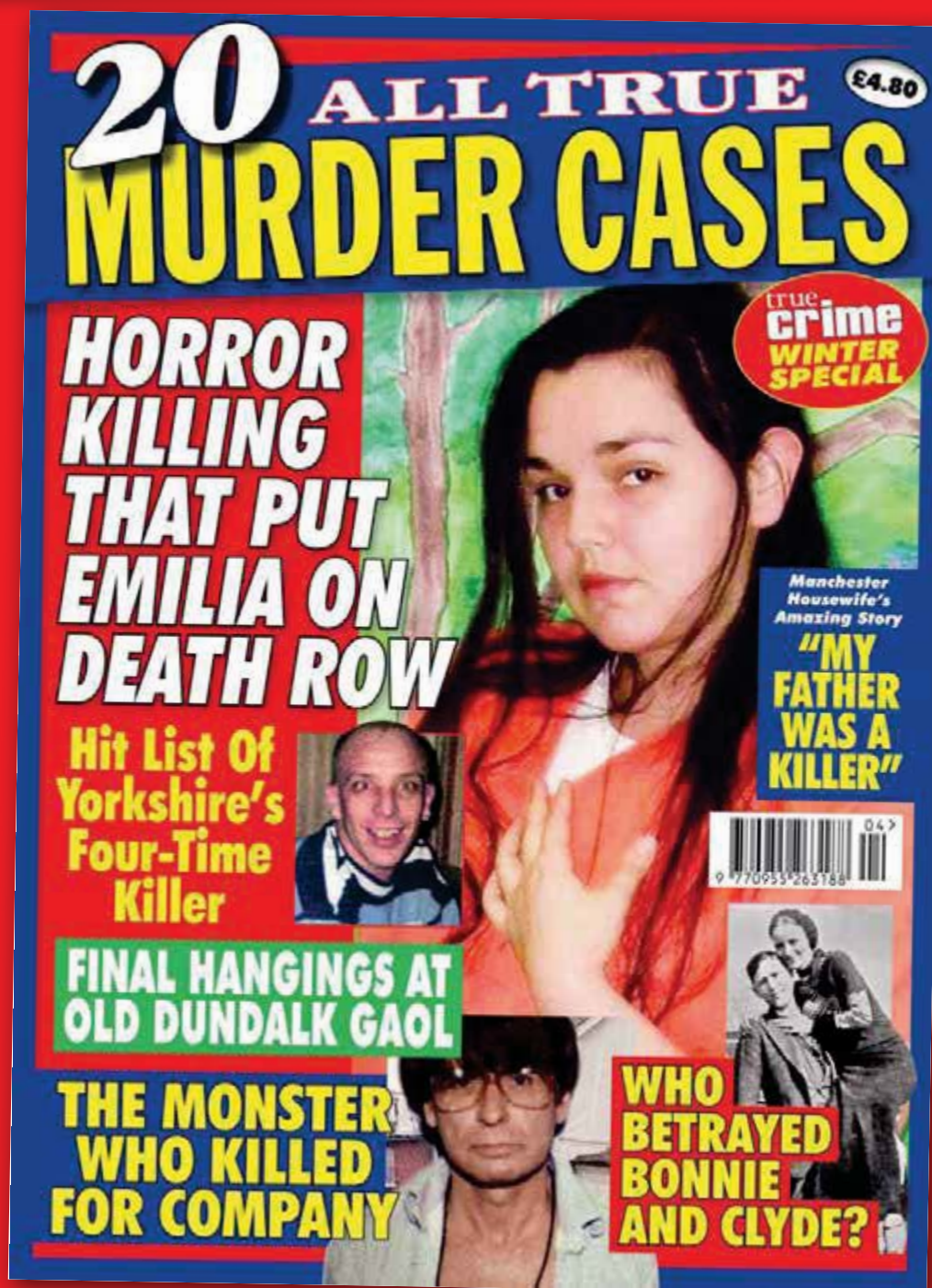
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From Australia: HORROR OF THE SPEEDING HATCHBACK



Minister's daughter and Depression-era gangster's "moll" Norma Millen (left) holds hands with her killer-robber husband Murton Millen after their arrest at the Lincoln Hotel, New York, in 1934. Beside them is Irving Millen, Murton's brother. Read all about the murderous exploits of the Millen-Faber gang in the new edition of our quarterly sister magazine *Murder Most Foul* (106) out now.



Mugging victim Julia Popova stands, watched by medics, with a six-inch kitchen knife buried deep in her upper back, inches from her spinal cord. The 22-year-old Russian had been attacked in Moscow in February 2010. Shock had prevented her from feeling any pain. The blade was successfully removed.

TD'S CRIME PHOTOS

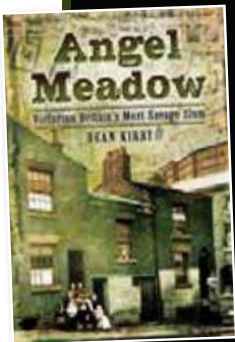


Bullet holes in the windscreen of French killer-robber Jacques Mesrine's BMW. Dubbed "the Man of a Thousand Faces," Mesrine (inset) died, aged 42, in a police ambush in Paris on November 2nd, 1979 – 38 years ago this month.



Workmen at the site of 25 Cromwell Street, Gloucester – the former home of notorious British serial killers Fred and Rosemary West – in October 1996, during its demolition.

TD COMP: WIN ANGEL MEADOW



In *Angel Meadow* – Victorian Britain's Most Savage Slum, author Dean Kirby takes us back to the vilest and most dangerous slum of the Industrial Revolution where 30,000 souls trapped by poverty fought for survival. Thieves and prostitutes kept company with rats in overcrowded lodging-houses and deep cellars on the banks of a black river, the Irk. Gangs stalked the streets in brass-tipped clogs. Those who evaded their clutches were hunted down by cholera, typhoid and tuberculosis. Lawless drinking dens and a cold slab in the dead house provided the only relief.

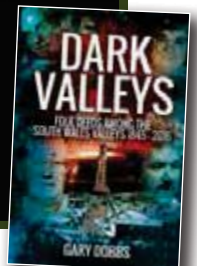
The book describes the gin palaces, alleyways and underground vaults of this 19th-century Manchester slum considered so diabolical it was described as "hell upon earth" by philosopher Friedrich Engels.

For a chance to win a paperback copy of *Angel Meadow* – Victorian London's Most Savage Slum (Pen & Sword Books, £14.99; ISBN 978-1783-831524) by Dean Kirby, just answer this question: In which region of England is Manchester located?

■ North-West ■ South-East ■ North-East ■ South-West

Send your answer with your name and address to TD December competition, PO Box 735, London SE26 5NQ, or email truedetective@truecrimelibrary.com, with the subject "TD December comp." The first correct answer out of the hat after the closing date of **November 28th** will win. The winner will be announced in the February 2018 issue.

The winner of October's competition with the answer Bristol is Mrs. Maureen Chippendale of Holyhead. Well done – your prize of a paperback copy of *Dark Valleys* will be with you soon.



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To many people Steve Wright (*right*) was just a quiet, unassuming chap who only became animated when discussing golf. Yet there was a darker side to the man who would become known as The Suffolk Strangler. A neighbour in Ipswich witnessed him flying into violent rages in which he attacked his second wife with his bare hands. "He would pin his wife up against the wall and put both hands around her throat. There were at least three times when he did this in front of witnesses." Over the course of six terrible weeks in 2006 Wright attacked five vulnerable women in the same way – cold-bloodedly strangling the life out of them. Eleven years on, he has yet to admit his guilt. Wright will never be released from prison and speculation persists that there must be more victims. Turn to *Crimes That Made The Headlines – How The Suffolk Strangler Became A Killing Machine*, on page 6, for the full story.

In this month's *Hanged In Australia*, on page 20, we look at an extraordinary case from Western Australia in which a published novelist's plot for a detective novel he was writing inspired a killer. Author Arthur Upfield, working near the rabbit-proof fence, had discussed an idea for a perfect murder – and one fellow thought he'd put the plan into action...

New series *120 Were Hanged At Pentonville*, on page 14, is the first part of our definitive guide on all the executions carried out at the London prison. We begin with 10 fascinating case studies – and the other 110 will be published over the following months.

And don't miss this month's *Questions and Answers – Cheshire's Remarkable Case Of The Skull That Trapped A Wife-Killer*. It has to be read to be believed.

Enjoy the read – and let us know what you think!

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TIFFANY COLE, 25, was a familiar face to elderly Reggie and Carol Sumner. She was the pretty girl who lived next door with her stepfather in Charleston, South Carolina, before the Sumners moved to Florida.

She bought a car from the 61-year-old couple and ran errands for them, as they were both in poor health. She helped them pack when they moved, and promised to make sure no squatters moved in before their home was sold.

Suspicious were first aroused when their 29-year-old daughter Rhonda Branson, who lived in Hollywood, South Carolina, couldn't get in touch with them. She drove from Hollywood to Jacksonville, Florida, where her parents had moved, but she found no one at home. When she saw their medication in the house, food on the cooker, and their mobile phone in their bedroom, she raised the alarm.

"Everything was left as it was," she said later. "I knew my parents had either been taken or lured from their home. They were very trusting. My mother had liver cancer, and my father was a diabetic who used a wheelchair. Yet all their medicines, including his insulin, were still in the house. And so was their dog Mikey. He hadn't eaten for days."

On July 11th, 2005, police found the back door open but no sign of foul play. A neighbour said she'd seen a strange car come and go in the Sumners' driveway, and missing persons detectives organised

credit cards had been used at several shops and at bank machines to withdraw cash. And their PIN number had been used at their bank, where CCTV cameras captured two men and a woman making cash withdrawals.

The neighbour who saw the car leave the Sumners' house described the driver as a pretty girl with long brown hair. And the couple had told their daughter they had sold their car to Tiffany Cole, who along with some friends had made frequent trips to and from Jacksonville to pay the rest of the money owed for the car, and to collect the registration documents.

When Tiffany, her 27-year-old boyfriend Michael Jackson and his friends Bruce Nixon and Alan Wade were picked up, they were still carrying the Sumners' credit cards. Tiffany's and Jackson's fingerprints were found on the duct tape used to bind the Sumners



Above, a younger Tiffany Cole at the time she lived with her stepfather next door to elderly couple Reggie and Carol Sumner (right), pictured in 2001



before they were interred, and it was Nixon – the youngest of the gang at 18 – who broke ranks.

He told the police that Jackson was the plot's mastermind, and revealed that the grave had been dug days before the Sumners were taken from their home. He said that he and Wade, 21, had been told by Jackson to put the couple in the car boot after they had disclosed their bank details.

"When we opened the boot lid and put them in they were hugging each other," Nixon would later testify. "I bought four shovels earlier, and we buried them."

The prosecutors would accept his plea of guilty to the lesser charge of second-degree murder, and armed robbery and kidnapping, in return for his agreeing to give evidence against the other three.



Tiffany Cole with boyfriend Michael Jackson, the plot's mastermind. Right, the shovels purchased by Bruce Nixon that were used to bury Reggie and Carol Sumner



a search of the district, with cadaver dogs and about 500 officers on foot and horseback.

The couple's old brown Lincoln was found abandoned outside the nearby town of Sanderson, and the search focused on the heavily-wooded area. Then on July 13th the Sumners' bodies were found in a shallow grave just north of Florida's border with Georgia. The autopsy revealed that they had died of "mechanical asphyxiation," meaning they were buried alive.

It didn't take the investigators long to home-in on suspects. The Sumners'

WHY TIFFANY DEATH



By Mark Davis



Tiffany Cole. She claimed she participated only in what she thought would be a simple theft, and not the kidnapping, robbing and murder that really ensued



Left, Bruce Nixon. Leading police to the bodies and testifying against the others, the youngest of the gang pleaded guilty and was given a 45-year sentence. Alan Wade (right) and Michael Jackson were both sentenced to death

He was sentenced to 52 years to life, while Jackson and Wade were convicted and sentenced to death for the murders. But it was Tiffany's trial which would stir the emotions most. She had been the family friend, and the one who had led Jackson and his cronies to the Sumners.

She told the court that when she met the couple at the Charleston office of the Department of Motor Vehicles to switch the car's registration details to her, "Carol told me to call her if I was ever in Jacksonville and needed a place to stay. She gave me her address and phone number."

Tiffany said she met Jackson in the lobby of a Charleston motel. He told her he was in a gang that had Mafia connections, and that he made money but didn't have to work. She went on several trips with him, and on one they came to Jacksonville, ran out of money, and went to stay with the Sumners for the night. While there they learned that the couple had made \$100,000 on the sale of their Charleston home.

Tiffany claimed she participated only in what she thought would be a simple theft, not the kidnapping, robbing and murder of the two kindly old people.

But the prosecutor Jay Plotkin told her: "You were the light that led the way. You were a full, active planner and participant. But for you the Sumners would still be alive.

Nobody carried you kicking and screaming into this crime. Can you still hear your victims gasping their last breaths as the dirt was piled on them?"

The jury clearly could, for they quickly convicted Tiffany Cole of first-degree murder and recommended the death sentence.

"I could hear my dad's blood cry out when the verdicts were announced," said Rhonda Branson. "Justice is served. But how can I ever forget how my parents spent their last terrifying moments of life, betrayed by a girl they were so fond of?"

On March 6th, 2008, Tiffany Cole was sentenced to death, thereby becoming the only woman then on Florida's Death Row.

Since Tiffany's sentencing she has been joined on Death Row by three other female killers. Now aged 35, she remains incarcerated at Lowell Correctional Institution, Florida.



Tiffany Cole turns to look at relatives during her trial as photos of her childhood are projected behind her

ANY IS ON ROW

His victims were all vulnerable, drug-addicted young women working the streets of Ipswich's red-light district.

Steve Wright cold-bloodedly murdered five in just six weeks

FORTY-NINE-year-old Suffolk Strangler Steve Wright was honing his skills as a killing machine long before he murdered five drug-addicted Ipswich prostitutes in quick succession. According to a neighbour, he would explode into violent rages and attack his second wife with his bare hands, and with a viciousness that defied explanation.

The neighbour said: "He would pin his wife up against the wall and put both hands around her throat. There were at least three times when he did this in front of witnesses."

**Case report by
John Sanders**

Her description tallies exactly with the way Wright murdered the prostitutes. But with them there were no witnesses, and the cold-blooded killer didn't release his hands. He picked the women off one by one, squeezed the life out of them by suffocating or strangling them, and dumped their naked bodies in remote areas. On at least two occasions he left their bodies posed in the shape of a crucifix.

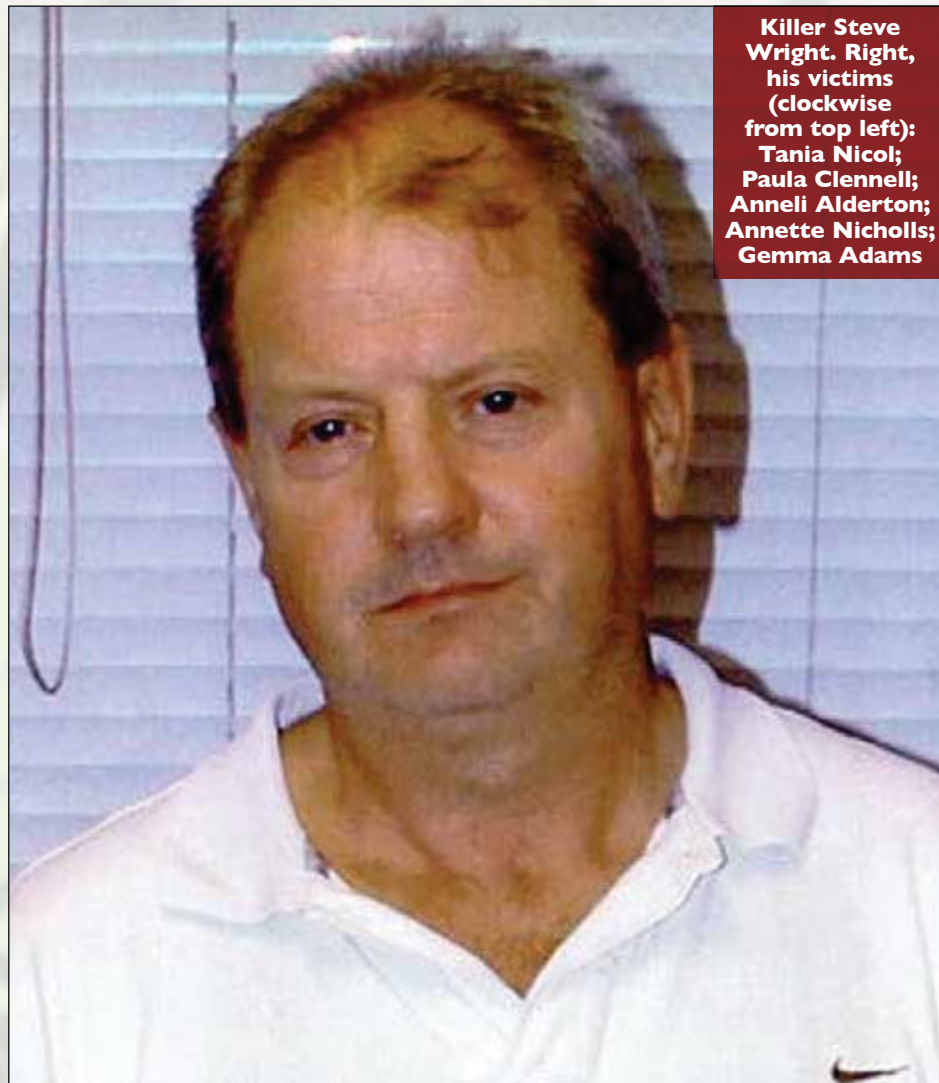
During the deadly sessions in which he brutalised his wife at home, said the neighbour, "it would end when either my husband or I would pull him off, or he would come to his senses."

She added: "He could have a violent row one minute and then a calm conversation with you straight afterwards, as if nothing had happened."

Wright's behaviour towards his wife was studied by prison psychiatrists in the light of the fact that, until he killed the Ipswich prostitutes in the space of just six weeks, he never had a single conviction for violent behaviour.

He was summed-up by a professional at his golf club: "We always knew Steve Wright as a quiet chap who was very unassuming." Others who knew him echoed that view. The few who regarded him as a friend thought of him as taciturn and a little awkward in company, even perhaps standoffish, except when the conversation turned to golf, about which he was almost obsessive.

He never talked about sex – the



Killer Steve Wright. Right, his victims (clockwise from top left): Tania Nicol; Paula Clennell; Anneli Alderton; Annette Nicholls; Gemma Adams

A KILLIN

only other thing about which he was obsessive. But sex drove him like a wild animal. And like his urge to strangle, the lust for more and more sex was in him long before he began the six-week killing spree that ended the lives of the five highly vulnerable prostitutes.

Wright frequented prostitutes as regularly as other men go to pubs. Many of them in East Anglia knew him well. Most said he behaved quite normally. One, named Lou, described him as "an average punter" with whom she had sex two or three times a month.

"He didn't strike me as weird," she said. "I can usually tell if someone is trustworthy, and he always seemed all right with me. He never gave me any reason to believe I was in danger."

All of which prompts the question, when did his five

victims realise for the first time they were in danger? How many seconds did they have left to live when they realised that this punter was a raging psychopath, and the last they would ever know?

The first was Tania Nicol, aged just 19. She was last seen on the evening of Monday, October 30th, 2006, at about 11 p.m., on her normal pitch. CCTV

**CRIMES THAT
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HOW THE SUFFOLK STRANGLER BECAME



NG MACHINE

images showed a lone woman going to the side of a dark-coloured Mark III Ford Mondeo, the same model as that owned by Wright.

Forty minutes later Tania's mobile phone disappeared from detection. More than five weeks after that, on December 8th, her naked body was found trapped in debris in Belstead Brook, south-west of Ipswich. A pathologist was unable to ascertain the exact cause of death, but the state of her lungs suggested asphyxiation. Damage to the thyroid cartilage was consistent with it having been squeezed.

He could not rule out that she was alive when she was dumped in the river, which must have been shortly after her disappearance.

Curiously, a month before Tania's body was found, a student was crossing Belstead Brook on a bus when she snatched a glimpse of what she thought might be a naked body. She did not report the sighting until almost a month

later.

The first body to be found, further upstream in the same brook, on December 2nd, was that of Gemma Adams, 25. She had picked up her prescription for methadone from an Ipswich pharmacist on November 14th, two weeks after Tania vanished.

A man told police that shortly after midnight that night he picked up a woman whom he believed to be Gemma. They had sex, and he dropped her off at 12.45 a.m. When he drove past a little later she was nowhere in sight.

Only a few minutes later – two minutes before 1 a.m. to be precise – she received a text message, and shortly after that her phone disappeared from detection.

A water bailiff found her naked body trapped in the brook as high water subsided. Her lungs were hyper-inflated, "consistent with a woman fighting for her breath." The pathologist believed

that she too had died very shortly after she disappeared.

After a break in the murders of almost three weeks, Wright struck three more times. Anneli Alderton, 24, who was several months pregnant, was captured on CCTV boarding a train. The date was Sunday, December 3rd, and the previous evening she told a police officer who knew she was on probation that she was working on the streets because she wanted to earn money for Christmas presents for her son.

Next day, Monday, she had an appointment with her probation officer. She had never previously failed to attend, but this time she did not show up.

Her body, already badly decomposed, was found a week later in woodland south-east of Ipswich, close to the A14 and Nacton village. It was deliberately posed in a cruciform, with arms outstretched. Crucially, it was found on dry land and clues on it would lead to

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Wright's arrest. The location of the body showed that the killer had a degree of local knowledge. Steve Wright, in fact, had until three months earlier worked in an office only 200 yards from where Anneli's body was

found.

The next victim, Annette Nicholls, 29, was last seen in the afternoon of December 8th. Her body was spotted four days later by a police helicopter that had been sent up to survey the scene, in woodland close to that of Anneli. She was also posed in the form of a cruciform, very close to the road, with little or no apparent effort to conceal her.

An expert calculated that, based on the number of flies found on the corpse, it had been there for three or four days, and was probably dumped before Anneli Alderton's body was found.

Annette also had hyper-inflated lungs and bruising, but there were no scratch marks on her body, which suggested that she had not been dragged through undergrowth.

The position of the body of the last victim, Paula Clennell, 24, suggested that Wright was in something of a panic. The body had been hastily dumped, probably after a police cordon had been installed in the area, off the Old Felixstowe Road. For Wright had become reckless beyond belief. Even with the manhunt in full cry, he went on killing right under the noses of the hunters. So, as he dumped Paula's body, he may have been disturbed or startled by the police presence and made a quick getaway.

Paula was the only victim to show evidence of a struggle. She had some bruising around her neck and bloody fluid coming out of her mouth. There were also drag marks on her body. She died as a result of compression of her neck, consistent with being strangled in a headlock, although she had also taken a significant dose of opiates.

Her body was discovered on December 12th, some hours before Annette Nicholls's body was found, although she had not disappeared until two days after Annette, on December 10th. Wright dumped her body a few hundred yards from that of Annette.

As the police were carrying Wright's victims to the mortuary, his completely unsuspecting partner sat with him on the sofa in their flat, watching the murders reported on TV. She turned to Wright, who was eating homemade lasagne on his lap in front of the TV, and asked him despairingly, "What sort of monster would be



Police officers search Belstead Brook, where the bodies of Wright victims Tania Nicol and Gemma Adams were discovered

capable of such crimes?"

She received a non-committal grunt and a barely discernible shrug. "Then he carried on watching *EastEnders*. Unlike everyone else in town, he just didn't seem to want to talk about it."

What sort of monster, indeed? The last thing that Wright's superficial acquaintances thought he was capable of was being a monster. He was almost the perfect model of a self-effacing suburbanite when he and his partner moved into a flat in an Edwardian

The "boring" tag hid a secret life of domestic violence, cross-dressing, petty theft, failed suicide attempts and an obsession with prostitutes

terrace in London Road, Ipswich. He looked like a quiet, unassuming middle-aged man, who cleaned his car more regularly than most, loved his golf and enjoyed a visit to the pub.

To his fellow-golfers at Seckford Golf Club near Ipswich he was "the most boring bloke in the world." But none of them guessed at his turbulent past, problems with depression, debts

and gambling, or the sinister sexually oriented netherworld he inhabited. The "boring" tag hid a secret life of domestic violence, cross-dressing, petty theft, failed suicide attempts and an obsession with prostitutes.

The prostitutes themselves knew, of course. They knew that when his partner worked at night, Wright went out and paid for sex.

His partner was the last steady woman in his life before his arrest. He courted his second wife more than 20 years previously, in 1987, when they met on the QE2, where he was a steward and she worked in the on-board shop.

During their short relationship she at first saw only the charming, considerate side of Wright that served as his everyday demeanour. But even before they married, she knew he was an insanely jealous brute who would beat her at the smallest provocation.

She said he wrote "slag" and "whore" on her cabin door on the QE2, slashed her clothes to shreds and then attacked her with a knife when he thought she was with another man. He repeatedly banged her head against a wall for folding bed sheets the wrong way, and battered her senseless, punching and kicking her.

"I did not get back to my cabin in time one night and he attacked me," she said. "He hit me in the face, and I ended up with a black eye. He would never say sorry and it was never spoken about if he was violent. It was no good talking about it, because he would lose his temper again, so I did not mention it."

After just four months of this "courtship" he would prevent her from leaving the ship for shore visits. She preferred by then to stay on board rather than have any problems with him.

"He started coming to the shop where I was working. If there were a male passenger or crew member there, he would stand staring at me. He was jealous, possessive, but then I would be inundated with flowers by way of apology."

Having wooed her with honeyed words, flowers and gifts, and gained complete control over her, he proposed marriage and she meekly submitted. She thinks it was the worst decision she ever



Victim Anneli Alderton captured on CCTV on a train, hours before her murder

made. The marriage lasted only a year – a year in which he turned her life into a violent hell.

None of this was apparently evident to casual acquaintances, who couldn't see anything beyond Wright's very dull side. The neighbour who even today remembers his strangling sessions summed him up: "The only way I can describe him is to say he was a real Jekyll and Hyde character."

His ex-wife had a sense that Wright might be responsible for the Suffolk murders before he was arrested. She recognised the description given by prostitutes who recalled his constant swearing.

She said: "I got this cold, horrible feeling when I heard about the murders. It's hard to describe – a terrible feeling that something was wrong, that he was involved. I just felt numb when I heard they'd arrested him. I knew how bad he was, but I did not think he was capable of anything so evil."

Wright's ability to act normally within a short time of committing acts of violence was to emerge as one of the features of his brief career as a serial killer.

He would drive his last partner to the call centre where she worked night shifts, then trawl the Ipswich red-light district for prostitutes, whom he would have sex with before strangling or smothering them. After stripping their bodies he would dump them in the countryside around Ipswich. He would then go home, change his clothes and go to work as if nothing had happened.

Exactly why he turned to murder has never been explained, but in a letter to his father, written from prison while he was awaiting trial, he said: "Whenever I get upset I tend to bury it deep inside, which I suppose is not a healthy thing to do because the more I do that the more withdrawn I become, because I have seen too much anger and violence in my childhood to last a lifetime."

A consultant psychologist who studied the case said Wright's motive for murder was almost certainly sexual and he strangled women to satisfy a long-standing fetish. But what about all the "anger and violence" he claimed to have seen in his childhood?

He was born on April 24th, 1958, in Erpingham, Norfolk. His father was an RAF regiment corporal, which meant that Wright spent much of his early life with his older brother and two younger sisters at bases in Singapore and Malta.

After his parents separated, his father remarried when Wright was 10, moved to Felixstowe, and had two more children.

Wright left school with no qualifications and joined the Merchant Navy. At 19 he married his first wife, who was 17, in Milford Haven. They had a son, but the marriage lasted only four years. In his 20s he worked on the QE2, and when ashore, he told the court at his trial, he first acquired his taste for



Steve Wright, aged 19, on his wedding day in 1978. The marriage only lasted four years

prostitutes, whenever he "got the urge."

He did not, of course, tell his various wives and girlfriends about his "urges," which carried on when he married for a second time in 1987. When the Wrights took over the Ferry Boat Inn in Norwich's red-light district, Wright quickly got to know the local prostitutes. Some knew him as "the soldier" because he wore camouflage trousers. Others said he would cruise the streets dressed in high heels, a PVC skirt and wig.

One Norwich prostitute, who remembered him even after 20 years, said: "In those days, if you didn't get in the car he would get naked and just sit there with the headlights on. He freaked me out. The police knew about him."

Wright was a regular customer of another prostitute, who lives in Norwich, and who lived to tell the tale. She said she saw Wright for paid sex once a month between June 2005 and June 2006. He would pick her up from the red-light district in Norwich, more than 40 miles from his Ipswich home.

"He didn't want to do it on his doorstep," she said. "I knew he had a partner but he said his sex life had

stopped. He said they were arguing a lot. I never felt unsafe or threatened. I trusted him completely."

The landlady at an Ipswich pub where Wright drank said she had received a letter from him. "It said, 'You must know in your heart I am not capable of doing this.'" But, she added, "I don't know. He is nice-looking, not slimy, nothing like that. But as a personality – there is none. He had no personality."

After the failure of his second marriage – a marriage described as "a nightmare, a total disaster" – Wright moved to Kent and worked in two pubs, the White Horse in Chislehurst and the Rose and Crown in Plumstead, where he met a barmaid. In 1992 she bore him a second child, a girl, but although she described him as "a kind, generous and loving father," she knew their relationship was doomed. His reckless streak had taken hold again and he began gambling and drinking heavily, losing his pub and his family.

He sent her a note, claiming that he planned to kill himself. In 1994 he tried to gas himself in a car but was pulled out by police. Six years later he tried to take an overdose of pills.

It was at this point, according to his half-brother, that he sank to his lowest ebb, and depression overwhelmed him. "I think everything got to him," the half-brother said. "He got with some girl who ended up scamming him for everything he had. He got himself into a lot of debt. Everything got to him, and I suppose he couldn't find a way out."

In the mid-1990s Wright moved back to Felixstowe, close to his father and stepmother, where he did labouring jobs. But his spending was uncontrollable, with much of the money going to prostitutes. He ran up debts of nearly £40,000 and fled to Thailand after declaring himself bankrupt. There he lavished gifts on a Thai girl while still using prostitutes.

Back in Felixstowe in 2000, he worked at a fruit machine arcade but was caught stealing and moved on to work



Police outside Wright's London Road home (with white tent) at the time of his arrest

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behind a bar at the Brook Hotel. Colleagues described him as "practically invisible," but he was again caught stealing and brought to court – his only criminal conviction before the Suffolk

killings. The sum he stole was £84, and although it was a comparatively minor offence, it resulted in him having to give a DNA sample – the sample that was later to expose him as the Suffolk Strangler.

In 2004 Wright met his last partner at a bingo hall, and they moved to Ipswich where he took a job as a forklift truck driver and she worked at night in a call centre.

Two years later he held a 48th birthday celebration at a local pub where he was known as a shy, quiet regular.

One of the other regulars remembered: "Steve would never say much. You never knew what he was thinking. If you asked fifty people round here before the murders if they knew Steve Wright, no one would have said yes. Now everyone knows his name."

But for all his meandering, saw-tooth career, Steve Wright's life never took him to the depressing depths experienced by the five vulnerable, drug-dependent young women he is known to have murdered.

At 19 the youngest of his victims, Tania Nicol, is remembered by her family as "a loving, sensitive girl who never hurt anyone." Heroin addiction saw her life fall apart as she entered her "own secret world" of prostitution to feed the habit, pretending to her family that she was working as a hairdresser.

"She got in with the wrong crowd," said one close relative. "That should be a warning to anyone. I knew nothing of her secret life until the police told me."

Another close relative said: "It's just a horror story. When she finished her education she started off on cannabis. As soon as she started she got lazy and it developed from there. Then she began taking heroin. We would question her about it, but she was always in denial, always evasive."

Gemma Adams came from a highly respectable middle-class background. She had a serene childhood as a Brownie, horseriding and playing the piano. She lived with her two siblings in a large detached house on the outskirts of Ipswich, and was known as a kind-hearted and fun-loving child.



Above, Wright's Ford Mondeo Mark III. He would clean the vehicle at unusual times. Inset, the car's interior. Fibres from victims' bodies were found on the upholstery



Teachers at Kesgrave High School remembered her as "an ordinary intelligent girl from a nice family." But at 15 she met a man, and the pair descended into a spiral of drug addiction. She lost her

job at an insurance company and started working as a prostitute to feed her habit. Her family tried to get her into a rehabilitation clinic, but she virtually cut herself off from them.

After completing a four-year beautician's course at Suffolk College in Ipswich, Annette Nicholls, who wrote poetry in her spare time, had ambitions to set up her own business. But as a single mother in her mid-20s, virtually overnight she became hooked on heroin and became a prostitute to fund her dependency. Friends said drugs had changed her character out of all recognition.

She was ashamed by her descent into heroin abuse and prostitution and her secret came out only when a member of her family saw her touting for business.

A 40-year-old prostitute who worked on the streets of Ipswich with Annette said: "Steve Wright often picked up Annette and me at the end of the night and would drop me off at home. I never had sex with him but I was in the car

with him four or five times. He had cold eyes and he was very quiet. They say it's the quiet ones you have to look out for."

Anneli Alderton had dreams of becoming a model but instead her life descended into a spiral of heroin, crack cocaine and prostitution. Known as "Anni," she spent her early childhood in Cyprus and was fluent in Greek. She returned to Ipswich when she was 12, and four years later her father died of lung cancer. She ran away on the day of his funeral, began smoking marijuana in a bid to escape depression, and moved on to harder drugs.

As a result she was several times sent to jail, and became a prostitute. She was a single mother, and the day before she disappeared she was out buying Christmas presents for her young child.

A relative said that, before going off the rails, she was "very bright and made us laugh."

A TV interviewer spoke to Paula Clennell after the prostitutes' bodies started coming to light. She told him: "I'm becoming a bit wary about getting into cars." Five days later she had sex with Wright, and in the last few seconds of her life she would have known that he was the Suffolk Strangler everyone was talking about. She was his fifth and final victim.

"A kind-hearted, generous, and loving soul," Paula moved to East Anglia 10 years before she was murdered. She discovered heroin at 17 and went on the streets to feed her addiction.

She had three young daughters who were taken into care before she was murdered. She wrote to them asking them to forgive her absence, but she never sent the card. Friends say she was depressed and deeply saddened by the fact that her children had been taken away from her.

Her card described how miserable Christmas would be without her children. She wrote: "Instead of it being a happy day of joy and togetherness, it's only a dark, lonely and depressing day."

She was born in Berwick, Northumberland, and moved to Ipswich after her parents divorced. Her family said she turned to drugs to "block out



Wright's reflective jacket, hanging up at his home. Blood from several victims was found on it

the pain” of losing her children. She told friends she knew she would be dead before she reached 25 because of drugs.

On December 10th, 2006, when her boyfriend refused to give her money for drugs, she stormed out, saying, “I’ll show him.” Her “hurriedly dumped” body was found two days later.

The scientific evidence was piled up against Steve Wright when he was put on trial at Ipswich Crown Court in January 2008. It was following the discovery of Anneli Alderton’s body, said the prosecutor, Peter Wright QC, that “a picture was beginning to emerge which pointed inexorably towards Steve Wright being responsible.”

Most compelling was the forensic evidence; both that from the bodies of three of the women, Anneli Alderton, Annette Nicholls and Paula Clennell, and that which was found on Wright’s belongings. The possibility of the DNA discovered on these three victims coming from anyone other than him was a billion to one against.

The jurors were told of fibres discovered on the women’s bodies matching samples from Wright’s car, home and clothing. And they were told that CCTV footage revealed a dark Ford Mondeo Mark III driven in circuits around the red-light district of Ipswich on the evening of October 30th, the night Tania Nicol was last seen.

The prosecutor said: “It is our case that the driver of the car was Steve Wright, and you may conclude on the evidence you hear that he was cruising the red-light district a short distance from his home in order to pick up, not merely a prostitute for sex, but a suitable victim.”

A camera with number-plate recognition photographed Wright’s car at 1.30 a.m. that night, driving out of Ipswich in a south-westerly direction. “Why was he out in the early hours of that morning, unless the vehicle contained the body of Tania and he was anxious to dispose of it?” the prosecutor asked.

Similarly, on December 3rd, the night on which Anneli Alderton was last seen, CCTV captured a car driving round the red light district at 11.18 p.m. A distinctive air freshener and the tax disc position were the same as in Wright’s car. More than two hours later, at 1.41 a.m., the car was filmed driving out of the town in the direction of the A14.

There was also “another interesting coincidence.” In between the disappearance of Tania and the disappearance of Gemma, Steve Wright’s partner had an unusual amount of time off work – she was working only one night in the interim. On the night of December 1st police stopped Wright, and on that night his partner was back at work. Two days later, on December 3rd, she was also working. That was the night Anneli disappeared.

“It is the case for the prosecution that

Wright did not remain at home while his partner worked. On the contrary, we suggest he went out looking for another suitable victim, in this case Anneli Alderton.”

The prosecution said it had been suggested that Wright might not have acted alone, because of the lack of drag marks on the naked bodies of Anneli Alderton and Annette Nicholls, despite the dense vegetation in which they were found.

“One possible explanation for this is that the naked bodies might have been carried by more than one individual, or were wrapped in something. Alternatively, they may have been carried by someone of sufficient strength and stature not to need assistance.”

On the evening of December 8th, shortly after Annette Nicholls

“Wright did not remain at home while his partner worked. On the contrary, we suggest he went out looking for another victim, in this case Anneli Alderton”

disappeared, a woman on a bus passing along the road where the victim’s body would be found saw a dark Ford Mondeo parked awkwardly by the side of the road. Its lights were off.

“The similarities in respect of the deaths of each of these women, together with the close relationship in time and location between their disappearance, their death, the discovery of their bodies and the sites at which they were abandoned, point to each of these murders having been committed by the same man,” the prosecutor said. “Either alone or with another or others, that man was Steve Wright.”

The court was told that even as police forces from across the country were called in to help the investigation, Wright continued to cruise the red-light district, picking off his final victims after three of the women’s bodies had been discovered.

Speaking from the witness-box on his own behalf, Wright was unable to explain the most telling piece of evidence, the discovery of black nylon fibre from the floor of his car in Tania Nicol’s hair. This was found despite her body having been immersed in water. Nor did he have any explanation for why blood from several victims was found on the outside of his reflective jacket and in his car.

He claimed he was the victim of a string of coincidences, and denied murder. He admitted he used local prostitutes and had had sex with four of the five victims. That, he insisted, was why his DNA was on three of the less decomposed bodies, and why fibres from his car, clothes and home were found on them. But it was an “unfortunate coincidence” that all five were later killed in the same order in which he picked them up.

His evidence lasted for three days, and he gave a controlled performance, only occasionally raising his voice, to deny he had anything to do with the murders. His elaborate attempts to account for forensic evidence – the discovery of his DNA inside a glove led him to say he found the fluid on condoms repulsive and always used gloves to remove them – were dismissed as “nonsense” by the prosecution.

A frequenter of massage parlours for 25 years, he told the court he only turned to street prostitutes in October, 2006, after he moved into his flat in the red-light district, having realised he could buy sex for as little as £20 if he haggled over the price.

He was “blinkered” by his desire for sex, he said, and picked the women up in his car yards from his own flat, despite the risk of detection by his partner.

He sat calmly, staring ahead with his arms folded and betraying no emotion, as Mr. Justice Gross gave him a whole-life prison sentence for the five murders. The judge said he was imposing the maximum sentence because the killings involved “a substantial degree of premeditation and planning.”

He went on: “You set out on a campaign of murder. The women were



Trial jurors at woods near Nacton, five miles from Ipswich, where the body of victim Anneli Alderton was discovered

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vulnerable in the sense they were exposed to the inherent risks of their occupation. They were additionally vulnerable as the drugs they had taken meant their capacity to resist attack must have

been very limited.

"Drugs and prostitution exposed them to risk, but neither drugs nor prostitution killed them. You did. You selected your victims. Sexual activity followed. You killed them, stripped them and abandoned their bodies. Why you did it may never be known, but murder them you did."

After the sentence Wright's partner talked about her life with the Suffolk Strangler. At the time of the murders, like many women in Ipswich, she was too scared to venture beyond her front door at night. The strangler was on the loose, and was targeting victims close to her home. She could not believe it when the police called at her workplace and told her that the killer was her own partner.

When the verdict was known he phoned her and said: "I can't live without knowing you are there for me. I can't believe this."

Wright, she said, never showed any sign of being under pressure. He was always totally relaxed and calm. When she told him that two of the missing girls had been found dead, "you would have expected him to have shown some signs that he was agitated, but there wasn't a flicker. Yet you only had to look

out of the window to see that the town was crawling with hundreds of police officers."

Following Wright's conviction the families of two of his victims made victim impact statements calling for a restoration of the death penalty. Tania Nicol's family said: "These crimes deserve the ultimate punishment and that can only mean one thing. Whereas Tania and the other victims were given no human rights by this monster, he will be guarded by the establishment at great cost; both to the taxpayers and emotionally to the bereaved families.

"The public must insist that this government look at returning the death penalty for cases such as this, otherwise many more families will go through the same suffering that we have had to endure."

A relative of Paula Clennell said: "Steve Wright will hopefully serve the rest of his life in prison. I wish we still had the death penalty as this is what he truly deserves."

Detectives interviewed Wright over the disappearance of the estate agent Suzy Lamplugh and a string of other unsolved cases. The serial killer was seen as a potential suspect over the death of 25-year-old Suzy, who worked with Wright on the QE2 and stayed in touch with him before she vanished in July, 1986. However, cops later ruled him out after it was established that Wright was onboard the ship at the time of her disappearance.

Other missing women about whom Wright was questioned were:

- Michelle Bettles, 22. She disappeared from Norwich's red-light district in March, 2002. Her body was found in woodland near Dereham, in Norfolk. She had been strangled. Norfolk Constabulary subsequently dismissed any link with Wright.
- Natalie Pearman, 16. A prostitute, she went missing from Norwich's red-light district in 1992. Her semi-naked body was dumped at the Ringland Hills beauty spot near Norwich. She had been strangled but probes of possible links to Wright proved unsuccessful.
- Vicky Hall, 17, a schoolgirl, was abducted in September, 1999, as she walked home from school in the village of Trimley St. Mary, near the home of Wright's father. Her body was found in a ditch near Stowmarket five days later. A businessman was charged with her murder but cleared after a trial in 2001.
- Kellie Pratt, 29, a prostitute who disappeared in June, 2000, outside a pub in Norwich's red-light district. Her body has never been found.
- Mandy Duncan, 26, who vanished in July, 1993, while working as a prostitute in Ipswich. Her body has never been found.

Now, nearly a decade on from his conviction, Wright has yet to even admit his guilt over the Ipswich murders and any dark secrets he may have remain just that.

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SCOTTISH CLASSIC CASE
JEANNIE'S GENTLE HUSBAND TURNED INTO A PSYCHOPATH

LAST PUBLIC EXECUTION IN IPSWICH
Hanged For A Bale Of Hay

EDNA AND ALICE'S SHOP...

Murder In Your Village
This month: Edgefield, Norfolk

MURDERED HERE 30 YEARS AGO

HE CUT UP GRAYCE'S BODY IN THE BATHROOM

ELIOT NESS
WAR AGAINST THE GAMBLERS & BENT COPS

US EXECUTION... "I WOULDN'T MIND KILLING AGAIN"

YOUR LETTERS

Your Letters, PO Box 735, London SE26 5NQ
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Fratta And Hitler's Sexual Kink

I'm very familiar with the Bob Fratta case so enjoyed finding out the latest information in your feature, "Three On Death Row For Murder of Guildford Girl" (November). Your feature mentioned that Fratta was terrified that details of his bizarre sexual fetishes would become public knowledge. Well, he may have feared his in-laws would find out but he had already confided all of his stomach-churning desires to many of his friends, telling them that he wanted to urinate on his wife and wanted her to defecate in his mouth. Unsurprisingly, the marriage broke down and he determined to murder her in order to benefit from the insurance money.

Interestingly, Fratta shares his sexual kink with another killer, namely Adolf Hitler. Both men wanted to share their waste products with their lovers and both men wanted to be hurt during sex, with Hitler begging women to kick him whilst he lay, naked, at their feet and Fratta pleading with his wife to punch him in the testicles.

When they were feeling submissive, they wanted to be humiliated – but, when they were feeling dominant, they arranged for their enemies to be tortured and killed.

C. Davis, Weston-super-Mare

Horror In Pembrokeshire

Has *True Detective* ever featured the case of John Cooper, the Bullseye Killer, who operated in Pembrokeshire, Wales, during the 1980s and was responsible for the murder of four people between 1985 and 1989? It would be of interest, I am sure, to fellow-readers.

Cameron Camilla Boyle, Leicester

It's many years since we looked at the case. Would other readers like to know more about it?

Would A Killer Be So Careless?

I loved William Kendal's racy account of District Attorney George Ward's chase down and capture of Chester "CG" Gillette ("The Drowning Of Grace Brown" – October) – but how foolish Gillette was to only use aliases with his own initials. Would a killer really be so careless?

Kendal seems in no doubt that Chester killed his unmarried pregnant paramour Grace Brown but was Chester an early victim of a media trial? The rapacious press was quick to condemn him as the killer of "Miss Poor" so he

could marry "Miss Rich" – even though "Miss Rich" claimed they were only acquaintances.

Chester said Grace drowned herself due to shame. "We talked a little more, then she got up and jumped in the water, just jumped in," he testified. Roy Higby later claimed he had dented Grace's skull with the pole used to retrieve her from the lake. He said George Ward had visited his father after the trial and said, "Jim, if the defence had got this boy on the stand, we would never have convicted Chester Gillette."

Big Moose Lake is said to be haunted by Grace. Her ghost always looks sad. If only ghosts could talk, what would she say?

Andrew Stephenson, Newhaven

Murder Down Under

Thanks for the story on Frederick Thompson, the last man to be hanged in Tasmania ("Curious Case Of The Bath In The Cemetery" – October). However, I found the shorter story about Thompson's predecessor on the Tasmanian gallows, George Carpenter, just as interesting. The psychology of Carpenter I found rather baffling as he shot dead three men within 24 hours in the rural area of Swansea. One of the victims was labourer Thomas Carpenter, a cousin of George, and my research has shown that another victim, Edward Dunscombe, was George's uncle. Perhaps a family row was involved in these two murders as well as George's desire to steal his uncle's hidden fortune.

I found the dates mentioned in your story unconvincing, as how could Carpenter appear at the Supreme Court on October 5th, 1922, when the murders he was accused of didn't happen until October 10th and October 11th? Perhaps the correct date of the court appearance was 15th October.

Brian Mowat, Inverurie

You're right, the Carpenter case is interesting. Watch out for a full telling of it later in the series – with the court date amended!

Omagh's Gallows Tale

I was most interested to read of "The Last Public Execution in Omagh" in 1860 in your October issue.

Readers may like to know that May 26th, 2018, will be the 150th anniversary of the last public execution in England – of another Irishman. He was Michael Barrett who was accused of the Clerkenwell explosion of December 1867, which was an attempt to release a fellow Fenian from the prison there. It killed 12 bystanders and injured many more.

Witnesses testified that Barrett was in Scotland at the time of the explosion. Nevertheless he was convicted on the evidence of an informer who had been known to give false testimony before in return for rewards. There were serious doubts about the conviction therefore but he was publicly hanged on May 26th, 1868.

If you have not already covered the case perhaps you could do so to commemorate the anniversary.

Mike Pentelow, London

TD's sister magazine Master Detective will be featuring the Barrett case in its current series on public hangings, They Came To Watch The Hanging. Don't miss it!

Bamber's Chilling Crime

It would be very interesting to read the full story of Jeremy Bamber, convicted in October 1986 of murdering his adoptive parents, his adoptive sister and her six-year-old twin sons, in what came to be known as the White House Farm murders. He is serving life imprisonment without the possibility of parole; but he has protested his innocence constantly since his conviction, arguing that he is the victim of a miscarriage of justice. Most recently, the European Court of Human Rights ruled in Bamber's favour that there must be a possibility, for whole-life prisoners, of review and release.

Stuart Davies, Barnstaple

Would other readers like to know more about the Bamber case? Do let us know.

Lynching In Mississippi

After Emmett Till was warned by his mother Mamie before his visit to Mississippi, "things are different there, if you have to get on your knees and bow when a white person goes past, do it willingly," he would never have approached Carolyn Bryant in her husband's shop with lewd or suggestive comments ("Revealed: The Lies That Launched A Lynching" – October).

Could Emmett's attempts to overcome his stammer by softly whistling be interpreted as a wolf-whistle? I don't think Emmett would have said "boo" to a goose but at that time in "Klu Klux Klan country" a white person was untouchable and whatever he or she said was gospel.

I have watched *Mississippi Burning* and thought the violent, bloody scenes were grossly exaggerated until I read the story of Emmett Till.

I admired Mamie Till's courage in refusing to have the undertakers "fix up" the mutilated face of her son to "let the world see what I saw." How was it possible for Carolyn Bryant to live with that outrageous lie for all these decades?

B. Waters, Inverness

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1.

PENTONVILLE'S FIRST VICTIM

F LARING OIL LAMPS
illuminated costermongers' stalls, and to the music of itinerant organ-grinders in Wentworth Street, off Commercial Road in London's East End, passers-by were dancing. It was the evening of August 28th, 1902, and everyone was having a good time. But the music and dancing stopped abruptly just before 8 o'clock when a piercing shriek startled the crowds of shoppers.

In the midst of the throng, a tall man staggered a few yards and fell to the ground with a knife through his throat. A costermonger cleared his barrow, lifted the wounded man into it, and set off at a quick trot for the London Hospital.

Four other costermongers seized the assailant, **John McDonald**, a 24-year-old Scotsman, and held him until two policemen arrived. The head of the victim, an Irishman named Henry Groves, had almost been severed from his body, and he was dead when he

The first prisoners were received on December 21st, 1842, and the gaol's first 60 years were uneventful. It did not become a place of execution until the late summer of 1902, following the closure and subsequent demolition of Newgate Gaol.

The gallows used at Newgate were removed intact and installed at Pentonville, where no fewer than 120 inmates were hanged between September 1902 and July 1961. In all there were 105 executions for murder and 15 for other offences including

treason and violations of military law.

The second inmate to go to Pentonville's gallows was never forgotten by Henry Pierrepont, his executioner. When Pierrepont was asked, "Who was the bravest person you ever hanged?" he always replied, "**Henry Williams**" without hesitation.

Williams was a 31-year-old bootmaker. In April 1900 his illegitimate daughter Margaret Ann Andrews was three when he went with his Surrey Regiment to South Africa

Pentonville Prison has been a grim London landmark since 1842 – but it wasn't for another 60 years that it became a place of execution. In the 20th century Pentonville saw 120 hangings, 105 of them for murder...and in this fascinating series we'll bring you details of them all



John McDonald, the first man hanged at Pentonville

reached the hospital 10 minutes later.

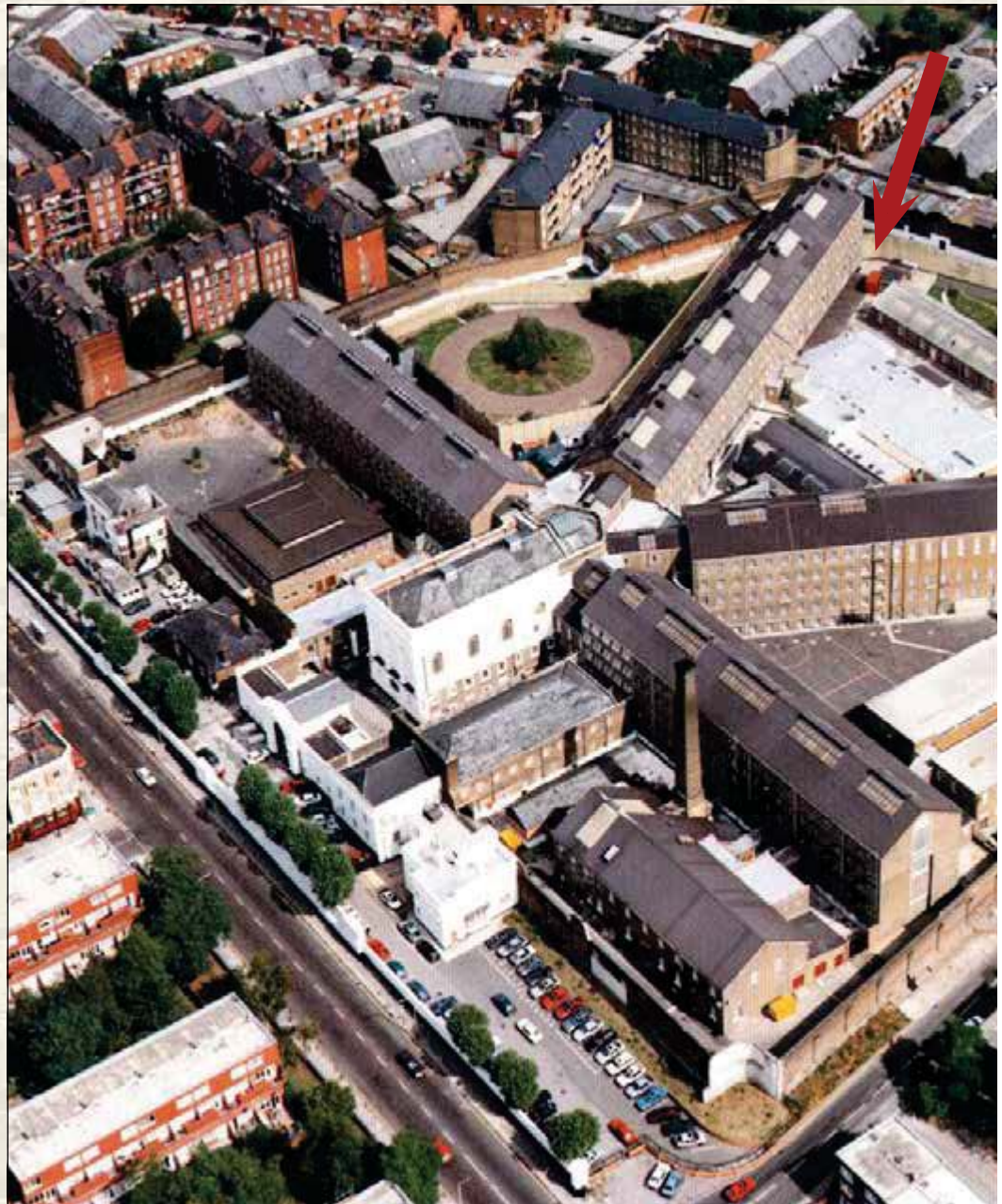
It transpired that both McDonald and Groves were petty thieves. McDonald had stolen a sum of money, which in turn was stolen by Groves. So McDonald had sworn revenge, and after his arrest he told a constable: "That is the knife I did it with, and I did it intentionally."

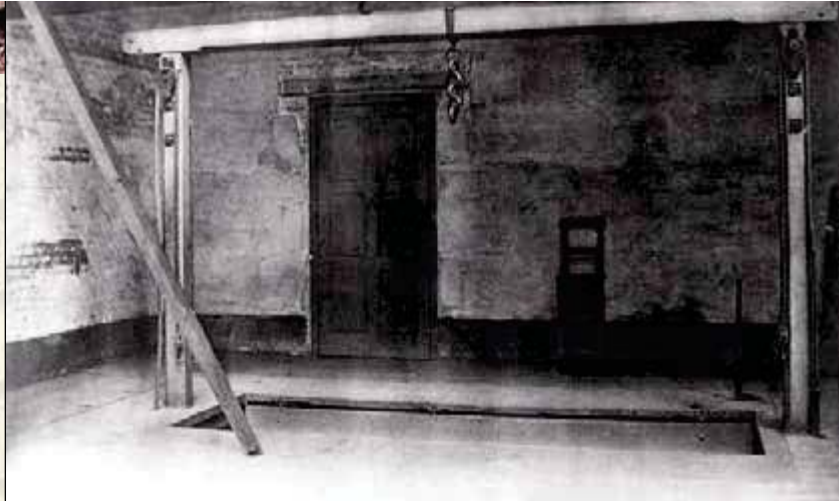
He was duly convicted of murder and sentenced to death at the Old Bailey. There was nothing particularly memorable about the case, so why recall it more than a century later? At the end of his short life, John McDonald achieved a distinction. When he was hanged by William Billington and Henry Pierrepont on September 30th, 1902, he became the first person to be executed at Pentonville Prison. Many more would follow, including some of the most notorious killers in Britain's criminal history.

2.

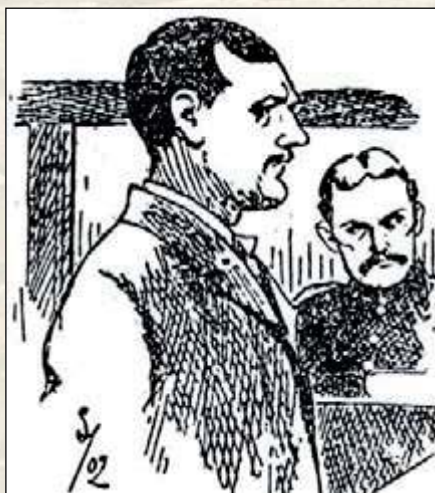
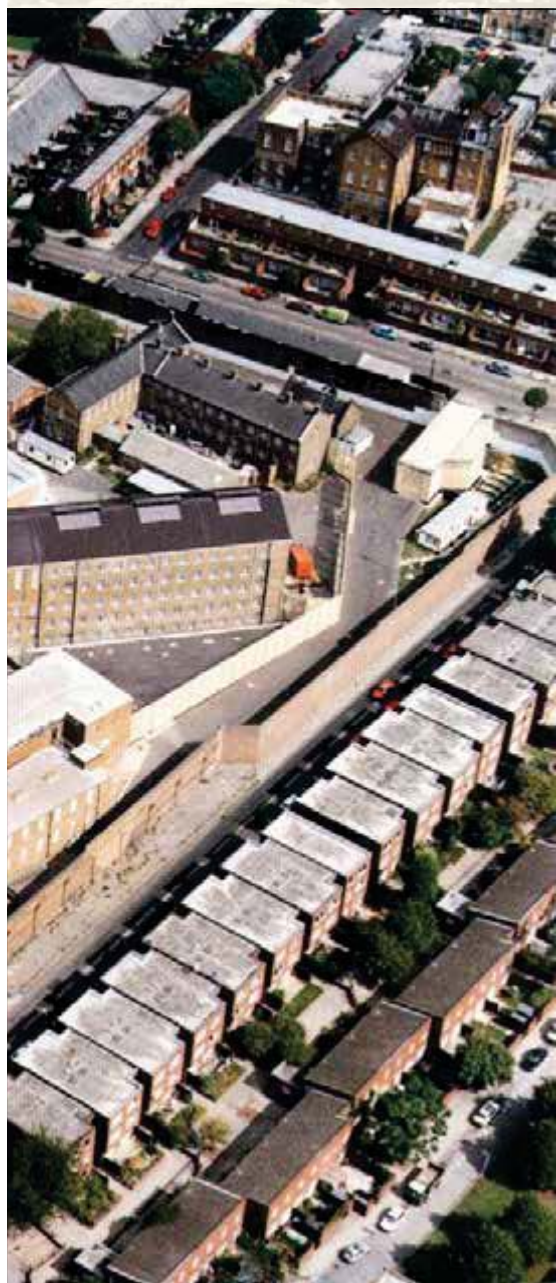
PIERREPOINT'S BRAVEST CUSTOMER

Construction of the prison in Caledonian Road began in April 1840.





120 WERE HANGED AT PENTONVILLE • PART 1



Left, Pentonville today with the original execution shed arrowed. Above, Henry Williams and below, Ellen Andrews. To get back at Ellen, he cut their daughter's throat. Shown right is the record of his execution; he was hangman Henry Pierrepont's bravest customer



to take part in the Boer War. On his return in 1902 he suspected that Margaret Ann's mother, Ellen Andrews, had been living with a sailor. "I won't hurt you," he told her, "but I will do something that will break your heart and brand you so that you will never hold up your face in the world again."

On the morning of September 10th he took the child from Lancing, near Worthing, to London, leaving Ellen to follow by a later train. He went to their lodgings in Waterford Road, Fulham, where he told his landlady he had seen Ellen, she had "owned to it," and he had forgiven her, but he would sooner see their child dead than that

Name of the Person		Address		Occupation		Remarks	
1	Henry Williams	7 - 4 -					
2	Edsel	7 - 4 -					
3	Walt						
4	31	3 - 4 - 4 -					
5	87 8/10						
6	Engelhardt	4 - 4 -					
7	132						
8	Frank At	4 - 4 -					

she should grow up to lead a life like her mother.

Shortly afterwards he went upstairs and put five-year-old Margaret Ann to bed, with her doll beside her. Then he cut her throat with a razor, covered her body with a Union flag, and went to say goodbye to a woman neighbour. He had killed his "little Maggie," he said, and he would not live another three weeks.

At 6 o'clock the child's corpse was found with a note left on her chest:
"May God bless her dear little heart and

grant that her good soul may go to heaven, and may I, her heartbroken father, be forgiven. But it is better than letting her go to another man, where my wife was going to take her."

Henry Williams was arrested shortly after. "It is not many men who would have had the heart to do it, but I did," he said in a statement. "She was my child and I loved her, and I will walk like a man to the scaffold."

And so he did, impressing the hangmen with his courage when he went to the gallows on November 11th, 1902.

Less than four weeks later, Pentonville witnessed its third execution in three months.

3.

STABBED WITH A PENKNIFE

For more than 14 years **Thomas Fairclough Barrow** had lived in Red Lion Street, Wapping, with Emily Coates. By October 1902 he was 49, she 32, and their relationship had soured, their fierce arguments escalating to violence. Emily served Barrow with a warrant for assault, and when he turned up on her doorstep on October 17th she slammed the door in his face.

The next day she was walking down Glamis Road, Shadwell, when Barrow ran up from behind and stabbed her five times with a penknife, killing her instantly.

At his trial at the Old Bailey his defence was that he was temporarily insane at the time in question, having previously suffered sunstroke in the navy and having attempted suicide.

The jury didn't buy this. They found him guilty of Emily's murder, he was sentenced to death, and on December 9th, 1902, he was hanged by William Billington, assisted by his younger brother John.

4.

DEATH OF A BARMAID

Almost a year passed before **Charles Stowe**, a 28-year-old dock labourer, took the same short walk from Pentonville's condemned cell to the gallows. He was a regular customer at the Lord Nelson public house in the East End's Whitechapel Road. One of the barmaids was 20-year-old Martha Jane Hardwick, the landlady's sister. Her bright, cheerful manner made her popular with the customers, and Stowe tried repeatedly to persuade her to go out with him. But she always turned him down.

He eventually became such a nuisance that she avoided him whenever he entered the bar, and this made him so angry that he began to threaten her, making her even more determined to steer clear of him.

The pub was closing at around midnight on September 23rd, 1903, when he came in again and went up to Martha, who was collecting empty glasses. "I've got you now," he said,



Charles Stowe and the slaying of barmaid Martha Jane Hardwick at the Lord Nelson. Below, homicidal seaman John Sullivan



and stabbed her repeatedly in the chest.

As he ran out of the pub, Martha's sister jumped over the bar and pursued him, shouting to passers-by to stop him. He was grabbed and held by several men, who took him back to the pub where Martha lay dead.

When police officers arrived, Stowe was arrested and charged with murder, and at his trial his counsel submitted a defence of uncontrollable jealousy caused by provocation.

Convicted and sentenced to death, Stowe was hanged on November 10th, 1903, by William and John Billington, who gave the five-foot-four, 11 stone prisoner a drop of seven feet two inches.

5.

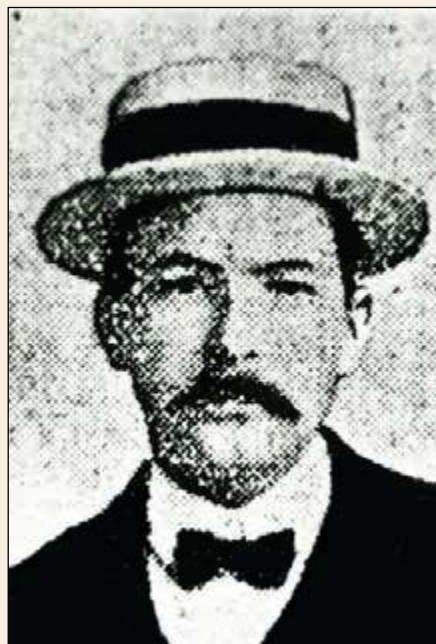
THE SHIPMATES WHO FELL OUT

John Sullivan, a 40-year-old able seaman, was the next killer to go to Pentonville's gallows. He and his

victim Dennis Lowthian, a 17-year-old deckhand, were shipmates on the *Waiwera*, which in January 1904 left London for New Zealand. At first they got on well together, but then they fell out. Sullivan assaulted the boy, who reported this to the captain, and the able seaman was ordered to spend seven days in the brig.

On his release, he began threatening Lowthian. "I will break your neck. I can't stand this much longer, and there will be murder on this ship before morning," he told the boy on May 18th.

That evening Lowthian was on deck chatting with another crew member when Sullivan approached them. He was carrying a hatchet which he swung in an arc, bringing it down on the boy's head and then throwing the weapon overboard. Called to the





scene, the captain found Lowthian lying dead on the deck. Sullivan was being held down by another deckhand. "If I could get at him now I would cut him to pieces," he shouted as he was put in irons.

On the ship's return to London Sullivan was handed over to the authorities, and at his trial for Dennis Lowthian's murder the court was told that in 1896 he was invalided out of the Royal Navy suffering from heart disease and "melancholy." His counsel argued that there was no motive for the crime, and Sullivan was insane when it was committed. But as Mr. Justice Grantham pointed out, the court had heard no evidence of insanity, and the killer was convicted.

Asked by the court clerk if he had anything to say as to why the death sentence should not be passed, John Sullivan replied: "Yes, I consider the judge summed-up this case as though he had a personal spite against me, and went to sleep while my advocate was pleading for my life."

The sentence was then passed, and Sullivan was hanged by the Billingtons



Shopkeeper Matilda Farmer flanked by the two half-brothers who would swing for her murder: Conrad Donovan (left) and Charles Wade

on July 12th, 1904.

Pentonville had yet to have a double execution, but it didn't have to wait long. And the crime was a particularly vicious one.

6. & 7.

HALF-BROTHERS IN CRIME

At 6.30 a.m. on October 14th, 1904, Charles Gillingham was delivering newspapers in Commercial Road, Stepney, when he was surprised to see the door was open at a small shop owned by 65-year-old Miss Matilda Farmer.

The police were informed, and they found her corpse lying face-down on her bed. Her hands had been tied behind her back and a towel had been wrapped firmly around her mouth.

Robert Rae, a fishmonger's assistant of Old Church Road, Stepney, told the police that in the early hours of that morning he saw two men come out of Miss Farmer's shop. He knew one of them well and named him, and as a result two men were arrested. They were **Conrad Donovan**, a 34-year-old sailor of Church Road, Limehouse, and his

half-brother **Charles Wade**, a 22-year-old labourer living in Grosvenor Street, Ratcliff.

After further inquiries both were charged with murdering Miss Farmer in the course of a burglary. On November 21st their three-day trial ended with their conviction and they were sentenced to death. Three weeks later, on December 13th, 1904, they were hanged together by William Billington, assisted by Henry Pierrepont.

8.

KILLED FIANCEE'S MOTHER

The journey to Pentonville from their homes in Lancashire was becoming a familiar one for the Billingtons and Pierrepont. John Billington and Pierrepont made the trip again four months later, this time to execute **Albert Bridgeman**, a 22-year-old labourer who had been awarded a medal for his service with the British Army in South Africa.

His engagement to Mary Ballard had been broken off, and for this he blamed Mrs. Catherine Ballard, Mary's 43-year-old mother who objected to his persistent and heavy drinking.

On March 4th, 1905, he left a public house with Mrs. Ballard and they went to her home nearby in Compton Street, St. Pancras. Shortly afterwards screams were heard coming from Mrs. Ballard's room, and Bridgeman ran out of the house, pursued by a lodger, Mrs. Emily Shadbolt, who followed him until she lost sight of him.

Mrs. Ballard's throat had been cut right through to the spinal column, and her head had been battered with a poker. A hunt was launched for Bridgeman, and he was spotted the following morning in Hunter Street and arrested.

"I am ready to swing for it when the times comes," he said when he was charged with Mrs. Ballard's murder. A bloodstained razor was found in his possession, and at his lodgings in Dyott Street the police discovered instructions he had left for the disposal of his belongings. One note read: "My

The last faces seen by those hanged at Pentonville in 1902-05. Left, Henry Pierrepont, and below, William (left) and John Billington



medal to Mrs. Palmer if I succeed in murdering Mrs. Ballard."

"I went to Mrs. Ballard's and intended to make her drunk and then cut her throat on the bed,"

Bridgeman said in a statement dictated to the police. "I treated her several times but could not make her drunk, so I took the poker when her back was turned and was going to strike her on the head, when she looked round and shouted 'Murder!'"

"I then struck her on the head with the poker and she again screamed 'Murder!' but more faintly than before. I struck her again, and she fell on the



Above, how the press saw Albert Bridgeman's murder of Mrs. Catherine Ballard. Above left, the killer in the dock

MAKE A BREAK

T X Z V K C R N L A Y L D A E D L D
D V K E Z T L U H C S G P T Q T A M
N E G L E C T B D R S P U N F D E I
U G S R D M A Y G L E X H N D E Y S
J R U T Q E B H K A N C N A F R L S
R O O A R E R E L G S A R H R I E I
X D P D R U T E L Y U C Q O J P R L
T E E R A D C M V L O O G Z F S E E
S V N T C G S T Q O I N Y U A N V Y
Y L E T A N I M I R C S I D N I E F
Z O T A G C Q T A O S E H R O N S A
E V R R R G O O S N N C R E J O M Q
Q N A C G G N F U A O U J E D E L S
Z I T H X G U C F I C T W Y K O U B
N S E E N Z L M M U D I G N I T Y V
P I D R S E C R E T S V E K R I Q H
T O E Y A Y J H U N G E R F O R D M
N V U R Q R O C O S T E L L O S R W

It's TD Wordsearch time! Can you find these 30 crime-related words hidden in the grid above? They can run across, up/down or diagonally, either forwards or backwards. Solution on page 50. Good luck!

CASTIGADOR
DESTRUCTION
BLOODY
PENETRATED
RADDAD
EMBELLISHED
ARGUMENT
CONSECUTIVE
APPEAL
ENFORCER

SEVERELY
DIGNITY
SUFFOCATED
SECRET
GUNFIRE
CONSCIOUSNESS
RECOVERED
SCHULTZ
INSPIRED
COSTELLO

INVOLVED
VOISIN
INDISCRIMINATELY
HUNGERFORD
GUARDSMAN
NEGLECT
ARCHERY
MISSILE
DEADLY
NUCLEAR

floor. I then took the poker with both hands and struck her on the head with all the force I could use, which was enough to kill a bullock.

"I then cut her throat and intended to put her under the bed to hide her, then wipe the blood up and wait for her husband. She has always been very nice in front of your face, but has been saying a lot about me, calling me a name which was disgraceful to my mother.

"I looked out of the door and Mrs. Shadbolt looked over the banisters. She said, 'What have you done?' I then ran away. She saved Ballard's life, as I intended to kill him and then cut my own throat."

At his trial Bridgeman claimed that while serving in South Africa he had been struck on the head by a lump of iron. He had ever since been plagued with severe headaches and fainting fits, and he said that through a combination of drink and insanity he had no idea of what he had done.

That didn't wash with the jury who





found him guilty, and he was hanged on April 26th, 1905.

9.

HARROW TRUNK MURDERER

Four months later Pentonville dispatched its first multiple murderer. **Arthur Devereux**, 24, was a chemist's assistant. After his wife Beatrice, 24, gave birth to a son, the couple found it difficult to live on Devereux's low wages, and when Beatrice had twins the family was reduced to near-starvation.

In January 1905 Devereux bought a large tin trunk. He also obtained a bottle of chloroform and morphine, which he persuaded Beatrice to drink and give to the twins, telling her it was cough medicine. When all three were dead he put their bodies in the trunk, made it airtight with glue, and sent it to a warehouse in Harrow. Then he moved to a new address with his son.

To explain the disappearance of Beatrice and the twins, he told his mother-in-law they had gone away on holiday. But Beatrice's mother was suspicious. She learned that a Harrow furniture removal company's van had called at the couple's home in Milton Avenue, Harlesden, and taken away a trunk. So she went to the firm's warehouse where she found the trunk and had it opened, to reveal the three bodies.

Devereux was traced to Coventry, where he had found employment in a chemist's shop and was living with his



Arthur (left) and Beatrice Devereux. She ended her days in a trunk with her twin babies

son in Spon Street. Arrested and charged with the murder of his wife and twins, he claimed that Beatrice had poisoned the two children and committed suicide. Because of the couple's quarrels, he said, he knew he would be suspected of causing the deaths, so he had panicked, concealed the bodies and fled.

As he gave evidence at his Old Bailey trial, everyone in the court was astonished by his calmness. His story might have been believed had he not described himself as a widower in applying for a job before Beatrice's death. That mistake proved his guilt, and he was sentenced to death.

He was hanged on August 15th, 1905, and in his memoirs Henry Pierrepont wrote: *"I entered the cell and pinioned Devereux. I rolled down his shirt neck. He struck me as being nervous and his pallor was marked. He bore up pretty firmly, however. I brought him into the corridor and the chaplain led the procession at a slow pace."*

"In a moment Devereux was on the trap. I fixed the noose around his neck. He smiled grimly and wanly at me in turn. With a feeble murmur he seemed to say, 'Be as quick as you can.' I drew out the white cap and placed it over his head. The drawing of the bolt and the release of the

Left, Pentonville in the early 20th century, dominating north London's Caledonian Road. Below, William Butler, who stabbed Mary Allen four times



lever followed in a flash.

"He was a tall man standing five feet eleven inches, and weighed 158 pounds, so I decided upon a drop of six feet six inches which caused an instantaneous death."

10.

INORDINATELY FAT

The 10th prisoner to step on to the trap-doors of Pentonville's scaffold was inordinately fat. He was 50-year-old **William Butler**, and although he was only five feet two inches tall, he weighed more than 15 stone.

He lived in Union Street, off Great Titchfield Street, Marylebone, with Mary Catherine Allen, who was also 50 and had two failed marriages behind her. She also had a son, George Melhuish, from her first marriage, and in the early summer of 1905 he moved in with her and Butler.

Right from the start there was tension between the two men. This led to a fight in which Butler came off much the worse, requiring hospital treatment. Mary and her son had conspired against him, he suspected, and his jaw had been broken intentionally.

"I'll do for both of them one day," he told a neighbour. And he told his own son, "You must not be surprised if I am charged with murder."

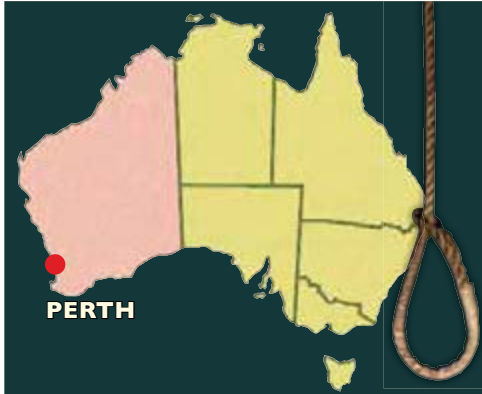
On the morning of September 24th, 1905, Butler stabbed Mary Allen four times with a shoemaker's knife. She was rushed to Middlesex Hospital where she died later that day, after naming him as her assailant.

His defence at his Old Bailey trial was that he was so drunk that morning that he did not know what he was doing. But the prosecution called witnesses who testified that he had made threats against Mary and her son, and on October 19th he was convicted of wilful murder and sentenced to death.

After studying his short, overweight prisoner, Henry Pierrepont gave him a drop of six feet when he went to the scaffold on November 7th, 1905.

NEXT MONTH: Ten more murderers are hanged at Pentonville, including Dr. Hawley Harvey Crippen





PERTH

HANGED IN AUSTRALIA

Case Recalled
By Matthew Spicer

ONE OF the longest fences in the world is the Rabbit Proof Fence. More than 2,000 miles long, it runs from the north to the south of Western Australia, and it was constructed between 1901 and 1907 to keep rabbits and other agricultural pests out of the state.

In the 1920s the Rabbit Proof Fence was patrolled by men in wagons drawn by camels. Each man was assigned a stretch of around 200 miles and each man's wagon was his home on wheels. Theirs was perhaps one of the loneliest jobs in the world; sometimes weeks would pass



Author Arthur Upfield had arrived in Australia seeking to spend time in the Outback

without the patrolmen seeing another human being.

To this inhospitable place there came in 1929 a most unlikely candidate for a job as patrolman. He was Arthur Upfield, a novelist and Englishman who had arrived in Australia before the First World War to absorb himself in the Outback and in Aboriginal culture so that he could write about it.

Upfield was on a mission. He was looking for a plot for his new book. He had already had two novels published, and a third soon to be published. But the plot of his next book demanded a perfect murder, and Upfield was discovering, as readers of *True Detective* discovered long ago, that the perfect murder is an elusive animal.

Upfield was assigned a stretch of the Fence that began near Kalgoorlie, in the south of the state, and spread 170 miles northwards towards Dromedary station, where his boss, George Ritchie, lived in a stone cottage, rather than a wagon.

Ritchie, a tough Outback character, liked Upfield from first sight. And

“Describe how you would do a perfect murder and I’ll give you a quid!” he told his audience. One listener accepted the challenge, another thought about it for a long time – and the story that followed was so unlikely it had to be true!

Dromedary must have presented the novelist with some exotic background material for his book.

“This is where we breed camels,” Ritchie explained. “They’re the best animals for pulling the patrolmen’s wagons, because they’re trained for the harsh conditions. Licking ’em into shape is damn hard work, though. They’re stubborn beasts at the best of times.”

The two men had a meal together in Ritchie’s kitchen and, while they ate, Ritchie talked about another new patrolman they’d recently taken on.

“This bloke just rode in last week on a motor-bike,” Ritchie said. “Said he needed a job, and said he’d ridden camels. When he arrived the men were trying to break in a camel, and they weren’t having much luck, I can tell you.

“Everyone was real fed up with this darned camel when the new bloke said, ‘Give it to me. I know what to do.’ As soon as he got on to the critter you could see he’d ridden camels before. He broke in the animal in an hour – he was brilliant! Then he set about the other camels, and he broke in the whole lot in less than a week.”

Upfield made some mental notes for



George Ritchie’s perfect murder proved irresistible to a killer

his book.

“What’s this bloke’s name?” he asked.

“Well, he said everyone called him Snowy on account of his blond hair, but we don’t know his real name. Said he was 26. You could see he didn’t like being asked too many questions. Don’t know where he came from, but I couldn’t wait to sign him on, you can bet on that!”

Snowy, it seemed, was out on patrol, and wouldn’t be back in Dromedary

station for a couple of weeks. Upfield awaited the new man’s return impatiently – for certainly this seemed like a character who would fit perfectly into his new book.

Then one bright morning at the beginning of October a tall, well-built man drove his wagon into Dromedary. This was the legendary Snowy.

After the introductions and a clean-up, Ritchie organised a soirée for that evening. Everyone on the station knew

NOVEL THREE

Upfield was a promising young writer, and everyone had seen how Snowy broke-in camels, so here was a chance for patrolmen and staff to ask questions and get to know each other drinking beer around the kitchen fire.

Arthur Upfield was soon talking about his novels. “I need a perfect murder,” he explained to the assembled Outbackers. “I’d pay a pound for a simple yet foolproof method of wholly destroying a human body with the sort of aids you’d find on any homestead.”

The first man to speak up was George Ritchie.

“That quid’s as good as mine, mates,” he said. “I’ll tell you what I’d do. I’d lure the victim into the bush, where there’s plenty of dry wood. Then I’d shoot him and burn the corpse.

“When the ashes were cold, I’d sieve

out the bones, and any odd bits of metal, such as buttons. I'd dissolve the metal in sulphuric acid. We've got plenty of that in the Outback – we keep it to make tin. Then I'd crush the bones in a prospector's dolly-pot."

Upfield, who was of course new to the region, asked, "What's a dolly-pot?"

"It's a dish prospectors use to crush specimens and samples before prospecting. But let me just finish. I'd toss out what was left, throwing it to the wind, where it would be lost for ever."

"You've obviously given it some thought, George," one of the patrolmen observed, and amid the general laughter no one noticed how Snowy, the new man, appeared to be riveted by the discussion.

Upfield, too, was intrigued. He asked Ritchie: "Suppose forensic investigation revealed that the ashes contained flesh? What then?"

"Listen," Ritchie replied. "Here in the Outback we burn kangaroo carcasses to drive away flies, don't we? That fact alone would allow you to burn a human body right through without arousing suspicion."

And while everyone was thinking about that, he added triumphantly: "Getting away with murder is as easy as falling off a log, if only you use your brains. Try it some time, and see..."

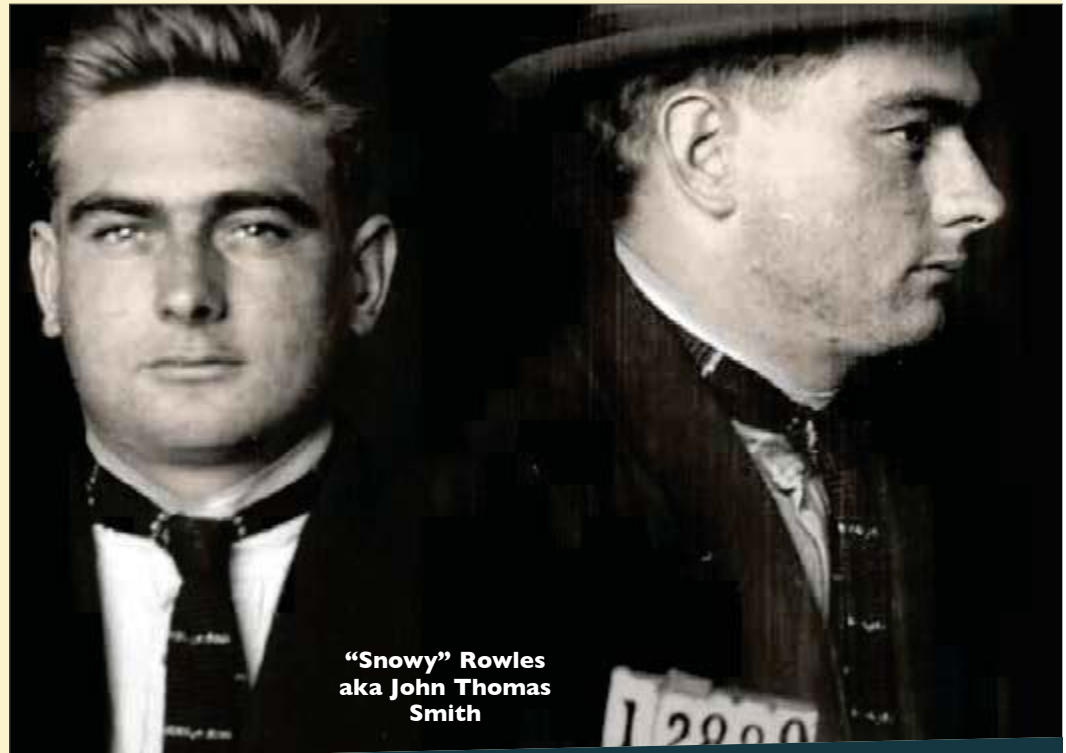
As the assembly broke up and the patrolmen departed to their wagons for a night's sleep, Arthur Upfield was deep

trouble moving on from the last pub he's been visiting."

He was dead right about that. Although he wasn't spending all his money on booze, Ryan, who was 50, quit as a patrolman after only a couple of days. He had opted to go into business drilling

boreholes with 32-year-old George Lloyd, who had come to the Outback from Adelaide looking for work.

The comings and goings of these two men after that are somewhat sketchy. It was known that in December 1929 they sat off by car from Burracoppin, and with



**"Snowy" Rowles
aka John Thomas
Smith**

...IST'S PLOT LED TO THE REAL KILLINGS

in thought. It wasn't a bad idea. The problem was, was it too foolproof? He had to have his fictitious senior cop solve the case, and if the cop couldn't find out who had been burned, how could there be a dénouement?

A couple of months later Upfield had more pressing issues to think about. George Ritchie gave up his job and Upfield was appointed as Dromedary station manager. A new patrolman, James Ryan, arrived to fill the vacancy created by Upfield's promotion.

The next time Snowy passed through Dromedary station Upfield mentioned Ryan to him.

"I know that bloke," Snowy said at once. "He plays an accordion – he takes it with him wherever he goes. You might not see him for too long. He always has



**George Lloyd went into a
business partnership with James
Ryan before both disappeared**

Lloyd driving they eventually reached a hut at the 96-mile peg on the Rabbit Proof Fence. This was a place with a bar, and Ryan promptly went on a bender.

It was known too that they met up with George Ritchie and the camel wizard Snowy, now revealed to be Snowy Rowles – his real Christian name, Stanley, was not known until later. According to police investigators the quartet travelled together and got as far as Mount Magnet, where Ryan and Lloyd mysteriously disappeared.

Outback folk would not have read very much into that, at least at first. People appeared and disappeared for months at a time in the Outback. The landscape was so vast and empty – at any time you could be 100 miles from the nearest human being and if you walked towards him as likely as not you would miss him in that great swathe of territory.

Now we move on a full year. On New Year's Eve, 1930, Constable William Hearn, stationed at Mount Magnet, had a request from Dunedin in New Zealand asking if he had any information about another missing man named Louis Carron.

The officer made inquiries and learned that in January 1931 a bush worker named John Lemon had called at the Mount Magnet police station to report that Louis Carron left Narndee station the previous May – eight months ago – in the company of Snowy Rowles, and hadn't been seen since.

Lemon and Carron were buddies, so Lemon was understandably concerned for his friend. He had met Snowy Rowles that May, eight months ago. Snowy had told him that Carron had been working at Wydgee station but had lost his job. Snowy then suggested to Carron that they could go looking for work together,

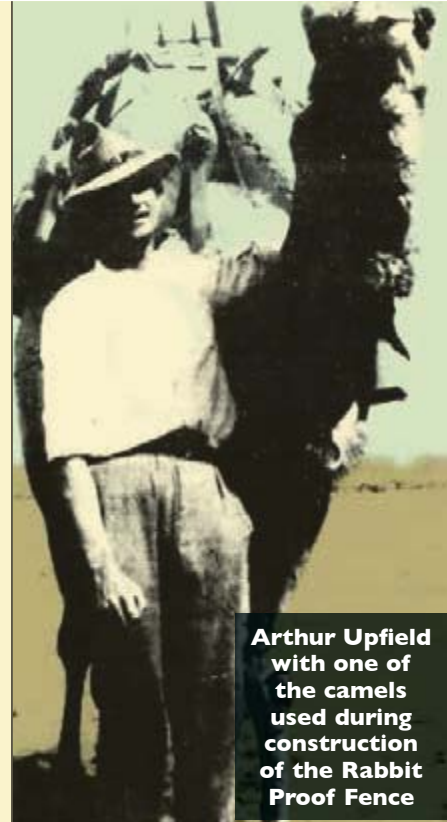
and on May 18th they set off in a utility truck, carrying three months' supply of stores.

That was the last time Lemon had seen or heard from Carron.

That was three people who had vanished without trace – and all three last seen in the company of Snowy Rowles, the mysterious camel tamer. And in the Outback, while a man can vanish, he can't disappear forever.

Lemon actually went to some lengths to locate Rowles and ask him what had happened to his buddy. In a hastily written reply, Rowles said: "I took Louis Carron to Mount Magnet, where we parted company."

After Lemon's report to Mount Magnet police station the cops got busy. On February 17th, 1931, Constable Chris McArthur arrived at Mount Magnet to initiate an investigation. Acting on information received, as policemen say



Arthur Upfield with one of the camels used during construction of the Rabbit Proof Fence

today, McArthur and Constable Hearn set out for the Rabbit Proof Fence.

The two officers made for a reserve at the 183-mile gate in the Fence. This was an area covered with mulga scrub – the only sign of human presence was an old, abandoned hut, and near it an abandoned bore hole.

But there was something else. Close to the bore the officers found evidence of a well-burned fire.

There were burnt bones, methodically broken up, in the ashes, and one of them looked suspiciously like part of a human skull. There was also a human tooth, a button made of bone and some charred woollen material.

About 30 yards from the remains of the fire they found another heap of ashes. These had been placed there when they were cold – the trail left by the person carrying them was still visible.

Working through this second heap of ash, the officers found more pieces of bone, human teeth and some false teeth, a gold wedding ring, part of a denture plate for false teeth, and a one-cent Hong Kong coin dated 1904.

Then came a dramatic find. In the ash pile was a .38-calibre cartridge case and .32 bullet.

Seventy yards from the main fire the officers found a third heap of ashes containing more bones and teeth, another piece of denture plate, more bone buttons, and eyelets from boots.

With meticulous care the two officers carefully gathered up and labelled their discoveries, returned to their police station and reported their findings to Detective Sergeant Henry Manning. Across the vast empty Outback, to the rim of countless horizons, the hunt was now on for Snowy Rowles.

Rumour had it that he was working at Hill View station, about 150 miles up the Fence from Dromedary, and

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that he was living in one of the station's out-camps. The police search party included Sergeant Manning, Constable Hearn, and several other officers – but they had to wait all night and most of the next day for the return of the suspect.

They saw him coming, and hid behind bushes as he approached his camp. As he came within view it was Sergeant Manning who now sprang another surprise.

Stepping out from his cover he exclaimed: "You're John Thomas Smith! You're wanted for theft and jail-breaking from Dalwallinu!"

Rowles, who evidently wasn't Rowles at all, but was in fact jailbird John Smith, wasn't in the least surprised. "What's your game?" he snarled. "What do you want?"

Manning said: "We are trying to trace a man named Louis Carron. We have information that he was last seen in your company."

"All I know is he's gone to Geraldton," John Smith replied sullenly.

Manning persisted. "There are two other men we are also trying to trace. Their names are James Ryan and George Lloyd and they too were last heard of in your company."

Smith appeared to lose his cool.

Smith kept a wary eye on the searchers. When one of the officers took a parcel down from a shelf Smith became agitated. "What the hell is that?" he exploded. "I never saw it before."

Inside the parcel were three shirts, a watch, a pair of scissors, a razor, some hair clippers, a watch, and miscellaneous other items. "Never seen them before," Rowles growled.

Satisfied that at least he was dealing with the escaped prisoner John Smith, Sergeant Manning arrested him and sent him in handcuffs to Meekatharra Prison, en route for Perth.

On the way the prisoner told the sergeant: "I should have taken my old lady's advice. She wanted me to give myself up when I broke out of jail in 1928. If I'd listened to her it would have been all over by now and I wouldn't have to face this other thing."

"What other thing is that?" Manning asked sharply.

Rowles shrugged. "I suppose the less said about it the better."

Rowles had to spend a couple of weeks in a cell at Meekatharra before going on to Perth. His crimes were evidently playing on his mind, because in that short period he tried three times to commit



Snowy Rowles standing beside James Ryan's car. This photo was taken by his workmate and author Arthur Upfield

"Christ!" he exploded. "What are you blokes trying to do to me? Of course I knew them, but how the hell do I know where they are now?"

Manning pointed to a vehicle parked in a shed close to the hut. "Where did you get that truck?"

"I bought it off Ryan. I can soon prove that to you."

"Where did you get these hair clippers?"

"I bought them off an old Afghan, Sher Ali, at Yowergabbie. The old bastard cheated me out of 12s. 6d for them."

"If you have no objection, we'll look around the rest of your place."

"And I'm going to have my supper," replied Rowles.

Looking around the hut, the officers noted the two shotguns and the two Winchester rifles propped against the wall. They found another rifle outside in the shed.

suicide. Once he took strychnine and twice he tried to hang himself, but each time the rope broke.

He turned out to be a rather cooperative prisoner. No one had yet talked to him about the murders, and he certainly hadn't yet been charged with them, but he couldn't stop alluding to them.

On the train to Perth he told his police escort: "What a bloody fool a man is, and what a nice fix I'm in. I'm not worrying about the escape rap, but murder's a different thing. Dalwallinu is only a fleabite to what's coming to me."

"I'll never have to do the stretch because they'll fit me up with a murder charge and I'll swing. I'll never get a reprieve. And if they don't swing me, I'll have to find a way to do it myself."

In Perth, Rowles was first charged and tried for jailbreaking, and put in a cell out



Detective Sergeant Henry "Jock" Manning read *The Sands of Windee* (below) and called author Upfield to the police station in Perth to hear his story

of harm's way while the police continued to investigate the suspected murders. And during the investigation Sergeant Manning read a novel, *The Sands of Windee*, by Arthur Upfield.

Upfield was invited to the police station, where he told the story of the night around the kitchen fire in Ritchie's stone cottage at Dromedary, and how "Snowy Rowles" had listened as if transfixed to George Ritchie describing how he would carry out the perfect murder.

Snowy Rowles, aka John Smith, had not of course subsequently followed Ritchie's instructions to the letter. In his synopsis Ritchie had been at pains to stress that he would get rid of all the physical evidence. It appeared from the ashes of the camp fires where it was becoming increasingly apparent Smith had burned the bodies of the men he had befriended, robbed, and then murdered, that the fugitive camel tamer wasn't quite so diligent.

It was of course an error of gigantic proportion to leave bits of false teeth in the ashes, and a fragment of bone that could be identified as probably coming from a human skull. But then, Snowy Rowles wasn't nearly as bright as George Ritchie. Or, put another way, perhaps it was one

thing to describe how the perfect murder should be committed, and quite another to actually carry it out.

The authorities decided to charge Rowles only with the murder of Louis Carron and on that charge he appeared at Perth on January 18th, 1932, before Mr. Justice Draper.

The case for the defence appeared to be strong. Rowles argued that there was no body, Carron was not proved to be dead, and the remains in the ashes were not Carron's.

Besides highlighting the physical evidence, Prosecutor Clifford Gibson



dwelt heavily on the fact that Rowles had cashed a cheque of Carron's at Paynesville after the victim disappeared.

But the prosecution had to show beyond peradventure that the victim was indeed Carron, and that Smith had murdered him and then burned his body.

The government pathologist, Dr. William McGillivray, wasn't an entirely convincing witness.

"In the parcels submitted to me I found broken skull bones similar to those of the human skull," he said. "In addition, there were foot bones, which could be either human or animal, parts of human teeth, false teeth, part of an eye-socket – but whether human or otherwise I am unable to say – and a quantity of other bones, probably those of kangaroos."

A dentist who came over from New Zealand was more positive.

"I made the dental plate which is an exhibit for my patient Louis Carron," he said convincingly.

John Lemon arrived on the witness-stand to declare that the three shirts found by the police in the parcel in Smith's hut were similar to those worn by his buddy Carron.

The razor was definitely Carron's, he said. "And Carron had had a small foreign coin soldered on to the side of his rifle."

And the hair-clippers? Sher Ali, the Afghan merchant, went into the witness-box to deny vehemently ever having sold hair-clippers to Rowles. Their provenance was verified by the manager of Wydgee station. He remembered that when Louis Carron was working at Wydgee he sent to Geraldton for some hair-clippers. The clippers found at the hut were exactly similar to those he had been sent.

Just similar, or exactly the same pair? They were similar, that's all.

A jeweller called over from Auckland, New Zealand, was much more convincing. He identified the ring found in the ashes at the hut the exact one he had sold to Louis Carron and his fiancée when they visited his Auckland shop.

How could he be so sure? Well, he said, that's quite a story.

"When Mr. Carron and his betrothed lady came to my shop for a wedding ring they were in a hurry, and it was a busy time for me. My assistant, a goldsmith, had recently left me, and his replacement was a good jeweller, but not a tradesman goldsmith.

"They chose a ring, which I passed to my assistant to cut and weld. When the couple returned next day I noticed that my assistant had made a careless job of it. He had used a nine-carat solder on an 18-carat ring. I wanted to cut another, so I asked the couple to call next day.

"But as I said, they were in a hurry, and much against my better judgment I allowed them to take the ring. This is that ring. You can clearly see the difference in the colour of the solder."

If things were now looking bad for Smith, they were about to get worse still. The next witness was a jeweller from



Victim Louis Carron's belongings provided vital evidence

Perth.

It seemed that when Lemon and Carron were working together, Carron owned a watch. This watch was identified by Lemon as the one found in Rowles's swag when he was arrested.

After his arrival at Wydgee, Carron sent this watch off to the Perth jeweller to be cleaned. The jeweller put his mark on the watch and wrote the owner's name and details in his records. When Rowles stole the watch from Carron it needed a small repair, so he sent it to Perth – astonishingly to the very same jeweller that Carron had done.

The jeweller, in his evidence to the court, produced his records as proof of both transactions.

The prosecution called more than 50 witnesses, one of whom was Arthur Upfield, the novelist who had started the ball rolling with his search for the perfect murder, back at the kitchen supper at Dromedary.

John Smith, or Snowy Rowles as the witnesses had known him, and by which name the court continued to call him, had a mountain to climb when he gave evidence. He had taken a keen interest in the trial, and now he was calm and thoughtful as he gave his version of events. But his case was almost hopeless.

"I parted on the best of terms with Louis Carron," he told the court. "I know nothing about his death. Nor do I know anything about the parcel found in my hut, with these exhibits in it."

Dealing with the Carron cheque cashed by Rowles, prosecutor Gibson told the jury: "Nothing was seen of Rowles from May 18th, when he left Lemon's camp with Carron, until he turned up at Paynesville on May 20th with Carron's cheque.

"Rowles says that during that interval he was hunting near Windimurra homestead, and that he left Carron there. He says that on May 21st he left Paynesville and went back to Windimurra to fetch Carron.

"He says he waited a couple of hours for Carron to come back from hunting, had lunch with him and they camped that night. Yet we have established that Rowles was in Youanmi, 63 miles from

Paynesville, at 12.30 on the afternoon of the day he says he left Paynesville."

On March 19th, 1932, the jury took two hours to find Rowles guilty of murdering Louis Carron. Asked if he had anything to say before sentencing, Rowles said: "I have been found guilty of a crime that has never been committed." He was hanged at Fremantle Prison on June 13th.

Rowles made a last-minute statement admitting that he burnt Carron's body at the 183-miles bore. "I would help to clear the deaths of the other two men, George Lloyd and James Ryan, if I could," the statement added.

No further inquiries were made into the deaths of Lloyd and Ryan. But a year after Rowles's execution a former prisoner at Fremantle said that while Rowles was awaiting trial, he told him about the fate of the two men.

"We had a row over a motor truck," Rowles was alleged to have said. "Ryan had promised to sell the truck to me for £80, and when he still hadn't done so I told him I would take the truck. Then he hit me and we had a fight. I wasn't getting on well so I grabbed an axe.

"Lloyd got hold of me. I broke away and Ryan came at me, swinging an axe. I upped with a gun and fired point-blank at Ryan, blowing off his head. Lloyd began struggling with me, and the gun went off again. Lloyd got the charge under the neck. I buried both bodies in the scrub."

The police had no doubts at all that Rowles killed all three men. Later investigators discovered a series of fires at a borehole at a place called Challi, which was part of the Narndee station. As in the Carron case, they also found a number of charred bones in the ashes – plus the ribs of a burned-out accordion.

The police theory was that Rowles was careful about the burning of the corpses of Ryan and Lloyd, but became somewhat blasé when it came to disposing of his last victim, Louis Carron.

Rowles's story to his fellow-prisoner seems probably a true account about the fate of Ryan and Lloyd. It certainly fits in with the rough, hell-raising life that once went on along the Rabbit Proof Fence.

Later, the introduction of myxomatosis in 1950 was designed to deal with the rabbit problem in Australia. The Fence never really functioned successfully – a legacy it shares with Arthur Upfield's search for the perfect murder.

When Upfield died in February 1964, aged 73, he wasn't exactly unfulfilled, however. He had become one of Australia's most celebrated novelists – and his account of the three killings, called *The Murchison Murders*, after the place where they happened, was used to make the 2009 movie *Three Acts of Murder*.



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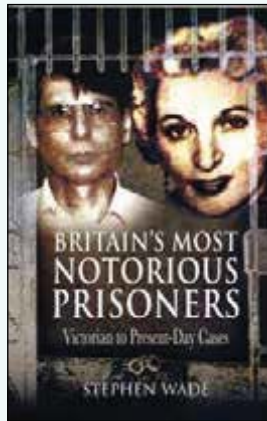


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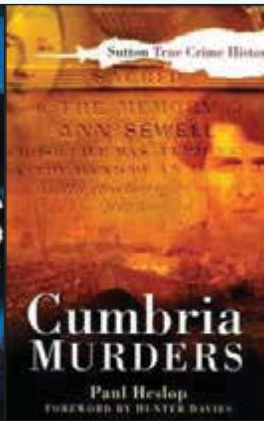
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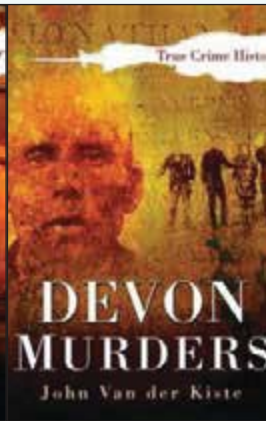
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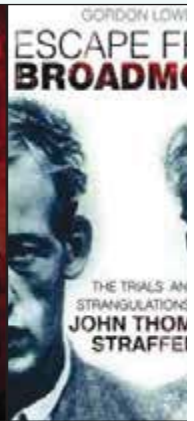
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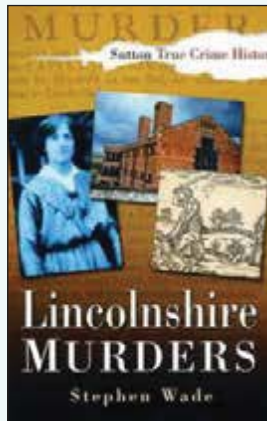
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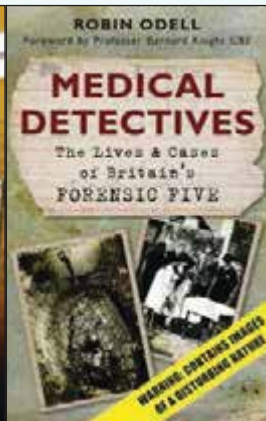
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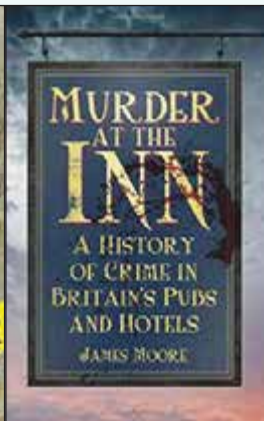
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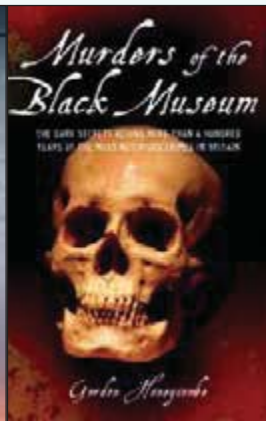
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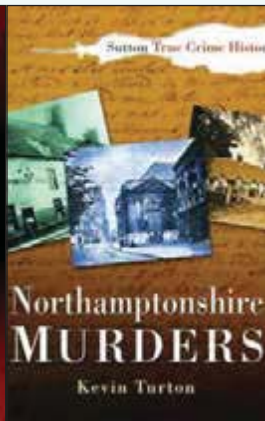
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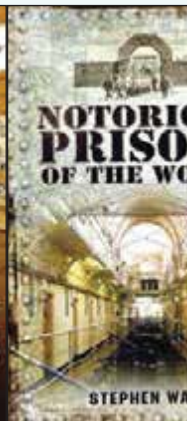
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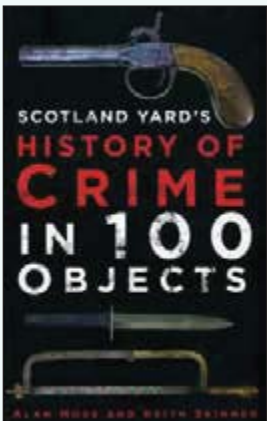
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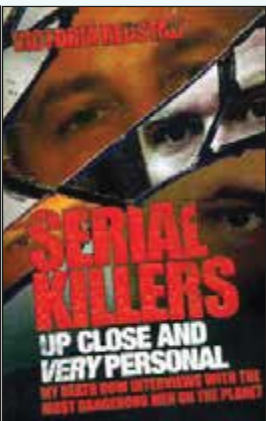
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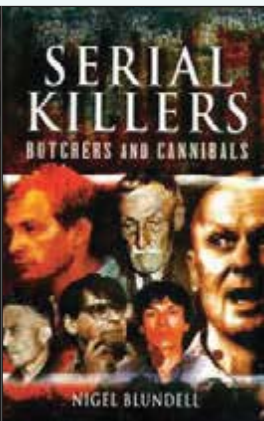
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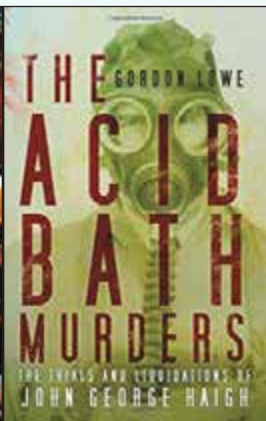
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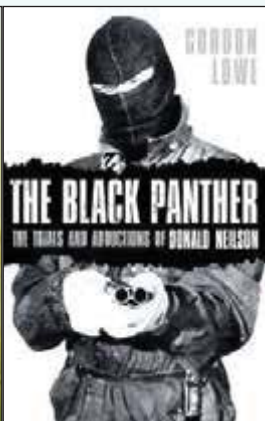
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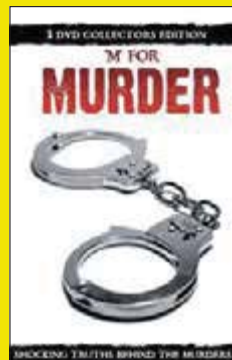
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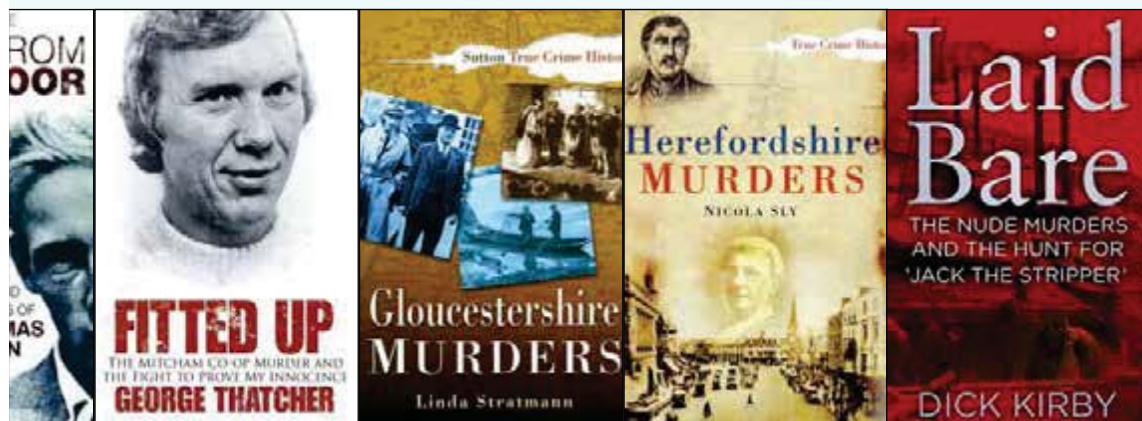
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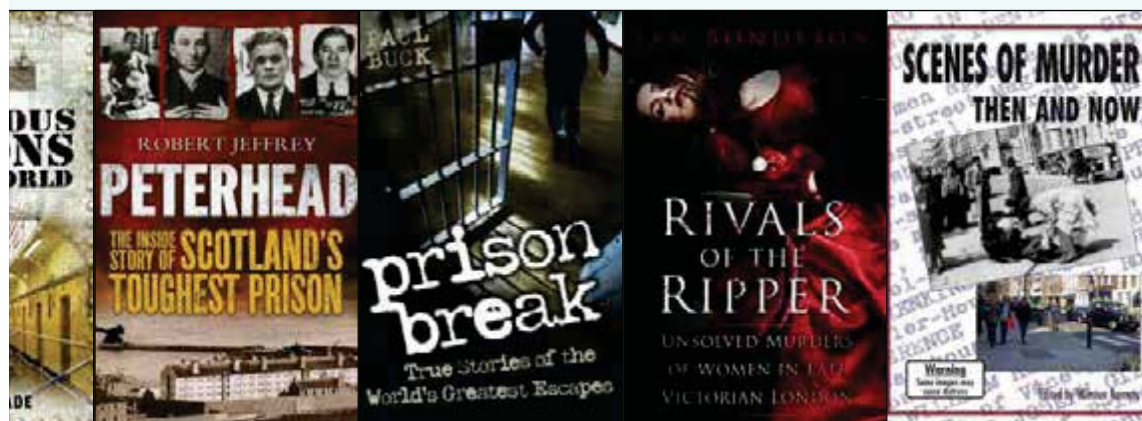


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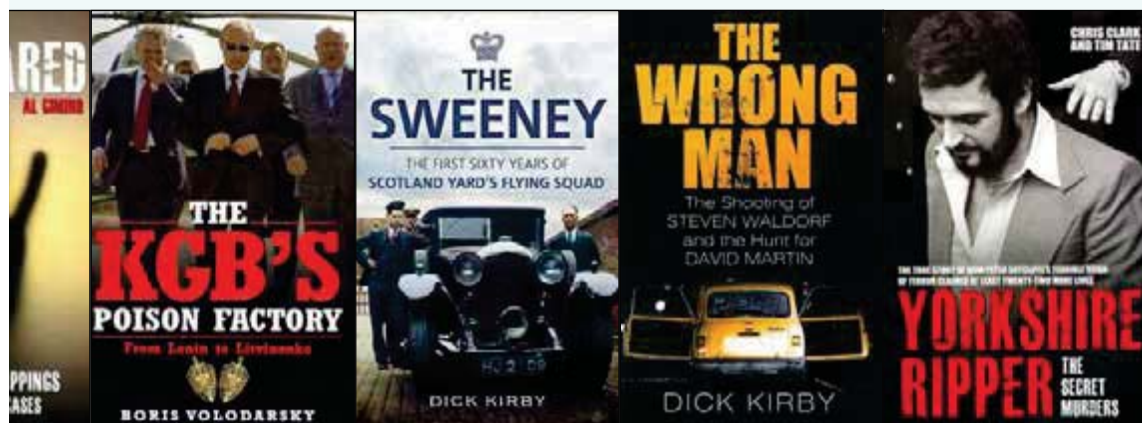


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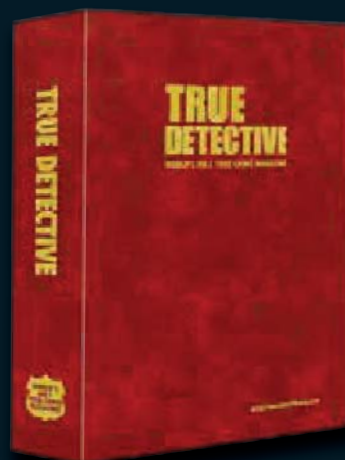
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EXECUTION USA

News and updates from August 2017 • Researched by Martin Chaffe

STATE DEATH PENALTIES

ARIZONA: A MARICOPA County jury in Phoenix has condemned to death **Sammantha Allen**, 29, for her role in the murder of a 10-year-old female cousin. Ame Deal died in July 2011 after being padlocked overnight in a plastic footlocker measuring 31 inches x 14 inches x 12 inches, in temperatures which during the day had reached 103 degrees Fahrenheit. This had been done as punishment for helping herself to an ice lolly from the fridge on the hot day. Sammantha Allen was also sentenced to 74 years in prison by Judge Teresa Sanders for a catalogue of abuse against the child.



Punishment killing: Sammantha Allen

In 2013, Sammantha Allen's mother, **Cynthia Stoltzman**, 49, who was the girl's aunt and legal guardian, was sentenced to 24 years' imprisonment. Her grandmother, **Judith Deal**, 78, received 10 years and Arne's father,

DEATH ROW FOR COUSIN KILLER, 29

David Deal, now 57, received 14 years.

John Allen, husband of Sammantha Allen, has pleaded not guilty to first-degree murder and was scheduled to go on trial for his life in October. He was said to have tortured the girl by making her bend over backwards for two hours before putting her in the box and it was not the first time he had done this. The court learned that Ame Deal had also previously been "punished" by having dog excrement rubbed on her face and forced into her mouth and was also made to stamp on aluminium beer cans with her bare feet.

When the police arrived to investigate the crime, the home was infested with cockroaches, littered with used tampons and stinking of urine. In mitigation, the defence argued that Sammantha Allen received her moral compass from the teachings of her mother and did not

know any better. Ame Deal's estranged mother, who had fled the family but left her daughter behind, said it haunted her daily. She said in court that death was too easy for them and they "should be tied up with dog chains and fed faeces for the rest of their lives" as they had done to her baby.

ARKANSAS: NO EXECUTION FOR TEEN'S TORTURE-KILLER

One of four men who had their April execution dates stayed was granted clemency by Governor Asa Hutchinson on August 25th, but he will spend the rest of his life in prison. The parole board had recommended mercy for

Jason Farrell McGehee, 41, and Hutchinson also took into account the views of the victim's family and the fact that two accomplices were spared a death sentence. McGehee had been on Death Row for 20 years for ordering the beating, torture and ultimate strangulation of 15-year-old John Melbourne who was suspected of informing the police about McGehee's gang of thieves.



Above, Jason McGehee. Below, Jack Greene

On the same day he spared the life of McGehee, Governor Hutchinson set a November 9th execution date for **Jack Gordon Greene**, 62, after the Department of Corrections said that it had been able to purchase more Midazolam. He has been on Death Row for 24 years for burgling and murdering 69-year-old preacher Sidney Burnett, bludgeoning him on the head with a tin of corn maize, shooting him in the chest and head and mutilating him in July 1991. Greene had also murdered his own brother earlier in the month.



However, the execution may be in doubt as Greene's lawyers claim he is mentally ill. They say he suffers from the delusion that the Department of Corrections (DoC) has removed his spine and he constantly puts toilet tissue up his nose and in his ears to cope with the pain. He is said to believe his execution would be to cover up the crimes against humanity committed against him by the DoC.

CALIFORNIA: DOUBLE-MURDERER CONDEMNED TO DEATH

Following a recommendation of death by a Los Angeles jury in February, a

DOUBLE-KILLER MAKES HISTORY

EXECUTED AUGUST 24th, 2017:

MARK JAMES ASAY, 53 • Lethal injection • Florida



ASAY

The execution of Asay marked a number of firsts in death penalty history. It was the first execution in Florida since January 2016 when the US Supreme Court (USSC) ruled that Florida's sentencing system, which allowed a judge to override a jury's recommendation of mercy, was unconstitutional. The Florida Supreme Court (FSC) then further ruled in October 2016 that a jury's recommendation must be unanimous, but also ruled that this could only apply to inmates whose death sentences were confirmed on direct appeal to the FSC after June 24th, 2002, the date of a similar ruling by the USSC in an Arizona case.

Asay was the first of around 200 long-serving inmates who can be executed even if a jury recommended mercy

which was overridden by the judge. He was also the first white person in Florida to be put to death for murdering a black person, and the first to be put to death using the anaesthetic Etomidate as the first drug in a three-drug protocol. The second drug, Rocuronium Bromide, to paralyse the breathing, has been used before. The third drug, Potassium Acetate to stop the heart, was also the first official switch from Potassium Chloride, although Oklahoma had used it by mistake in 2015.

In July 1987, Asay, his brother and a friend were on a night out, driving around looking for prostitutes, when he shot Robert Lee Booker, a 34-year-old black man. The friend, James O'Quinn, said that Asay had racially abused Mr. Booker before shooting him dead. Later, they came across 26-year-old Robert McDowell, a mixed Hispanic and white transvestite sex worker. Asay approached him for a sex act but, having realised he was a man, he shot him six times fatally.

On the gurney Asay made no final statement. The protocol started at 6.10 p.m. and he was pronounced dead at 6.22 p.m. with no apparent suffering.

judge has condemned to death **Heracio Meza**, 28, for two murders in July 2009. The jury had found the death-qualifying special circumstances of multiple murder and gang-related murder. The first murder was that of 17-year-old Alejandro Flores who died from a volley of gunshots in the back seat of his brother's car, after they were mistaken for rival gang members. The following day Meza argued with 22-year-old Rayshawn Stewart, a black man with connections to his gang, and killed him with the same gun used to kill Mr. Flores. Meza was arrested the following day and caught with the murder weapon, but it still took more than seven years for the case to come to trial.

An accomplice in the Flores murder, Jorge Humberto Carlos, was sentenced to life in prison in 2012.

CALIFORNIA: SUDDEN DEATH OF SEX-KILLER HIT-MAN

On August 30th, Death Row inmate **Christopher Adam Geier**, 49, dropped dead in the recreation yard at San Quentin. He was a former soldier in a tank regiment based at Fort Irwin, who was both a sex-killer and a hired assassin. He had been on Death Row for 22 years. In November 1990, 21-year-old Military Police Officer Erin Tynan was raped, strangled and stabbed precisely in the back of the neck, which severed her spinal cord, in her off-base apartment at Barstow. A month later, a .22 pistol stolen from her apartment was used to shoot Gail LeBoeuf in the face in Louisiana, but Gail survived after the gun jammed.

Geier had been hired by his sergeant, Jeffrey Hunter, to kill his ex-wife so that he could claim on an insurance policy. Two months further on, Hunter also hired Geier to murder a man called Curtis Dean who was the husband of Hunter's lover. Mr. Dean was bludgeoned in front of his children, stabbed 38 times and had his spinal cord expertly severed with a British commando dagger in similar fashion to the Erin Tynan murder. Hunter, now 53, is serving life without parole at the state prison in Lancaster.



Death Row veteran: Christopher Geier

CALIFORNIA: NO EXECUTION FOR WORST MASS KILLER

Scott Evans Dekraai, 47, who committed Orange County's worst mass murder, will not face the death penalty, due to misconduct by prosecutors and the county sheriff's office. In October 2011, Dekraai shot dead his 48-year-old ex-wife, five other women between the ages of 46 and 65 and two men aged 62 and 64 at the hair salon in Seal Beach where his ex-wife worked. He was soon arrested, never denied his guilt and pleaded guilty in 2014. However, Judge Thomas Goethals has ruled that Dekraai



Carnage in a hair salon: Scott Dekraai

could not receive a fair sentencing trial after his lawyer discovered evidence that prosecutors had been conspiring with jailhouse guards to run an information ring amongst inmates which could be used to provide damaging information and suppress mitigating evidence, which could influence a jury to favour a death sentence.

Dekraai has been sentenced to eight consecutive life sentences without parole.

FLORIDA: NO MERCY FOR CRUEL WIFE-KILLER

A St. John's County jury in St. Augustine has condemned to death **Sean Alonzo Bush**, 48, for the murder of his estranged wife. In May 2011, Nicole Bush, 35, was found in her Julington Creek apartment after being shot six times in the head, beaten with a baseball bat and stabbed. She was still alive but died later in hospital in Jacksonville. DNA on the bat's handle linked the crime to Sean Bush, who shortly after the attack rang two insurance firms enquiring about policies on the deceased's life.

The jurors found five aggravating factors including burglary, use of a gun, murder for gain, that the murder was "heinous, atrocious and cruel" and that the murder was "cold, calculated and premeditated." They also found that these outweighed the mitigating factors of an abnormally difficult childhood, when Bush's drug-addicted mother turned to prostitution to support him and his brother and he had been sexually abused while growing up in Newark, New Jersey.

The prosecutor, R.J. Larizza, said afterwards that Bush was "a violent criminal predator who earned the jury's recommendation of death. We are grateful that the jury held him accountable for this brutal murder."



Condemned to die: Sean Bush

FLORIDA: INMATE'S RACIST KILLER CONDEMNED TO DIE

Shawn Rogers, 36, has been sentenced to death by a jury in Milton, Santa Rosa County, for the racist murder of a white cellmate at the county prison. In March 2012, Rogers heard news of the murder of a 17-year-old black youth who was shot dead by a white neighbourhood-watch volunteer. His

reaction was to tell other inmates that he would kill the first white person he came across and that misfortune fell to Ricky Martin, 24, who was tied up and had his head stamped on. When he was found, there was a pair of boxer shorts on his head and his body was covered with a Muslim prayer mat. He died from his injuries two weeks later in hospital.

Rogers defended himself during the guilt and sentencing phases of the trial, and called fellow-inmates to testify for him. They said that he had acted as a mentor for young black inmates, taught them about black history and the Nation of Islam. However, the jury took just one hour to convict him and six hours to reach the necessary unanimity on the death sentence. The judge in October could reduce the sentence to life, but only if there was new, overwhelming evidence of mitigation.



Murderous reaction: Shawn Rogers

FLORIDA: LIFE IN PRISON FOR DOUBLE-KILLER

In Miami one of the 12 jurors was against a death sentence so it means life in prison without parole for double-killer **Kendrick Silver**, 29. Silver had been convicted of robbing and murdering 62-year-old security guard Solmeus Accimeus by shooting him at point-blank range through the heart as he sat in his car outside a restaurant in North Miami-Dade in December 2006. He had also been convicted of murdering a jogger, Jose Marchese-Berrios, shot in the chest during the theft of his mobile phone in the town of Coral Gables in May 2007. The victim managed to stagger home to his apartment, crying out that he had been shot, but his wife and 15-year-old son

LETHAL INJECTION UPDATE

● The Nevada Department of Corrections (NDOC) has announced a new lethal injection protocol which it hopes to use on November 14th to execute Scott Dozier, 45. He has dropped his appeals and wants to die for the murder of a 22-year-old drug-dealer who was dismembered in a motel room. This would be the first execution for 11 years in the state and would involve three drugs which have never been used before in an execution. After consulting with Nevada's chief medical examiner, the NDOC director, James Dzurenda, has selected diazepam, fentanyl and cisatracurium. Fentanyl has been in the news recently as it is a synthetic opioid, 50 times stronger than heroin, and some derivatives are thousands of times stronger. It has been killing thousands of addicts around the world because dealers lace cocaine and heroin with it, but its potency means mistakes are easy. Three milligrams, equal in weight to three grains of sugar, could kill a healthy adult. Russian special forces used a gaseous form of it to end the Moscow theatre siege



**Saved by a juror:
Kendrick Silver**

were unable to prevent the massive internal bleeding before the emergency services arrived. Silver was arrested soon after when the stolen phone, which he had given to his girlfriend, was traced.

In the sentencing phase of the trial, Silver's lawyers said that he had suffered an abusive childhood caused by his "damaged and unstable" mother. The prosecutors said that Silver should die for claiming two lives in cold blood.

MISSOURI: KNIFE ENQUIRY HALTS EXECUTION

Governor Eric Greitens halted the execution of **Marcellus Williams**, 48, about four hours before he was due to die on August 22nd. The governor will institute a board of enquiry to review evidence from the handle of the murder knife which only had DNA on it from an unknown contributor. The Missouri Supreme Court had halted his execution scheduled for January 28th, 2015, to allow for DNA testing but eventually reinstated it due to "the other overwhelming evidence of his guilt." The St. Louis County prosecutor also referred to the other ample evidence and said there was "zero possibility that he was innocent."

In August 1998, Felicia Gayle, 42, a volunteer social worker, was alone at

home having a shower in her St. Louis apartment when she heard a noise and went to investigate. Career burglar Williams was convicted of arming himself with a large butcher's knife from her kitchen drawer and attacking her, slashing her 43 times and stabbing her in the throat. After washing himself down and putting on her husband's jacket to cover up his bloody shirt, he stole a laptop and her purse, before driving off in his Buick LeSabre to meet his girlfriend. She noticed the blood but was threatened with death if she did not keep her mouth shut. Williams was arrested 15 months later after a former cellmate said that Williams had admitted the crime to him and this was also corroborated by Williams's girlfriend.



**Burglary-murder:
Marcellus Williams**

NEVADA: PROSTITUTE-KILLER EXITS DEATH ROW

John Valerio, 51, has dodged the needle after 29 years on Death Row. In 2002, the federal appeals court in San Francisco threw out his death sentence because it objected to the unconstitutional vagueness of the term "depravity of mind," when the jurors selected this aggravating factor from three available – torture, depravity of mind, or mutilation of the victim. It then took 15 years for the sentencing retrial to be heard, but the jury this time sentenced Valerio to life in prison without parole.

In Las Vegas in September 1986, Valerio stabbed 26-year-old prostitute Karen Sue Blackwell 45 times. Her body was found in the boot of her car wrapped in blankets from Valerio's



**Stabbing murder:
John Valerio**

apartment and he had her keys and address book in his jacket pocket when arrested.

NORTH CAROLINA: CONDEMNED RAPE-KILLER DIES BEHIND BARS

On August 14th, the Department of Corrections announced the death of **Gary Alan Trull**, 65, who had been awaiting execution since 1996. In November 1993, he abducted and raped 21-year-old Vanessa Dixon, his next-door neighbour in an apartment block in Randolph County. Six days later her body was found in a wooded area with the throat cut. Four years before the murder, Trull was paroled after serving 14 years of a life sentence for the brutal rape of a woman in Greensboro in 1975.

There have been no executions in the state for 11 years due to a combination of political action by Democrats, lethal injection challenges and problems with obtaining drugs. One hundred and forty-one men and three women remain on the state's Death Row.



**Killed his next-door neighbour:
Gary Trull**

OKLAHOMA: CONVICTION THROWN OUT OVER JURISDICTION MUDDLE

The US 10th Circuit Court of Appeals in Denver has thrown out the conviction of Native American **Patrick Dwayne Murphy**, 48, on the grounds that he was tried by the wrong jurisdiction. Murphy was condemned to die in McIntosh County in May 2000 for murdering his girlfriend's former husband George Jacobs, 49, who had his throat cut and genitals cut off. However, the court has ruled that the murder occurred just inside the boundary of an Indian reservation and should have been tried in a federal court.

The Muskogee Creek Nation reservation spans 11 counties including most of the city of Tulsa, and the court ruled that the US Congress had not disestablished the reservation's boundaries which had been drawn up in 1866. The laws relating to native reservations are complicated. Very serious crimes are investigated by the FBI and are subject to federal law, unless the tribes have specifically requested and been permitted to be subject to state law. For less serious crimes, native police and tribunals investigate and try the offences. Most native tribes have opted out of the federal death penalty when it applies to murders committed on reservations.

One oddity of reservation law is that if a non-Indian murders another non-Indian then state law would apply. Any murder involving an Indian as victim or perpetrator on a reservation would always come under federal law.



**Native American killer:
Patrick Murphy**



Dropped appeal: Scott Dozier

in 2002 but inadvertently killed 117 of the 850 hostages held by Chechen guerrillas. They had been unable to administer the antidote in time. Diazepam is a sedative better known as Valium and cisatracurium is a neuromuscular-blocking agent serving as a skeletal muscle relaxant which will stop the diaphragm from inflating the lungs. It is not yet known what quantities will be used.

● The California Supreme Court has upheld most of Proposition 66, the referendum won by 51 per cent to 49 per cent in November 2016 aimed at speeding up death penalty appeals at

state level. However, the court diluted the proposal that mandated the completion of appeals within five years, ruling that this was unconstitutional. This will now be advisory. The court also upheld the proposal that the Department of Corrections (DoC) should not need to put changes to the death penalty protocol out to public comment and submit the proposals to the Office of Administrative Law (OAL) for scrutiny. Coincidentally, the DoC has just re-submitted its amended proposals for a single-drug protocol to the OAL, so if the OAL rejects it again, the DoC will be able to go ahead regardless. California had originally proposed four different barbiturates – Pentobarbital, Thiopental, Secobarbital or Amobarbital – but has decided to drop the last two as they have never been used before in an execution and it wanted to avoid any possible litigation. All that is needed now for executions to resume is approval by the federal courts, which originally stopped them back in 2006. Death penalty supporters believe that executions will resume in 2018.

Oklahoma will appeal the decision to the full *en banc* court and/or US Supreme Court, but if it loses, Murphy must be extradited to federal custody and face trial in a United States District Court. However, the Muskogee Creek Indians will only permit a life sentence as punishment.

TEXAS: SPREE-KILLER DIES ON DEATH ROW

The seventh-longest-serving Death Row inmate in Texas was found dead in his cell on August 9th. **Raymond DeLeon Martinez**, 71, had been on Death Row 33 years and was sentenced to die by juries three times, in 1984, 1989 and 2009, following problems with jury selection and instructions. He was convicted of a four-day murder spree in July 1983 which took five lives. His victims included Herman Chavis, 40, and Moses Mendez who were robbed and gunned down during separate bar robberies in Houston by Martinez and two accomplices. He also shot dead his sister Julia Gonzalez and her boyfriend Guillermo Chavez at their home in Fort Worth. Another victim was a prostitute, Tracey Pelkey, who was shot in a Houston motel room because he did not like her attitude.



Five victims: Raymond DeLeon Martinez

Martinez was a high-ranking member of a Latino gang called the Texas Syndicate. From December 1966 until October 1968 he was in mental hospitals but less than a year following his release after being "cured," he was given a 20-year sentence for armed robbery in September 1969. He was paroled in December 1982, after which prosecutors said he "left a trail of bodies everywhere."

TEXAS: CHILD-KILLER WINS STAY OF EXECUTION

A child-killer from Dallas, scheduled to die on August 30th, has been given a stay by the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals in order to review evidence that he is intellectually disabled. **Steven Lynn Long**, 46, has been on Death Row 11 years for the May 2005 rape and strangulation of 11-year-old Kaitlin Smith. She disappeared following a sleepover at a friend's house where Long was a lodger and her body was found by her grandfather under a mobile home inside a bin liner. Long was arrested later in the day and confessed, but blamed the crime on an alter ego called "Pretty Boy." Long's IQ has been measured in the low



Above, Steven Long. Below, Kaitlin Smith



60s – below the figure of 70 normally accepted as the cut-off point – but Texas has always insisted that the way he lived his life meant that he was not retarded.

TEXAS: HURRICANE SAVES CONDEMNED KILLER

Hurricane Harvey, which dumped a US record of more than 50 inches of rain on Houston, has given condemned killer **Juan Edward Castillo** at least a further three months on Death Row. On August 30th, prosecutors agreed to delay his execution date from September 7th to December 14th because his legal team was based in the waterlogged city. Castillo, 36, was convicted of robbing and shooting 19-year-old Tommy Garcia seven times in December 2003 after using the victim's former girlfriend to lure him to a lover's lane in San Antonio with the promise of sex and drugs.



Harvey rescue: Juan Castillo

His lawyers had been petitioning the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals for a stay, requesting advanced DNA testing on a knitted cap. Castillo was convicted mainly on the evidence of two accomplices who avoided capital murder charges by testifying against him. **Francisco Gonzales** is currently serving 20-40 years for murder and **Debra Espinosa** is serving the same sentence for aggravated robbery.

P

THE WORLD'S WORST KILLERS

Robert Pickton

• Canada

"THE PIG-FARMER KILLER"

ROBERT WILLIAM "Willie" Pickton was born on October 24th, 1949, in Vancouver, British Columbia. After his parents' death in the 1970s Pickton and his siblings ran the family pig farm at Port Coquitlam.

Between 1994 and 1995, the Picktons sold parts of the land at a vast profit and neglected the running of the farm. They ran a social club named "Piggy's Palace" where the parties featured prostitutes, alcohol, money and drugs. Pickton did not drink or smoke and to his neighbours appeared to be a hard-working, if aloof, man.

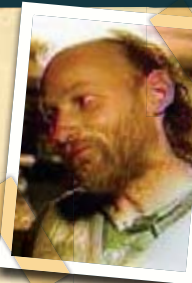
In the 1980s a large number of vulnerable women – prostitutes or drug addicts – began disappearing from the red-light areas of Vancouver. Due to their social status these cases were rarely pursued by police, and no official investigation began until 1998.

On February 5th, 2002, the police obtained a warrant for a firearm violation and raided the farm. Pickton was arrested and during a thorough

search the police found dismembered human remains – feet, hands, skulls – and clothing with blood on it. Initial DNA analysis suggested dozens of female victims...

Pickton is believed to have tortured and killed 49 women, luring his victims with promises of drugs and money. After sex, he strangled or shot them and disposed of the remains – some with a wood chipper, some fed to the pigs on the farm – and may have processed some of the victims' flesh in with pork products.

After lengthy legal machinations on December 9th, 2007, Pickton was convicted of the second-degree murder of six women and was sentenced to life in prison, with no possibility of parole for 25 years. Twenty first-degree murder charges were stayed on August 4th, 2010. Pickton's appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada was dismissed on July 30th, 2010. The true scale of the case and involvement of others remains unclear.



JAPAN DEATH PENALTY YAMANASHI: DEATH SENTENCE IN HIT-MAN CONSPIRACY

The Kofu District Court in Yamanashi Prefecture has imposed a death sentence on 43-year-old **Toshihiko Iwama**. He was convicted of conspiring with accomplices to hire a local hit-man in the Philippines to murder two Japanese men in the capital, Manila. Shinsuke Toba, 32, was killed in a taxi by a gunman on a motorcycle on October 18th, 2014, and Tatsuya Nakamura, 42, was shot three times and found dead in the street on the morning of September 1st, 2015. Both men were caught up in a scam in which Iwama and his syndicate set up companies in the Philippines and persuaded Japanese men to join the company, before taking out a company insurance policy on their lives. The men were then liquidated in an attempt to secure pay-outs amounting to 150 million yen (£1,000,000) but these were never paid. Iwama denied the murders saying that he did not need the money.

Shoichi Kubota, 44, who led the two men to their rendezvous with death, admitted the crime and received a life sentence. The accused hit-man, Kirby Tan, 44, was arrested by Philippines Police in January 2017 and has allegedly confessed to the crimes.

More news from Death Row and beyond in next month's issue

Got a suggestion for the **World's Worst Killers**? Write to us at True Detective, P.O. Box 735, London SE26 5NQ, UK or email trueinvestigative@truecriminallibrary.com

FOR MORE than 22 years, Peter Reyn-Bardt had lived with a terrible secret. And with the passing of those years he began to think he was safe. In 1960 he had killed his wife Malika at their cottage in Wilmslow, Cheshire, and had then dismembered her corpse and tried to burn it. Those pieces which would not burn – including the skull – he buried in a nearby drainage ditch.

Then on Friday, May 13th, 1983, a man digging for peat with an excavator unearthed a human skull just 300 yards from Reyn-Bardt's cottage. It still had some hair and an eyeball, and preliminary tests indicated that it was the skull of a European woman aged between 30 and 50 who'd been buried for between five and 50 years.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

John Wilson from Manchester writes: *"I remember from my childhood in Wilmslow a strange case in which a long-buried skull was discovered in the soil and used to apparently solve a murder 23 years before. The killer was convicted but the skull was to prove an amazing false clue. It was over 1,000 years old. Can you provide the details?"*

The story is on our records and it dates back to the late 1950s. The huge mistake over the skull was true but the story was much more complex than that. Read on!

Reyn-Bardt's troubles had begun in 1959 when he was known as Edwin Rainbird and was working at Manchester Airport, handling publicity for BOAC. His homosexual activities had come to the attention of his employers, and



Case recalled by
**BRIAN
MARRINER**

CHESHIRE'S REMARKABLE CASE OF THE SKULL THAT TRAPPED A WIFE-KILLER

It was a breakthrough police had long wanted. From "information received," they already suspected Reyn-Bardt, now 57, of murder.

In January 1983, they had interviewed him at length about his wife's disappearance, suspecting he had killed her. He strenuously denied this, saying: "We only lived together for a few weeks – and she left." But with the finding of the skull, Reyn-Bardt at last confessed.

"Yes, you're right," he told detectives. "It's been so long that I thought I'd never be found out. I may as well tell the truth now. I did kill her."

Ironically, he had been panicked into confessing by a skull which was not his wife's, for further tests revealed that it was nearly 1,600 years old. The research laboratory of the Department of Archaeology at Oxford University concluded that the owner of the skull had died in 410AD, just before the occupying Roman legions left the Chester area.

All smiles and a dog at
the sham wedding; above,
the 1,600-year-old skull



he was warned that he would be sacked unless they ceased.

Homosexual practices were at that time a criminal offence, punishable by imprisonment. At Easter, 1959, he

met Malika at the Zanzibar Coffee Bar in Manchester. Her background has never been satisfactorily established – Reyn-Bardt said he believed she was Mary Bird, a high-class Irish prostitute,



Secret of the skull

Peter Reyn-Bardt's protection

Roman relic led to a confession of murder, court told

How the **DAILY EXPRESS** reported the sensational case

Skull trial man tells of fight over money demand

I kissed my wife and then killed her

My 23-year horror



but she claimed to be Spanish, and her long black hair and olive complexion certainly suggested a Mediterranean ancestry.

She described herself at one stage as "Maria de Fernandez de Gonzales d'Alvarez," her occupation, portrait painter. But when the couple met, she was a pretty 32-year-old waitress known as Malika Fernandez.

Like a spy in enemy territory, Reyn-Bardt needed a "cover" for his homosexual activities, so he married Malika to acquire respectability. It was, as he admitted, "a marriage of convenience."

Reyn-Bardt soon established a relationship with a young man, while Malika travelled abroad extensively before returning to live with an Indian, then a resident of Bedford. The friction inherent in such a cold-blooded marital arrangement had quickly come to a head, and Malika left her husband in November 1959.

After the split, Reyn-Bardt moved to Heathfield Cottage in Saltersley Lane, just outside the town of Wilmslow, and set up home with a new boyfriend. A neighbour saw Malika at the cottage on Thursday, October 27th, 1960, and that was the last time she was seen alive.

place for long and that nobody would miss her, and he was right. Nobody inquired about his missing wife, and within a few months he moved to the south of England.

His statement went on: "She knew I was a homosexual. She married me so she could travel cheaply. It was purely a business arrangement. I thought she'd gone for ever, but there she was, back again. She was after money. She made my life a misery. She always wanted more."

He described how Malika had threatened him with disgrace, so that he would lose his job and his boyfriend would leave him. He had then told Detective Chief Inspector John Owen about the killing, saying: "She came at me like a vixen slashing at my face."

"I boiled up inside. I was in a frenzy. I grabbed at her shoulders – and then around her neck. I don't remember what happened next until she was lying at my feet. I realised then I had killed her. I felt her pulse and her heart. She was dead."

"I had to get rid of her body. I dragged it out of the lounge, onto the patio. In desperation and panic I severed her. I hacked off her legs, her arms and her head. There was a terrible mess. I still see it happening. It's like a nightmare. I was covered in blood."

After a pause he added, "In a way I'm glad it's all over. It's haunted me for more than 20 years. I may seem uncaring, but it's such a long time. I have managed to put it to the back of my mind. It wasn't a premeditated murder. I didn't plan it. It just happened."

He then described how he dismembered the body on the patio, hacking off the head and limbs with

CERTIFIED COPY of an ENTRY OF MARRIAGE Pursuant to the Marriage Act 1949

Registration District: MANCHESTER

Marriage submitted at: The Registrar's Office in the County, Borough of Manchester

No.	Name	Age	Sex	Rank or Profession	Signature of the Registrar	Signature of the Bride	Signature of the Groom	Signature of the Witnesses
1	Reyn-Bardt, Peter	23	Male	Bachelor	Signature of the Registrar	Signature of the Bride	Signature of the Groom	Signature of the Witnesses
2	Malika Fernandez	32	Female	Spinster	Signature of the Registrar	Signature of the Bride	Signature of the Groom	Signature of the Witnesses

M. On. S.E.

TC 575271

Certified to be a true copy of an entry in a register in my custody.

The name of Malika's "father" Benjamin Mendoza de Fernandez was on the wedding certificate but no one of this name could ever be traced

No doubt too there were advantages on both sides. Reyn-Bardt kept his job, while the fun-loving Malika received plenty of cheap, or even free, air-travel tickets.

Reyn-Bardt proposed within two hours of meeting her, and they were married three days later by special licence, their photograph and the story of their "whirlwind romance" appearing on the front pages of many newspapers.

On the wedding certificate, Malika named her father as "Benjamin Mendoza de Fernandez," but no person of this name has ever been traced.

There was nothing romantic, however, about the marriage, which was never consummated. It was founded on deceit on both sides, both parties going their separate ways.

The rest of the story unfolded in a bizarre three-day murder trial which began at Chester Crown Court on Monday, December 12th, 1983.

Mr. Martin Thomas QC, prosecuting, described the discovery of the skull – and then revealed that it had nothing to do with the case. It had simply been the lever which cracked Reyn-Bardt. No trace of Malika had ever been found.

The court then heard two detailed confessions Reyn-Bardt made to the police. In the first he said his wife had returned "out of the blue." He greeted her with a kiss and they chatted amicably over coffee. But then the conversation had turned to maintenance. Malika demanded money, threatening to ruin his career by exposing his homosexuality, so he strangled her.

an axe. He put the pieces in sacks, hiding them in a garden shed. Then he scrubbed the patio with bleach and water, took a bath, shampooed his hair and composed himself to await the return home of his lover.

"I felt better because the mess had gone," he said. "I felt clean and you could not see anything. I was shaking, but I had composed myself when he came home." He added that the next day he made a botched attempt to burn the body on a garden bonfire.

Detectives took him back to the cottage to try to find parts of the body, but he could not identify the spot where he had buried the remains, the house having since been extended and the garden altered.

"It was all wild and overgrown then," he told the officers.

The prosecution charged Reyn-Bardt with the wilful murder of his wife "some time between October, 1960, and June, 1961," and the witnesses included his former boyfriend, who was now married.

He told the court: "Reyn-Bardt rang me at work and told me not to come home because his wife had arrived and there seemed to be some kind of domestic problem.

"I didn't go back there until that evening. Reyn-Bardt was his usual self, full of beans, while the cottage was neat and tidy as it had been when I left early that morning.

"Reyn-Bardt told me that he had driven his wife out to Wilmslow, but she had got out of the car and disappeared, saying she was meeting someone who would look after her in the style to which she had now become accustomed."

The witness added that he was 23, Reyn-Bardt 33, when they met and set up home in Heathfield Cottage in the late 1950s. "In that situation, a woman was not wanted," he added.

Mr. Victor Durand QC, defending, decided to put Reyn-Bardt in the witness-box to convince the court that Malika's death had been manslaughter and not murder. But this strategy proved to be a mistake.

Far from impressing the jury, Reyn-Bardt's testimony revolted them as he coolly described the killing.

He had grabbed Malika's shoulders to prevent her lunging at his face with her "enormously long and curved" fingernails, he said. Then she lay on the

floor at his feet. "Her eyes were staring and I thought at first she had fainted, but there was no pulse," he told the court.

"I realised I had killed her, but I did not know I had strangled her. I was much slimmer then and our relative strengths would be pretty much equal.

"I was terrified and could not think clearly. The only thing which came to mind was to hide her. I knew she had

would know it was not an ordinary bonfire."

So he removed the charred pieces of flesh from the fire with a fork and buried them in a drainage ditch, under about five inches of soil.

In his closing speech the prosecutor described the killing as "pitiless and evil," and the dismemberment as "almost unbelievable."

The defence maintained that Malika's death was accidental, and so it was therefore manslaughter.

The jury of six men and six women retired for three hours and 35 minutes before deciding by an 11-1 majority verdict that the killing was murder, and Reyn-Bardt was jailed for life.

What did he gain by his 22-year silence? He saved his neck. Had the murder been detected in 1960 he could have hanged.

Reyn-Bardt had gone on to run a pub in Portsmouth with a new homosexual partner, and the pair were convicted of what the judge described as "revolting" sexual offences against a 14-year-old boy whom they stripped and chained to railings before assaulting him.

In 1976 both were sentenced to seven years' imprisonment for this offence, and in jail they plotted further homosexual assaults.

It was easy to get away with murder, Reyn-Bardt told his partner, describing how he had killed his wife.

Both were released in the early 1980s. The other man, together with a new partner, then carried out one of the fantasies conceived in prison.

They kidnapped and sexually assaulted a 13-year-old boy, carving his skin before killing him with a fish-knife.

At the resulting trial in 1982, the judge said that it was one of the most brutal, horrifying cases ever to come before the court.

It was after his arrest for this crime that, seeking leniency, the former partner in the pub venture told the police about the cellmate who had boasted of getting away with murder.

This had alerted detectives to Malika's disappearance, but with neither a corpse nor a confession they were stymied until the chance discovery of the ancient skull convinced Reyn-Bardt that the game was up.



Peter Reyn-Bardt in 1976 after his being arrested for what were described as "revolting" sexual offences against a 14-year-old

ended up dead, but I had not intended to harm her at all."

Asked by Mr. Durand if it was true that he had severed his wife's legs, arms and head from her torso, he whispered; "Yes. It was a nightmare."

The horror continued the next day, he said, when he tried to burn the pieces of the body and they gave off a peculiar smell.

"It was the same as you get in a farrier's when a shoe is being put on a horse's hoof," Reyn-Bardt testified. "I realised that any country people living nearby who smelled that sickly smell

SHE SAW “the Monster” sitting in his Jeep in the car park waiting for her, wearing shades. A ball of fear vibrated in the pit of her stomach and she began to tremble. She couldn’t speak...she couldn’t think. She had to get out – go anywhere – escape.

Tara Brown, 24, fled to her black Mazda 2 hatchback and slipped into the driver’s seat. She threw the ignition switch, her hands shaking as she fumbled with the keys. It was 9 a.m. on September 8th, 2015, another sunny day on Australia’s Queensland coast. But a black cold rain clutched at her heart.

She had dropped her three-year-old daughter Aria off at a day-care centre and had intended to head back to her friend’s house. Now she just needed to get away from the monster in her life.

She pulled into traffic on route 90, straightened up the wheels and checked the rear-view mirror. He was right up behind her in his four-wheel drive, tailgating her. How did he get there so fast?

She pushed the accelerator down hard but he stayed right behind her, then moved even closer. “The Monster” was Lionel John Patea, 25, Tara’s estranged partner. She didn’t know this but Patea had checked with the day-care centre an hour earlier to make sure Aria was booked in for the day and that Tara would be alone.

HORROR OF THI



Tara had taken out a domestic violence order against Patea. The act further fuelled his rage

She needed a lesson. She needed to be punished.

Now Tara felt threatened in her small hatchback. She accelerated some more, the dial on her speedometer swinging beyond the speed limit and into the red.

He kept pace with her all the way. What was he doing?

Days earlier, Tara had taken out a domestic violence order against

Patea. An interim custody order had been served to him. It guaranteed him access to his daughter, but only on a limited basis.

Since then, Tara had moved between safe houses and friends, trying to keep away from Patea, knowing how angry he would be with her.

Red lights in Nerang. She slammed on the brakes and screeched to a halt. Patea pulled up beside her. His Jeep towered above her vehicle and he leaned out of the door and began hammering on her offside window. She refused to look at him.

The lights changed, Tara hit the floor again and the car hit 60 miles per hour. She rang emergency with a free hand and begged the operator, “Help me! Help me! Help me!”

Patea lost patience and rammed the hatchback in the back. Tara’s hands slipped, she lost control and she plummeted over an embankment near Molendinar, a couple of miles inland from Surfer’s Paradise.

The hatchback turned over and came to rest with a crunching sound, upside down in the back garden of a Macquarie Drive home.

The safety belt had saved her life but Tara was trapped, scared and shocked.

Then Patea was there, next to the car. In his muscular arms, he carried an 18lb metal slab – a fire hydrant cover. The ex-Bandido biker “serjeant-at-arms” smashed the window of the hatchback with his first blow and lifted the slab once more.

“Lionel stop! Please help me!” Tara begged. She had left her phone on and the emergency operator heard her screams.

Patea slammed the metal hydrant cover down on Tara’s head again and again and again – 27 times in all. She didn’t scream any more.

A woman had witnessed the accident and rushed to help. At first, she thought Patea was trying to rescue Tara but when she saw what he was doing, she courageously climbed on his back to pull him off.

She was no match for Patea who shrugged her off with ease. The woman lay on the floor horrified at what she saw. Emergency officers listened in despair as thumping sounds were heard over and over again. They alerted the police.

Disoriented, the adrenaline rushing through his veins, Patea drove off in a nearby Gold Coast City Council vehicle. He turned himself in at Coomera Police Station an hour later, telling officers he had “done something bad.” He had minor self-inflicted stab wounds on his arms.

Tara, a New Zealander, was kept on life support at Gold Coast University Hospital until her family could fly in

G

THE WORLD’S WORST KILLERS

Edward Theodore Gein

• United States

“THE PLAINFIELD GHOUL”

ED GEIN was born in La Crosse, Wisconsin, on August 27th, 1906. His father was an alcoholic who died in 1940, and his mother a strict religious woman who raised her family in isolation on their farm and claimed all other women were prostitutes. She died of a stroke in 1945, shortly after Gein’s brother Henry had died in suspicious circumstances.

Left alone, Gein became obsessed with death. He began to dig up bodies from the graveyard, collecting skin, genitalia, whole breasts – soon entire bodies – as trophies. A macabre collection now filled his home – a human skull used as a soup bowl, clothing, lampshades and chair coverings were made of human skin; a belt studded with female nipples, and nine women’s faces which he hung like masks on the wall, were amongst the horrors.

He first committed murder on December 8th, 1954. When Mary Hogan, the local tavern owner,

disappeared under mysterious circumstances, Gein was not a suspect.

But when Bernice Worden, the local hardware store owner, disappeared on November 16th, 1957, it was discovered that Gein had been her last customer. Investigators obtained a warrant to search his farm, and found his collection of trophies and Bernice’s decapitated and gutted naked body, hung upside down in the shed.

Gein was arrested and initially denied everything. Eventually he confessed to the murders of both Mary and Bernice – and years of graverobbing.

Evaluated by psychiatrists, he was declared unfit for trial and committed to the Central State Hospital in Waupun.

In November 1968, Gein was declared mentally competent for trial for the murder of Bernice Worden. He was found not guilty by reason of insanity and sent back to Waupun. He died of lung cancer on July 26th, 1984, at the age of 77 at the Mendota Mental Health Institute, Madison, Wisconsin.



Got a suggestion for the **World’s Worst Killers**? Write to us at True Detective, P.O. Box 735, London SE26 5NQ, UK or email truedetective@truecriminallibrary.com

E SPEEDING HATCHBACK



Left, CCTV footage of the moment Tara's car is forced off the road by Patea. Right, mourners perform a Maori haka at Tara's funeral. Below, Lionel Patea and Tara in happier times in his car. He became increasingly controlling during their four-year relationship



Last Haka For Tragic Tara



from home. She died in hospital the next day from "non-survivable head injuries." In effect, Lionel had left her brain-dead in her hatchback.

Tara was buried a week later. Mourners performed a traditional Maori haka at her funeral. They wore black T-shirts to symbolise New Zealand with an image of Tara playing rugby, her favourite sport. White ribbons symbolised support for the campaign against domestic violence.

Tara and Patea had been together for four years but the relationship had been unbalanced. A close family relative said Patea had been "gaslighting" Tara.

The term comes from the play and movie, *Gaslight*. The most famous adaptation is that starring Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman (1944). More unsettling perhaps is the original British movie from 1940 with a sinister Anton Walbrook as the bigamist-killer who slowly seeks to destroy the mind of his

new wife, Diana Wynyard.

The term, now more widely used in psychology, describes a situation in which a person is isolated from their friends and family by their partner; is manipulated and has their self-esteem systematically undermined until they become subservient and fearful. They may even come to doubt their own sanity.

Tara had wanted to leave Patea but he wouldn't let her. He had emptied her bank account, taken her phone, stopped her from leaving the house. "The monster controlled her," said the relative, but eventually Tara had found the courage to make the break.

She had gone into hiding and hoped to build a new life for herself and Aria on the Gold Coast. Able and intelligent, once vivacious, she hoped to study law.

Brought before Brisbane Supreme Court in February, 2017, Patea surprised the court with a plea of guilty.

In a prepared statement read by his

solicitor, Campbell McCallum, New Zealand-born Patea said, "I do not wish to cause Tara's family any further pain nor delay their need for justice. I accept without reservation the punishment imposed upon me by the justice system today. I will also be ultimately judged by God. I know Tara will never be forgotten, nor will I ever be forgiven."

Mr. McCallum added that Patea had discussed the plea with his family. "He had always acknowledged he committed the offence," he said. "He expects no leniency. He is remorseful, he accepts his actions and he is certainly taking full responsibility for his role in Tara Brown's death."

The court heard that, in the days before Patea killed Tara, he had ordered a relative not to allow her access to their daughter. The woman, who had been baby-sitting Aria, ignored Patea and allowed Tara to stay over at her home.

The court was told that Patea had been attacked in prison and for his own protection had spent the previous seven months in solitary confinement.

Patea was sentenced to life by Justice Debra Mullins and was told he would serve a minimum of 20 years behind bars. Justice Mullins told him, "You have to live every day of your life knowing that you deprived Ms. Brown of her life and your daughter of her mother."

The woman who had done her best to save Tara said in an impact statement: "What I saw you do to Tara horrified me to my core – you beating to death a woman as she lay trapped in her car unable to help herself. For the first six months, every time I closed my eyes, I saw Tara screaming at me for help. She was screaming at me to save her from you."

A close member of Tara's family added, "Tara was empathetic, warm and trusting. She was a lover of life from a very young age. He took full advantage of her vulnerability. The monster was now in control. She feared him."

IT WAS a typical, relaxed Sunday for Troy Wicker and his wife Judy. Troy savoured his time off from the tugboat he worked on for 20 days every month. They were spending the afternoon at a friend's apartment – and their two boys were getting a kick out of playing on the apartment balcony. Smoke was curling up from the sizzling hamburgers on the grill, taking a warm bite out of the chilly January air. The phone rang, then stopped, then rang again. Troy let his wife take the call...

By 9.15 next morning – February 1st, 1982 – Officer Eddie Lang had completed his duty of supervising the high school crossing, when he answered the call on the scanner indicating trouble at the Wicker residence. Muscle Shoals, Alabama, is a small town, so Lang readily recalled seeing Judy Wicker drive past the school crossing earlier that morning. He was met by Officer Lanny Coan at the quiet Highland Avenue address – and together they proceeded into the three-bedroom, beige brick home to see what was going on.

It was not a pleasant sight. A woman who had called police was bent over a semi-conscious Judy, who lay naked and bleeding from the mouth on her den floor. The den had been ransacked, with things thrown everywhere. Officer Coan's first supposition was that Mrs. Wicker's husband had beaten her – and actually

Report by Kimberly Head

asked her if this was so. She said no, that a big black man had been in her den when she returned from taking her two boys to school. He had knocked her out – and possibly raped her.

Meanwhile, Lang was checking out the rest of the house. When he reached the back bedroom, he saw a man, who appeared to be asleep, in the big double bed. The officer called to the man, but received no answer. Finally, he walked to the head of the bed and discovered the body of Troy Wicker, with what appeared to be bullet holes in both his eyes. Lang alerted Coan, who immediately called for assistance. It was going to be a long day.

Captain Robert Hall arrived minutes later to take charge of the crime scene. He ordered that the body be left untouched until a forensic expert could be called to check for evidence. In a case like this, Hall later explained, they always used investigators from the Alabama Department of Forensic Sciences, who were far better trained in unearthing evidence that could make all the difference. Upon his arrival, the forensic investigator took blood samples, dusted for prints and searched the personal effects of the victim. Another officer photographed the body, noting that the victim appeared to have been sleeping when a single shot was fired into his right eye, probably at close range.

Several bullet casings were lying on the bed. And a .22-calibre rifle was found propped in a corner of the ransacked bedroom. Both Hall and the technical

expert agreed that it looked like a burglary, but it bothered them that the rooms didn't reflect the havoc a burglar might create if he was in a hurry. The only real damage was a cheap vase that lay shattered on the den floor. Also, there were no signs of forced entry to the house.

Before the ambulance arrived to take Judy Wicker to the hospital, Hall tried to coax more information out of her. He knew that the fresher the crime, the easier it was to solve – and that, even though it would be painful for her, it was imperative that she try to remember what had happened.

She told him that she had left the house that morning and driven her two boys to the Highland Park Grammar School. The only stop she made was to buy fuel on the way back. When she left the house, her husband was still asleep. She said that she always left her doors open – and the keys in her car – so that, when she walked in her back door, she did not suspect a thing. All she remembered was that a big black man had grabbed her – and then everything went dark.

Finally, Lang walked to the head of the bed and discovered the body of Troy Wicker, with what appeared to be bullet holes in both his eyes

Judy Wicker was admitted to hospital at 9.50 a.m. Although her injuries were considered minor – a bruised eye, some tenderness to the scalp, “carpet” burns on her thighs and a small cut on her upper lip – she was put in intensive care.

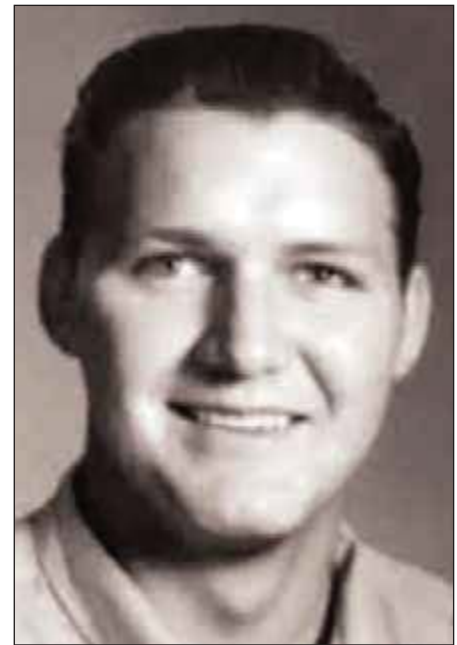
Until he could question Mrs. Wicker further, Hall had very little to go on. If it was a burglary, why had nothing been taken? And what reason did the burglar have for killing Troy Wicker as he slept? All investigators had to go on was the vague description of a big black man and a missing maroon Riviera – Judy's car. The Riviera was to turn up that afternoon in the car park at a college in nearby Tusculumbia.

The crime was to have a hysterical impact on the citizens of the area, since it really was still the kind of place where people never locked their doors. The investigators did everything they could to turn up any lead that might calm the fears of the local citizens. They visited every residence in the Highland Park area, asking if anyone had seen a suspicious car or strange person in the area. No one had. They talked to Troy Wicker's co-workers and friends, asking if they knew of any reason why anyone would want Troy Wicker dead. No one

did. In fact, everyone interviewed had the highest regard for the 35-year-old tugboat hand, describing him as a loyal, honest family man.

On Wednesday, Judy Wicker was allowed out of the hospital to attend her husband's funeral, but she promptly returned afterwards. Her doctor said he was keeping her there because of her emotional trauma and because she felt she needed to stay. By Friday, detectives felt that she'd had enough time, so they went to question her again.

On Friday, February 5th, Captain Hall and Detective Douglas Aycock interviewed Judy Wicker in her hospital room. The thing that struck them both was that she did not remember anything more than she had on the day of the crime – except for one thing. When Hall told her that Officer Lang had seen her passing the high school crossing on the morning of the homicide, she remembered that she had gone to see a



Troy Wicker. He died from a single shot fired into his right eye. Inside the ransacked bedroom where he was shot, detectives found a rifle propped in a corner

friend after dropping her boys off at the school. Her friend lived in an apartment just beyond the high school. As soon as she pulled into the apartment parking area, however, she had remembered that the friend was working that day, so she turned around and came home.

Detectives arranged for Mrs. Wicker to come to the police station as soon as she got out of hospital the next week, to look at photographs of possible suspects. The woman also said that, for the last few weeks, she had seen a silver car, driven by a black man, following her.

Hall and Aycock wondered whether Mrs. Wicker was scared, or if she was still confused from the trauma. They continued working on the theory that a black male had broken into the house, killed Troy, ransacked the rooms and beaten up Judy.

The following week, when Judy Wicker was unable to identify any of the photos in the “mug” books, or pick out a particular model of car resembling the one that had followed her, Hall contacted a hypnotist in Huntsville, Alabama, to help. The hypnotist was specially trained to assist police. The appointment was set up, after Hall explained to Mrs. Wicker that this might be the only way they would catch her husband’s killer. She would have to try to remember what



Above, Tommy Arthur. On Judy’s command he entered the house to murder her sleeping husband

Mrs. Wicker failed to keep the first two appointments set up for her with the hypnotist, so Hall arranged yet another one. And when she gave an excuse as to why she couldn’t keep the third appointment, Hall went out to have a talk with her. He explained the importance of the hypnotist again, at which Judy promised to go the next time. So it was a bit of a shock when Hall came into his office the very next day and found a note from her lawyer, requesting that he did not talk with Judy again without the lawyer being present.

If Judy Wicker had nothing to hide, why would she need a lawyer? The officers immediately began asking more questions about Judy, using their network of informants.

Until recently, Muscle Shoals had been in a “dry” county. Anyone who wanted

subpoena Judy’s telephone records.

On February 22nd, the Alcorn County sheriff’s office in Corinth, Mississippi, called the Muscle Shoals Police concerning an anonymous letter they had received. The letter stated that the murder of Troy Wicker and the murder of another man in Alcorn County were both contract killings. Hall and Aycock went to Mississippi, for what turned out to be a fortnight of futile investigation. The letter stated that there had been a grudge against the man in Corinth, but that Wicker’s murder was contracted because of his involvement with drugs. The letter was prefaced with the inscription: “Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.” It later became clear that the letter had been a decoy to get the determined detectives off the track.

Meanwhile, the telephone records turned up some interesting results. There were numerous calls on Judy’s phone to various places that stopped abruptly

Troy Wicker was the head of the typical American family. He was well-liked and had no enemies. Well, on the face of it, at least...

DID JUDY HAVE HUBBY SHOT THROUGH THE EYES?

happened after she opened the door to her den that day.

The lab tests had turned up no significant prints in the Wicker home, or in the recovered car. The four spent cartridges found on the bed – and the slug that killed Troy Wicker – were fired from a “rim-fire” type casing, not from the .22-calibre rifle found near the bed. The bullet calibre, rifle or pistol – that would have to be considered as a crucial element of the investigation.

The rape examination given Judy Wicker at the hospital had also proved negative. There were traces of sperm in Mrs. Wicker, calculated to be 26 to 48 hours old. She said that she’d had sex with her husband on the Saturday evening before he died.

to drink had to go to what was commonly called “the line.” This was a row of honkytonks and package liquor stores clustered around the Tennessee-Alabama border. Most people discreetly smuggled their liquor from the line back to Muscle Shoals, but some stayed to “party.” It seemed that Judy Wicker was a partyer – and a pretty wild one. The detectives learned that she represented herself as being a divorced mother with two little boys when she went to the line – and she’d had many illicit affairs with patrons of the clubs. This was not a crime, but it certainly whetted the appetites of detectives to know what else she was hiding, if anything. They decided to



A .22-calibre mini-mag handgun similar to the one used in Troy’s killing. Ammunition purchased for it proved a vital lead

whenever her husband returned home from a tugboat trip. The one place that stood out consistently was Ace Mobile Homes in Decatur, Alabama. Decatur is a 40-minute drive from Muscle Shoals, but before the detectives had a chance to go there and find out who Judy Wicker had been talking to, the information came to them.

The Decatur Work-Release Center sent word to the Muscle Shoals officers that a prisoner had been picked up and put back in jail because of a large amount of money found on him. Tommy Arthur had been admitted to the work-release scheme after serving only four years of his 10-to-20-year sentence for murder. When his pay stubs were consistently less than what he should have been paid for the amount of hours he supposedly worked, the board had picked him up. They found out that he had bought a car, which was not allowed – and also discovered \$2,000 in cash in his belongings.

Arthur had been working for Ace Mobile Homes. The owner said he had known Arthur for a long time and, at his request, had gone to the Decatur Work-Release Center and promised he would give him a job, if they would grant him work-release. He said that he had sold Tommy Arthur the car – and that he had no set hours to work. When the detectives asked the owner if he had ever seen Arthur with Judy Wicker, the man said that he had.

The detectives went to the Decatur Work-Release Center to check up on Arthur's sign-out records. On February 1st, 1982 – the day of the murder – he had signed out at 6.30 a.m. and returned at 7.30 p.m.

The detectives also verified that the close-range shot to the right eye that killed Wicker was Arthur's trademark. Yet detectives had not considered questioning him until now, because they knew he was serving a 10-to-20-year sentence for killing his sister-in-law in the very same way. They never imagined he would be out on work-release within four short years. In the 1977 murder, Eloise West was in the office where she worked when Arthur burst in brandishing two revolvers, demanding to know where his wife was. As Eloise picked up her phone to call for help, Arthur opened fire with both guns, shooting her through the right eye and wounding a colleague.

When detectives returned to Muscle Shoals, they asked to talk to Judy in the presence of her attorney. When they met on March 15th, Judy denied knowing Tommy Arthur. The officers, having done more research in the meantime, now knew that Wicker had worked with Arthur at a mobile home factory several years back outside Corinth, Mississippi. So they knew she was lying. And now they wanted to know why.

About this time, Huntsville Police contacted the detectives with the information that Tommy Arthur had been at a go-go club in Huntsville, trying to buy some .22 ammunition and a .22-calibre pistol. It seemed that one of Arthur's fellow-prisoners had offered to talk about what he knew about the case, in return for being moved to another institution.

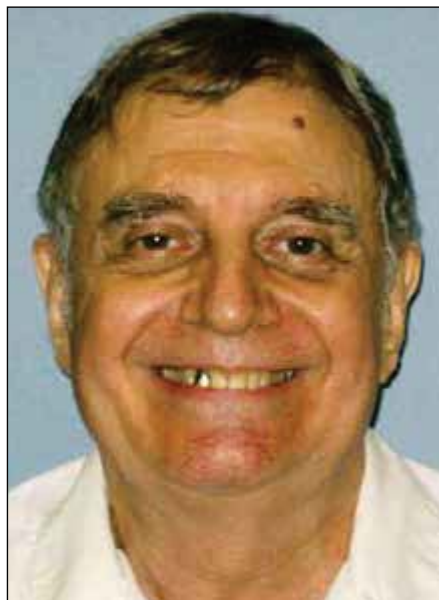
Hall and Aycock went back to the work-release centre to interview the fellow-prisoner. The latter gave a lengthy statement, saying that Arthur had told

him about his part in the Wicker murder. Arthur hadn't stalked the victim, because the murder had all been set up by Judy, who picked Arthur up at the airport on the morning of the fatal shooting, then drove him to her home.

When she saw that Troy was still asleep, she stepped outside and gave him the thumbs-up sign – the signal for Tommy to come in and kill Troy. After Tommy shot Troy through the eyes, he tore Judy's clothes off and roughed her up, then ransacked the house to make it look like a burglary. Then he told Judy to say that a big black man had done it.

The fellow-inmate also said that Tommy Arthur had asked him if a certain go-go dancer in Huntsville could be trusted, because Tommy had got her to acquire some .22 ammunition for him. He also asked the prisoner about the manager of the go-go lounge, saying that she had procured him a .22 pistol.

This statement led the investigators back to Huntsville, where they found the go-go girl. She was too frightened to give a statement so, for her own protection,



Right, Judy and Troy Wicker. Recorded telephone conversations abruptly stopped between her and Tommy Arthur (above) whenever Troy returned home

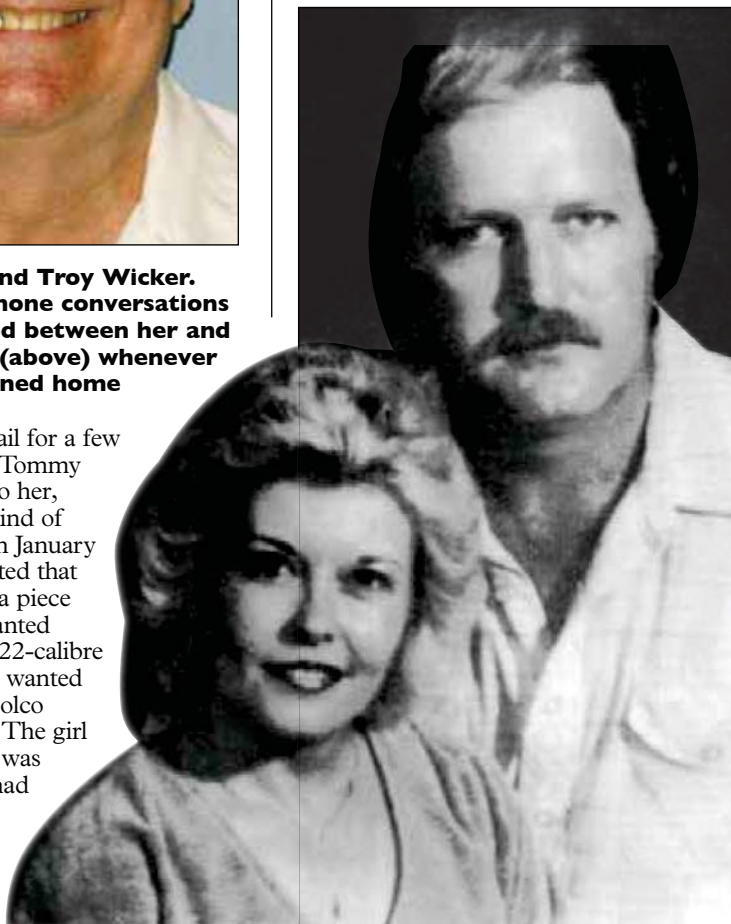
she was placed in jail for a few days. She said that Tommy Arthur had come to her, wanting a certain kind of .22 ammunition, on January 31st, 1982. She stated that he wrote down on a piece of paper that he wanted ammunition for a .22-calibre mini-mag – and he wanted it bought at the Woolco Department Store. The girl said that, since she was on probation, she had contacted a friend of hers to buy the ammunition for Arthur, which he did.

When the friend was contacted, he confirmed that he had purchased the mini-mag shells at Woolco on January 31st. Further checking with the department store records verified that the shells were bought by the friend at 5.30 p.m. on the day before the murder.

The manager of the club denied obtaining a gun for Arthur, but had something else pertinent to say. In her statement, she said that, on the day of the murder, she was to meet Arthur at the club to have lunch at 11.30 a.m. He was late, she said, adding that, before lunch, they had taken a drive over the bridge between Huntsville and Decatur, at Tommy's request. He threw a bundle, wrapped up tightly in a rubbish sack, from the bridge into the Tennessee River. The manager said that when she asked Arthur what was in the bundle, he said he was "just getting rid of some old memories."

Divers accompanied detectives to the spot where the go-go manager said Arthur had thrown the bundle, but they could not find anything. It had simply

Tommy Arthur was not a sloppy person. He did his work neatly and efficiently. But it was his ego that always tripped him up



been too long since the package was discarded.

From here on, though, detectives felt it was simply a matter of establishing times and places, of letting the details fall into place. One of those details provided a motive for the murder – Judy Wicker had just received the first payments of \$50,000 on her husband's \$100,000 life insurance policy.

Several other bits of circumstantial evidence fell into place for Hall and Aycok. Upon re-examining the telephone records, they discovered that all the calls between Judy and Tommy had stopped after Troy's death. There had been 50 calls back and forth between the two during the month before his death, the last one having been made to their friend's apartment the day before the homicide – the Sunday of the barbecue. At 1.54 p.m., the records showed, there had been a six-minute call from the mobile homes to the friend's phone. And around 2 p.m. that day, the friend of the Huntsville go-go dancer was contacted to buy .22-calibre long rifle shells – the same kind used to kill Troy Wicker.

According to ballistics experts, the ammunition used to kill the victim "had the similarities of new ammunition." There were no scratches, or other signs of wear that ammunition often has when it is carried around in a pocket or stored in a drawer.

Tommy Arthur was not a sloppy person. He did his work neatly and efficiently. But it was his ego that always tripped him up. "You have to know Tommy Arthur. He thinks he's smarter than everybody else," Hall explained. Muscle Shoals police officers had been aware of Arthur ever since he packed a gun to high school.

On the strength of the telephone records and the ammunition evidence, the detectives were able to persuade the grand jury to indict Tommy Arthur and Judy Wicker for the murder of Troy Wicker. On April 29th, 1982, both were, to their considerable surprise, arrested.

Arthur had been returned to the Marion County jail in Decatur, Alabama, because of his work-release violations. Arrested at the institution, he was charged with capital murder. Because he was charged with murder within 20 years of being charged and convicted of another murder, he was eligible for the death sentence.

In addition to a murder charge, Judy Wicker was also charged with conspiracy. The death sentence was possible, but not likely, since the detectives could not prove that she had paid Arthur out of the insurance money to kill her husband. Nor could they prove who had pulled the trigger.

On October 6th, 1982, testimony began in the trial of Judy Wicker. She finally admitted that she knew Tommy Arthur, but denied that they were anything more than friends. She said she had loaned Arthur some money on the morning of the murder, after he phoned and asked her to meet him at the airport. Her

attorney said: "It has struck me all the way through this case that they are trying to convict Judy Wicker because she knew Tommy Arthur – and he made a lot of phone calls to her." He added: "It is not my job to defend Tommy Arthur."

Prosecutor James A. Patton reminded the jurors, however, that Judy Wicker never admitted that she saw Arthur on the morning of her husband's murder. He went on to say that she had done everything she possibly could to frustrate police officers in their efforts to uncover the truth.

"From the first, she started out lying in this case – and never stopped," he said. "We investigated this case as Judy Wicker gave us the information."

Then Patton asked: "Why, if she was so happy and loved her husband and wanted to help police find out who did it, did she not tell them about Tommy Arthur?"

The jury agreed with Patton. On October 10th, they found Judy Wicker



A handcuffed Tommy Arthur in court. He represented himself after reported problems between him and his attorneys

guilty. On October 21st, 1982, she was sentenced to life in prison.

On February 11th, 1983, after seven days of questioning, attorneys selected six men and six women as jurors to try Tommy Arthur. This was made more difficult by the fact that Arthur had decided there was a "communication problem" between him and his attorneys and asked to represent himself. Judge Pride Tompkins allowed this, but warned Arthur that he believed it was a mistake. "I want to make sure you understand the dangers you would submit yourself to," the judge declared.

On Monday, February 14th, Arthur's attorneys admitted that he had violated "about every rule they had on work-release," but said that Arthur had not met Judy Wicker on the morning of her husband's murder. They stated:

"Tommy Arthur is not a moral man, but he is not a murderer." The real blow to Arthur's defence came when he called one of several witnesses from the Marion County prison, where he was incarcerated.

When Arthur began to question his fellow-inmate, the latter looked at him and said: "Tommy, you don't want me to talk." The inmate was the same person who had given the detailed statement to investigators earlier, hoping to be moved to another institution. But once he was on the witness-stand, it gave the prosecution a chance to cross-examine.

Not only did the convict deny ever giving the statement, but he denied ever having talked to Prosecutor Patton. Patton read from a letter signed by the inmate, addressed: "Dear Mr. District Attorney..." It offered information leading to the arrest of Tommy Arthur in the Wicker murder case in exchange for a transfer to another prison.

Then Patton began reading from a 20-page typed statement the prisoner had given him in person in an office at the prison. Among other things, the statement again recalled how Tommy Arthur had told the inmate that he went to Muscle Shoals, met Judy Wicker, got in the car with her, drove to the home – and that she went into the house and "came back out, gave him the high sign and that he went in and shot Troy Wicker." Patton continued to read, with the convict, clad in white prison garb, handcuffs and leg-irons, rigidly denying each statement.

The next 13 witnesses Arthur called, mostly officials from the Decatur Work-Release Center, did not impress the jury. On Saturday, February 19th, they found Arthur guilty.

In tears, Arthur stood to address the judge before sentencing: "I ask you to let me live and let me do some good." But the judge upheld the jury's recommendation and sentenced him to die in the electric chair.

Fast-forward to 2017. The electric chair has long since been superseded by lethal injection as the standard method of execution. And Thomas Douglas Arthur, now 75, has spent 34 years on Death Row, surviving seven execution dates. The press dubbed him "the Houdini of Death Row."

Now scheduled to die at 6 p.m. on May 25th, 2017, he was given another temporary stay by the US Supreme Court but this was lifted at 10.40 p.m. after the liberals on the court were outvoted regarding the effectiveness of Midazolam as an anaesthetic. The execution process began at 11.50 p.m., 10 minutes before the death warrant was due to expire, and he was pronounced dead at 12.15 a.m.

On the gurney Arthur emotionally apologised to his children saying, "I'm sorry for failing you as a father. I love you more than anything on earth."

Judy Wicker had gone on to serve just 10 years behind bars. But there would be no more escapes for this Houdini.

Additional reporting by Martin Chaffe

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Featuring a
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lecturer and
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baker
Executions from
1950-1964
Compiled by
Matthew Spicer

“SHOOT ME!” PLEA

March 29th, 1950

– Piotr Maksimowski

A POLISH refugee, Piotr Maksimowski, 33, lived in a camp near Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire. He began courting Dilys Campbell, of Slough, who told him she was a widow, but later admitted that her husband was alive and that she was still living with him.

On December 31st, 1949, Maksimowski went to a local police station. Showing officers his slashed, bleeding wrists, he said he had killed a woman in a wood, and Dilys's body was found there, covered with a blanket and with both wrists cut.

Questioned by detectives, Maksimowski said that he and Dilys had made a suicide pact because she could not cope with living a lie, and he couldn't stand knowing she still lived



1951: James Inglis

with her husband. He said that after cutting her wrists and starting to slash his own, he had lost his nerve and gone to the police in the hope that Dilys could get medical attention.

At his murder trial at Warwick Assizes he pleaded not guilty on the grounds of insanity, but the court was told that his claim that he had gone straight for help after cutting Dilys's wrists was false – she had been dead for at least four hours when a doctor reached the scene.

On being convicted and sentenced to death, Maksimowski asked to be shot instead of hanged, but the judge told him he had no authority to arrange this. There was no appeal, and in the condemned cell Maksimowski attempted suicide, breaking a window and trying to cut his wrists with the glass.

Having failed to cheat the hangman, he was executed by Albert Pierrepoint and Syd Dernley at Birmingham's Winson Green Prison.



1950: James Rivett

KILLER'S BURIAL ISSUE

May 7th, 1952 – Ajit Singh

In March 1951 Ajit Singh, 27, a Pakistani-born painter, met Joan Marion Thomas, a 27-year-old widow, at Maesteg market, Bridgend, Glamorgan. They began seeing each other regularly, Joan taking Singh home to meet her parents, who begged her to stop seeing him when she began talking of marriage. She was fascinated by his tales of India, however, and continued to meet him until, tiring of the relationship, she ended it in November.

Distraught, Singh declared that if he couldn't have her, no one else would. When he began to pester her, police warned him to leave her alone, but on December 30th he shot and killed her as she made her way with a friend to visit her sister in hospital.

His defence of insanity failed at his



1952: Horace Carter

• **For each execution, where relevant, we list the condemned, date and place of execution, victim(s) and hangman. Variations on this theme occur mainly in cases of wartime executions for spying or treason, or those carried out under emergency powers. For many of these you will find “FS” listed under hangman; this stands for firing squad.**

two-day trial, and he was sentenced to death and hanged at Cardiff Prison by Albert Pierrepont and Harry Allen.

Sikhs are customarily cremated after death, and after it was announced that Singh would be buried within the prison precincts, the Indian High Commission in London appealed to the Home Office for special dispensation.

The appeal was granted, and after the inquest Singh's body was cremated. His ashes were then buried at Cardiff Prison, the Home Office refusing to allow them to be given to relatives.

BRICKLAYER MAKES HISTORY

August 9th, 1955 – Ernest Charles Harding

After visiting a Coventry hair salon on the afternoon of June 8th, 1955, 10-year-old Evelyn Patricia Higgins vanished.

Investigating her disappearance, police spoke to two girls who said they had been approached by a man who had tried to lure them into his black car.

Another witness's detailed description of the car led police to Ernest Charles Harding, a 42-year-old bricklayer, who was found in it. He had attached a pipe to the exhaust, and was trying to commit suicide.

He made a number of conflicting statements, claiming in one that he had no recollection of finding Evelyn inside the car. In another statement he said he realised she was dead and decided to bury her.



1953: Joseph Reynolds



1954: Czeslaw Kowalewski

He then led police to a wood near Coleshill, Warwickshire, where her body was found in a shallow grave. She had been raped, asphyxiated, and then stabbed in the throat.

At Harding's trial it was claimed that a head injury suffered in 1952 had made him moody and bad-tempered, but his defence of insanity was rejected.

Convicted and sentenced to death, he was executed by Steve Wade and Robert Stewart, becoming the last man to be hanged in the United Kingdom for child murder.

MAYHEM IN ROTHERHAM

August 14th, 1959

– Bernard Hugh Walden

When Joyce Moran, 21, and her boyfriend Neil Saxton, 20, were shot dead at Rotherham Technical College, the police sought one of the lecturers, 33-year-old Bernard Hugh Walden.

Crippled by polio, he had spent a short holiday with Joyce, during which he had proposed marriage. She had turned him down, and on April 7th, 1959, he shot her six times, then seeking out Saxton and shooting him once.

When arrested in Reading on April 30th, he had three guns on him, several more in the boot of his car, and another cache of firearms at his lodgings in Rotherham. He showed no remorse, saying he had intended to kill Miss Moran, and wanted to paralyse her boyfriend from the waist down.

Sentenced to death at Yorkshire Assizes, he was hanged by Harry Allen and Thomas Cunliffe at Leeds's Armley Prison. Cunliffe failed to strap the prisoner's legs correctly on the drop, and consequently never assisted at another execution.



1955: Frederick Cross



1957: John Vickers

KILLER'S DEATH CELL DANCE

November 20th, 1962

– Oswald Augustus Grey

In the early evening of June 3rd, 1962, Thomas Bates, 47, was found shot dead behind the counter at his newsagent's shop in Edgbaston, Birmingham. He had been killed by a single shot from a revolver found beside him.

It was traced to Oswald Augustus Grey, a 20-year-old unemployed baker who admitted it was his, but denied shooting the newsagent. He gave five different accounts as to who had the gun at the time of the killing.

At his Warwickshire Assizes trial the court was told that he was desperate for money, having been on National Assistance for a year, and he was convicted of capital murder committed by shooting in the furtherance of theft.

Hanged by Harry Allen and Samuel Plant at Birmingham's Winson Green Prison, he spent his six weeks in the condemned cell limbo-dancing and hand-jiving, apparently oblivious to his fate.

Concluding opposite: your complete listing of every execution in Britain and Ireland following the end of public hangings in 1868

Date	Condemned	Prison	Victim/Crime
Hangman			

1950

Jan 6th	Daniel Raven	Pen	AP	Leopold Goodman, Esther Goodman
Mar 8th	James Rivett	Nor	AP	Christine Cuddon
Mar 9th	Timothy Evans	Pen	AP	Geraldine Evans
Mar 28th	George Kelly	Wal	AP	Leonard Thomas, John Catherall
Mar 29th	Piotr Maksimowski	WGr	AP	Dilys Campbell
Mar 30th	Walter Sharpe	Arm	SW	Harry Levine
Apr 19th	Albert Jenkins	Swa	AP	William Llewellyn
Jul 7th	Roman Redel	Win	AP	Robert Taylor
Jul 7th	Zwigniew Gower	Win	AP	Robert Taylor
Jul 11th	George Brown	Dur	SW	Mary Longhurst
Jul 13th	Ronald Atwell	Bri	AP	Lillian Palmer
Jul 13th	John Walker	Dur	SW	Francis Wilson
Aug 16th	Albert Price	Wan	AP	Doris Price, Jennifer Price, Maureen Price
Oct 30th	Christopher Harris	Bar	AP	Martin Dunleavy
Nov 14th	Frank Turnage	Dur	SW	Julia Beesley
Nov 24th	Norman Goldthorpe	Nor	HK	Emma Howe
Nov 28th	James Corbitt	Str	AP	Elizabeth Wood
Dec 14th	Edward Woodfield	Bri	AP	Ethel Worth
Dec 16th	James Robertson	Bar	AP	Catherine McCluskey
Dec 19th	Nicholas Crosby	Str	AP	Ruth Massey



1958: Brian Chandler



1959: Michael Tatum

1951

Jan 4th	Frank Griffin	Shr	AP	Jane Edge
Jan 26th	Nenad Kovacevic	Str	AP	Radomir Djorovic
Apr 3rd	William Watkins	WGr	AP	Young boy
Apr 25th	Edward Smith	Wan	AP	Frederick William Gosling
Apr 25th	Joseph Brown	Wan	AP	Frederick William Gosling
Apr 26th	James Virrels	Wan	AP	Alice Roberts
May 8th	James Inglis	Str	AP	Alice Morgan
May 9th	William Shaughnessy	Win	AP	Marie Shaughnessy, Joyce Shaughnessy
Jun 12th	John Dand	Str	AP	Walter Wyld
Jul 3rd	John Wright	Str	AP	Mona Mather
Jul 19th	Dennis Moore	Nor	AP	Eileen Cullen
Jul 19th	Alfred Reynolds	Nor	AP	Ellen Ludkin
Sep 15th	Robert Smith	Sau	AP	William Gibson
Oct 24th	John O'Connor	Pen	AP	Eugenie Le Maire
Dec 11th	Herbert Mills	Lin	AP	Mabel Tattershaw

1952

Jan 1st	Horace Carter	WGr	AP	Sheila Attwood
Jan 15th	Alfred Bradley	Str	AP	George Camp
Feb 6th	Alfred Moore	Arm	SW	Duncan Fraser, Arthur Jagger
Feb 26th	Herbert Harris	Str	AP	Eileen Harris
Mar 21st	Tahir Ali	Dur	SW	Evelyn McDonald
Apr 12th	James Smith	Bar	AP	Martin Malone
Apr 25th	Edward Devlin	Wal	AP	Beatrice Rimmer
Apr 25th	Alfred Burns	Wal	AP	Beatrice Rimmer
May 7th	Ajit Singh	Car	AP	Joan Thomas
May 27th	Backery Manneh	Pen	AP	Joseph Akaka
May 29th	Patrick Deveney	Bar	AP	Jeannie Deveney
Jul 8th	Harold Huxley	Shr	AP	Ada Royce
Jul 15th	Thomas Eames	Bri	AP	Muriel Bent
Jul 22nd	Frank Burgess	Wan	AP	Joanna Hallahan
Aug 12th	Oliver Butler	Oxf	AP	Rose Meadows
Sep 3rd	Mahood Mattan	Car	AP	Lillian Volpert
Sep 5th	John Godar	Pen	AP	Maureen Cox
Sep 30th	Dennis Muldowney	Pen	AP	Christine Granville
Sep 30th	Raymond Cull	Pen	AP	Jean Cull
Oct 9th	Peter Johnson	Pen	AP	Charles Mead
Oct 23rd	Donald Simon	Shr	AP	Eunice Simon, Victor Brades
Dec 12th	Eric Norcliffe	Lin	AP	Kathleen Norcliffe
Dec 17th	John Livesey	Wan	AP	Stephanie Small

Dec 23rd	Leslie Green	WGr	AP	Alice Wiltshaw
Dec 24th	Herbert Appleby	Dur	SW	John David Thomas

1953

Jan 2nd	James Alcott	Wan	AP	Geoffrey Dean
Jan 26th	George Shaw	Bar	AP	Michael Connolly (Only)
Jan 28th	Derek Bentley	Wan	AP	Sidney Miles
Feb 24th	Miles Giffard	Bri	AP	Charles Giffard, Elizabeth Giffard
May 19th	John Todd	Wal	AP	Hugh Walker
Jul 15th	John Christie	Pen	AP	Ruth Fuerst, Muriel Eady, Ethel Christie, Kathleen Maloney, Rita Nelson, Hectoria MacLennan
Jul 30th	Phillip Henry	Arm	AP	Jane Gilligan
Sep 18th	Louisa Merrifield	Str	AP	Sarah Ricketts
Oct 20th	John Greenway	Bri	AP	Beatrice Court
Nov 17th	Joseph Reynolds	Lei	AP	Janet Warner
Dec 17th	Stanislaw Juras	Str	AP	Irena Wagner
Dec 18th	John Wilkinson	Wan	SW	Miriam Susan Gray
Dec 22nd	Alfred Whiteway	Wan	AP	Barbara Songhurst, Christine Reed
Dec 23rd	George Newland	Pen	AP	Henry Tandy

1954

Jan 5th	Robert Moore	Arm	SW	Edward Watson
Jan 8th	Czeslaw Kowalewski	Str	AP	Dorothy Allen
Jan 26th	Dennis Hooper	Shr	AP	Betty Smith
Jan 27th	Wilhelm Lubina	Arm	SW	Charlotte Ball
Apr 14th	James Doohan	Wan	AP	Herbert Ketley
Apr 20th	Michael Manning	Mou	AP	Catherine Cooper
Apr 22nd	Albert Hall	Arm	SW	Mary Hackett

Hangmen: AP = Albert Pierrepont; HA = Harry Allen; HK = Harry Kirk; RS = Robert Stewart; SW = Stephen Wade

Prisons: Abe = Aberdeen; Arm = Armley; Bar = Barlinnie Glasgow; Bed = Bedford; Bel = Belfast; Bri = Bristol; Car = Cardiff; Dur = Durham; Hol = Holloway; Lei = Leicester; Lin = Lincoln; Mou = Mountjoy; Nor = Norwich; Oxf = Oxford; Pen = Pentonville; Sau = Saughton Edinburgh; Shr = Shrewsbury; StH = St. Helier, Jersey; Str = Strangeways; Swa = Swansea; Wal = Walton; Wan = Wandsworth; WGr = Winson Green; Win = Winchester



1960: Anthony Miller



1961: George Riley

Apr 23rd	John Lynch	Sau	AP	Lesley Nisbet (Sinclair), Margaret Curran (Johnson)
Apr 28th	Thomas Harries	Swa	AP	John Harries, Phoebe Harries
Jun 17th	Kenneth Gilbert	Pen	AP	George Smart
Jun 17th	Ian Grant	Pen	AP	George Smart
Jun 22nd	Milton Taylor	Wal	AP	Marie Bradshaw
Jun 23rd	George Robertson	Sau	AP	Elizabeth Robertson, George Robertson
Aug 11th	William Hepper	Wan	AP	Margaret Spevick
Aug 12th	Harold Fowler	Lin	AP	Kenneth Mulligan
Sep 1st	Rupert Wells	Wan	AP	Nellie Officer
Sep 1th	Edward Reid	Arm	SW	Arthur White
Dec 15th	Styllou Christofi	Hol	AP	Hella Christophi

1955

Mar 29th	William Salt	Wal	SW	Dennis Shenton
Apr 14th	Sydney Clarke	Wan	AP	Rose Fairhurst
May 4th	Winston Shaw	Arm	SW	Jean Tate
May 24th	James Robinson	Lin	AP	Mary Dodsley
Jun 21st	Richard Gowler	Wal	AP	Mary Boothroyd
Jul 12th	Kenneth Roberts	Lin	SW	Mary Roberts
Jul 13th	Ruth Ellis	Hol	AP	David Blakely
Jul 26th	Frederick Cross	WGr	AP	Donald Lainton
Jul 27th	Norman Green	Wal	AP	William Harmer, Norman Yates
Aug 2nd	Corbett Roberts	WGr	SW	Doris Roberts



1962: James Smith



1963: Henry Burnett



1964: Peter Allen



1964: Gwynne Evans

Aug 9th	Ernest Harding	WGr	SW	Evelyn Higgins
Aug 12th	Alec Wilkinson	Arm	SW	Clara Farrell

1957

Jul 23rd	John Vickers	Dur	HA	Jane Duckett
Dec 4th	Dennis Howard	WGr	HA	David Keasey

1958

May 6th	Vivian Teed	Swa	RS	William Williams
Jul 11th	Peter Manuel	Bar	HA	Marion Watt, Vivienne Watt, Margaret Brown, Isabelle Cooke, Peter Smart, Doris Smart, Michael Smart
Aug 12th	Matthew Kavanagh	WGr	HA	Isaiah Dixon
Sep 3rd	Frank Stokes	Dur	HA	Linda Violet Ash
Dec 17th	Brian Chandler	Dur	RS	Martha Dodd

1959

Feb 10th	Ernest Jones	Arm	HA	Richard Turner
Apr 28th	Joseph Chrimes	Pen	HA	Nora Summerfield
May 8th	Ronald Marwood	Pen	HA	Raymond Summers
May 14th	Michael Tatum	Win	RS	Charles Barrett
Aug 14th	Bernard Walden	Arm	HA	Joyce Moran, Neil Saxton
Oct 9th	Francis Hutchet	StH	HA	John Perree
Nov 5th	Guenther Podola	Wan	HA	Raymond Purdy

1960

Sep 1st	John Constantine	Lin	HA	Lily Parry
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Nov 10th	Frances Forsyth	Wan	HA	Allan Jee
Nov 10th	Norman Harris	Pen	RS	Allan Jee
Dec 22nd	Anthony Miller	Bar	HA	John Cremin

1961

Jan 27th	Wasył Gnypiuk	Lin	HA	Louisa Surgey
Feb 9th	George Riley	Shr	HA	Adelaide Smith
Mar 29th	John Day	Bed	HA	Keith Arthur
May 25th	Victor Terry	Wan	HA	Henry Pull
Jun 29th	Zsiga Pankotai	Arm	HA	Eli Myers
Jul 6th	Edwin Bush	Pen	HA	Elsie Batten
Jul 25th	Samuel McLaughlin	Bel	HA	Nellie McLaughlin
Sep 8th	Hendryk Niemasz	Wan	HA	Herbert Buxton, Alice Buxton
Dec 20th	Robert McGladdery	Bel	HA	Pearl Gamble

1962

Apr 4th	James Hanratty	Bed	HA	Michael Gregston
Nov 20th	Oswald Grey	WGr	HA	Thomas Bates
Nov 28th	James Smith	Str	HA	Isabella Cross

1963

Aug 15th	Henry Burnett	Abe	HA	Thomas Guyan
Dec 17th	Russell Pascoe	Bri	HA	William Rowe
Dec 17th	Dennis Whitty	Win	RS	William Rowe

1964

Aug 13th	Peter Allen	Wal	RS	John West
Aug 13th	Gwynne Evans	Str	HA	John West

THE END OF AN ERA

With the final episode in this series we reach the period where capital punishment in Britain and Ireland stuttered to an end, if not to total abolition. But that would follow...

March 1957 saw the partial abolition of the death penalty in Britain, and its abolition in law for murder followed in November 1965. Similar changes took place in Northern Ireland – partial abolition in July 1966 and abolition in July 1973. After that, no executions took place, but two men were sentenced to death – both in 1973.

In the Republic of Ireland the equivalent dates were March 1964 and July 1990 –



The noose and other hanging apparatus used by long-serving hangman Albert Pierrepoint (right)



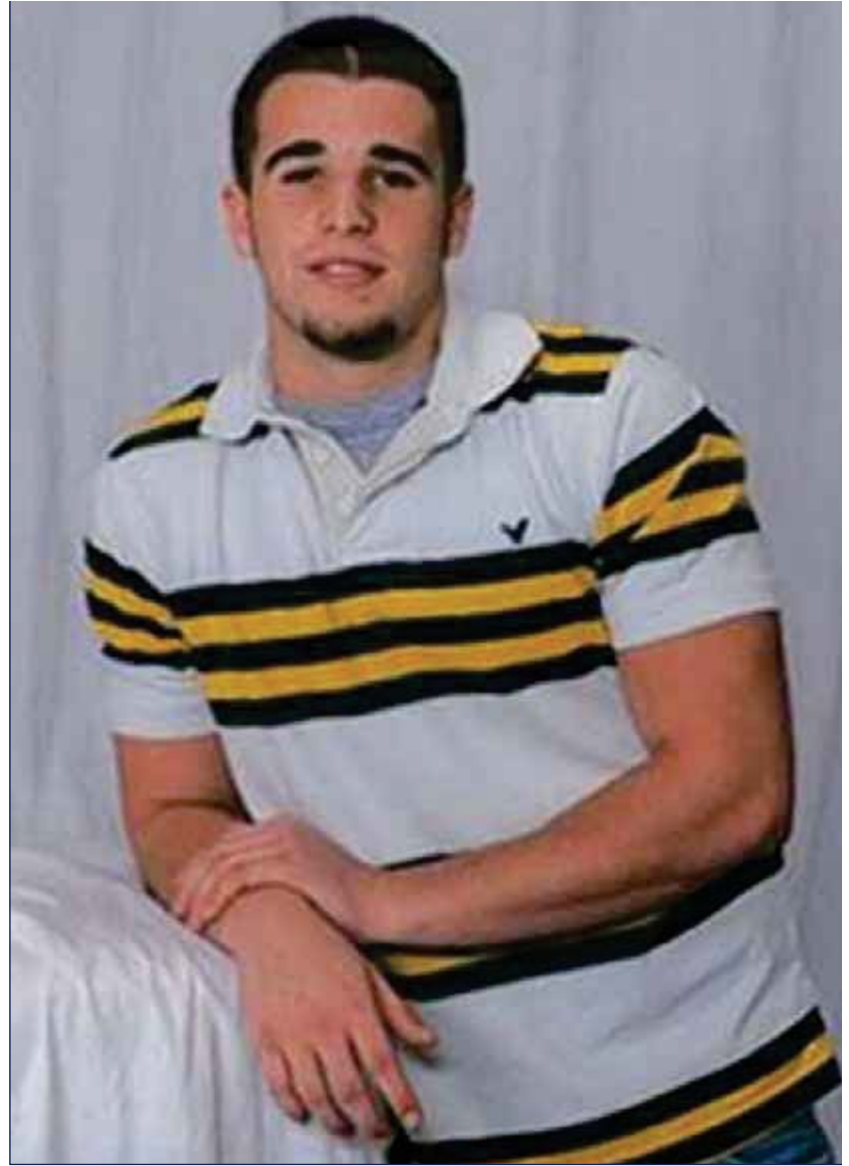
again, there were no executions under this legislation, but there were 11 death sentences, the last in 1985.

The death penalty for murder was abolished in Guernsey in August 1965; Jersey in April 1986; and the Isle of Man in April 1993. In July and November 1998 respectively, the death penalty was abolished for treason and offences under

military law throughout the United Kingdom and the associated islands. The 1990 law in Ireland had also abolished capital punishment for treason there.

The United Kingdom and Ireland have both signed and ratified Protocol 13 of the European Convention on Human Rights, which prohibits the death penalty under any circumstances – the UK in February 2004 and Ireland in July 2003.

So there you have it: all 1,563 executions in Britain and Ireland from the abolition of public hanging until the end of capital punishment itself. If you'd like to read the full story behind any of these cases – or if you'd be interested to see other crime-related "lists" – please write to True Detective, PO Box 735, London SE26 5NQ, or email truedetective@truecrimelibrary.com



Three friends drown new graduate Jarret

Story by
GARY FOX

TWO'S COMPANY, three's a crowd. Four – two couples – would probably be excellent, but five is asking for trouble.

And so it proved when high school graduate Jarret Clark, 18, went along with two couples he didn't know well on an overnight camping and fishing trip to Fort Gibson Lake at Wahoo Bay in Wagoner County, Oklahoma.

No one could figure why he went along. Good-looking, athletic and smart, Jarret was never short of friends. But on the night of the party, he chose to hang out with the wrong bunch.

Jarret, the boy who had just graduated from Broken Arrow High School, was going places. He had applied to join the military. A bright future seemed to lie ahead.

But he never came home...

The other four, sampling the great

Good-looking, athletic and smart, Jarret was never short of friends but things were to go fatally wrong on Fort Gibson Lake (above left)

American outdoors on the night of May 15th, 2006, were an odd bunch: Brandon Hargrove, 18, and his girlfriend, Courtney Manzer, 16, Hargrove's sister Dayna Hargrove Miller, 21, and her boyfriend, Tony Scott Wallen, 24. Drugs, drink and testosterone would make for a heady mix although there is no suggestion that Jarret took drugs or drank more than a couple of beers.

Jarret knew Hargrove only through a weightlifting class during their senior year. Hargrove eventually dropped out of school a few months before graduation. He had something of a roughhouse reputation at the school; a boy who sold pills to classmates and who had a short

fuse and a bleak future. In February that year, Hargrove pleaded guilty to possession of marijuana and drug paraphernalia and received a suspended sentence on both counts.

On Saturday, May 13th, at about 6 p.m., Jarret gave his mother a crystal vase filled with flowers and a picture frame to hold his graduation photo. It was Mother's Day the following day and Jarret never forgot to get his mother, Tammy, a present.

Young folk in a small town in Middle America are as prone to sexual experimentation, secret loves and a rebellious streak as anyone else – and none more so than Courtney Manzer. She had a crush on Jarret even though she was dating Hargrove, and it was she who persuaded Jarret to join her and Hargrove to camp out at the lake.

At around 9 p.m. Jarret joined

TRAGEDY ON TRIP WITH THE WRONG BUNCH

Hargrove in his blue pickup truck to ride out to the lake and watch the sunset. Tammy called him to remind him to be back by 10 the next morning for Mother's Day. But Jarret didn't return home, nor did he call his mother. Tammy was immediately concerned as her son always came home when expected.

She started calling his friends but had no joy. She finally got hold of Hargrove that evening and, when she asked where her son was, he chillingly replied: "Your son was an idiot. It was all his fault. He was hitting on Courtney. He was drunk. He shouldn't have tried having sex with my girlfriend. I kicked his sorry ass and left him there."

Neither Tammy nor Jarret's stepfather Eric Slater believed Jarret would try to assault anyone, and as they began looking for him, they became increasingly concerned. "I knew that Jarret was with some bad people and in serious trouble, but at the time I believed I would find my son alive, not dead," said Tammy.

"I found out what a jealous guy Hargrove was: how he'd go crazy if any boy even talked to Courtney, and it worried me."

She asked the Wagoner County Police and sheriff's office to investigate Jarret's disappearance as suspicious and close off

Jarret was found dead below the surface of Fort Gibson Lake four days after he was last seen alive by a park ranger

the camping area at the lake as a murder scene, but instead officers said it was only a missing person case of high school students up to high jinx and he would turn up soon.

Jarret was found dead below the surface of Fort Gibson Lake four days after he was last seen alive by a park ranger. The medical examiner ruled that Jarret had drowned around four days earlier, but a crucial piece of information left out of his report was whether his drowning was accidental or intentional.

From the outset, his parents were convinced it was the latter. Jarret was a very good swimmer and sensible enough to not go swimming in the lake

at night by choice.

Their suspicions were compounded when his four companions were called in for questioning. They all stuck to the same story that Jarret had got intoxicated that night on drugs and beer and had wandered off drunk and never returned.

But when his body was found in the

banging his head on a rock as he fell in the water. However, his friends believed he was hit on the head with a bat and once unconscious he was dumped in the lake and left to die. Jarret's phone was never found and his shoes and jacket were discovered more than a mile away from where the group had set up camp –



lake, toxicology tests showed a 0.04 level of alcohol in his blood – a minimal amount comparable to a couple of beers, which could have been caused at least in

which made it look like he had wandered off by himself.

What had also wandered off were the chances of local police opening up a thorough investigation.

They seemed quite happy to believe the death was nothing more than a tragic accident. But Eric and Tammy were made of stronger stuff and were determined not to let Jarret's death remain unsolved.

They repeatedly went on local TV, gave interviews to the local papers, handed out car stickers that read "Justice For Jarret," and put up flyers around the town asking the residents not to forget him and to help them solve what really



From left, Eric Slater, Tammy Slater, Wagoner County District Attorney Brian Kuester and County Sheriff Bob Colbert announce the arrest of Courtney Manzer

part by microbes in the lake after death. There were no drugs in his system.

As far as Jarret's family were concerned that was proof enough that the others were lying about what had happened that night and had concocted a story which they all stuck to.

Jarret's friends believed it was Courtney who had come on to Jarret, not the other way round, and had invited him into her tent while Hargrove and Wallen were smoking weed on the shore.

When Jarret was found, his body had a large lump on his head and several contusions to the back of the head. The medical examiner said it could have been caused in the act of drowning or Jarret

happened in the last few hours of his life. A website was also set up.

In March, 2008, Tammy received a letter from Courtney's cousin, Jill Brown, who told her that her mother, Courtney's grandmother, had told her where Jarret was dumped when he went missing but was too scared to call the police or implicate her granddaughter. Jill Brown called Wagoner County Police saying that the kids had put Jarret's clothes and shoes in a different area to where his body was found. She said Jarret's body was in the lake but police didn't respond to her story and told her a detective would call her back, which he never did.

Jill Brown eventually managed to talk to Courtney who had refused to talk to anyone, and she admitted she had a big crush on Jarret and, while the others were getting high, the pair talked about how they liked each other although nothing sexual happened.

She said that when Hargrove came

2007, and convicted a year later of second-degree burglary, possession of drugs, and malicious injury.

Before going to prison to serve his five-year sentence, Hargrove was killed in a car crash on July 18th, 2008, along with two friends, after the car he was driving veered off a curve at a high speed and landed upside down in a creek.

Finally, Wagoner Police arrested the other three and put the case they had assembled in front of a grand jury.

Many witnesses failed to appear and, because the case consisted entirely of circumstantial evidence, not one but two separate grand juries failed to return any criminal indictments. Tammy recalled: "That was the time I really thought that was it. The end of the line."

But she and Eric gathered more strength from somewhere and made it clear they were still unhappy at the tardiness and lack of interest the Wagoner Police had shown over the years.

Ultimately it was their determination and spirit which got the Oklahoma Bureau of Investigation (OBI) on the case.

Wagoner Police told the OBI they believed that finding Jarret's clothes 300 yards away from his body showed that Jarret was drunk, stumbled off and fell into the lake.

However, the Slaters felt the lack of interest by local police in Jarret's case was connected to Jim Hargrove, the Wagoner

The so-called friends, from left: Courtney Manzer, Brandon Hargrove, Tony Scott Wallen and Dayna Hargrove Miller



back and found them in the tent, he went crazy. Hargrove and Wallen jumped on Jarret and they started fighting.

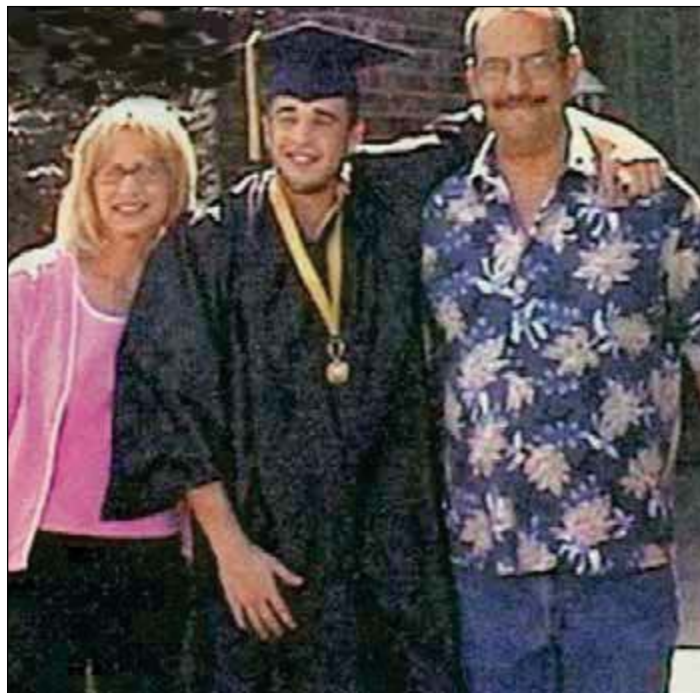
The two boys then dragged Jarret to the water and left him face down in the lake. She admitted she saw the boys do this.

Jill told Tammy in an email: "The reason all this came out was because Courtney came back to my mom's house, dirty, distraught and dishevelled and very upset. She said Jarret had died by accident, but they had talked about what story they would stick to, dismantled the camp quickly, and came home. Hargrove told her: 'As long as they don't find the body, we'll be OK.'"

"This has haunted me for two years now. As a mother myself, I can't imagine the loss you must feel every day. My mother is an alcoholic so she can't remember exactly what Courtney told her that night, but I know she was lying and did something wrong."

"I have moved away from the area but I still see Courtney from time to time. She doesn't say a word these days when I ask. I told her she had acted very selfishly. Once again, I am sorry to be writing you this email and I wish I could ease your pain."

By the time the email was sent, Hargrove had been arrested in June,



Jarret Clark celebrates his graduation with his mother Tammy (left) and stepfather Eric (right)

County Commissioner and a relative of Hargrove and Dayna.

In 2012, four years after the second Grand Jury was convened, a new sheriff was appointed in the county, Bob Colbert, who vowed to look at the case again with a fresh pair of eyes. The case had never been closed, but had become as cold as the waters of Fort Gibson Lake. He began work on the case barely two hours after starting the job.

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After reviewing all the evidence, Colbert used an anonymous tip line and social media to generate new leads that steered them back to Wallen, Courtney Manzer and Dayna Hargrove Miller.

One anonymous witness contacted the sheriff's office and told them she had been at the lake that evening and had seen Hargrove's truck backing down to the water's edge where two men opened the back of the van before packing up their camp and quickly driving off. She said she had known Hargrove and was scared of him. But now that he was dead she felt it was safe to come forward.

Nearly eight years after Jarret died, Courtney Manzer was arrested and charged with first-degree murder. Three months later, Wallen was also arrested

and charged and shortly afterwards so was Dayna Hargrove Miller.

"Four people were present when Jarret Clark died," said Wagoner County District Attorney Jack Thorp. "Unfortunately, one is not alive now to face justice. The length of time it has taken to charge the other three may be seen as a criticism of the authorities, but it is also to the credit of the unwavering determination of Eric and Tammy Slater, who never gave up, and never let this case go away.

"It was they who got Sheriff Colbert to look at the case all over again." He said it was "just good investigating."

Wallen was due to go on trial first, in March 2015, but the day before the hearing he changed his plea to no contest to the charge of second-degree murder

and was sentenced to 20 years, of which he would serve eight. He had told police he had punched and kicked the teenager: "I hit him too hard. I killed him."

Courtney, now a mother herself, was 16 at the time Jarret died, but the district attorney announced she would be tried as an adult. Jack Thorp said: "Courtney Manzer may not have struck the fatal blows, but we believe she certainly helped to stage evidence to throw off investigators by dumping Jarret's clothes and then his shoes in different places in a bid to conceal the crime. And I believe she saw the two boys throw Jarret into the lake and then lied for years and years as to her involvement and what really happened."

With the agreement of Jarret's parents, the state accepted a plea-deal from Courtney in October 2016. She pleaded guilty to accessory after the fact and was sentenced to two years in prison plus a further five years on parole. The final defendant, Dayna Hargrove Miller, had agreed to testify against Courtney and Wallen at their trial and was also offered a plea-deal the same as that offered to Courtney.

At long last, those responsible for Jarret Clark's death have been served justice, although to many observers it was too little too late. The local police's handling raised more questions than answers and there has been a radical overhaul of personnel and procedures.

As for Tammy and Eric Slater, they will serve their own life sentence. "Every parent who loses a child to murder deserves justice. And that child – their son, their daughter – deserves justice," she said.

"It's been a long journey. Every day has been pretty awful. Why did they have to do this to my son? Every day I ask – why?"

It had taken more than 10 years for Tammy and Eric to get justice for their son, a young man who'd had a promising life ahead of him. Their friends are today full of admiration for the long and determined fight they put up in the face of what must have seemed insurmountable odds. They now pray that the couple, at last, have some closure.



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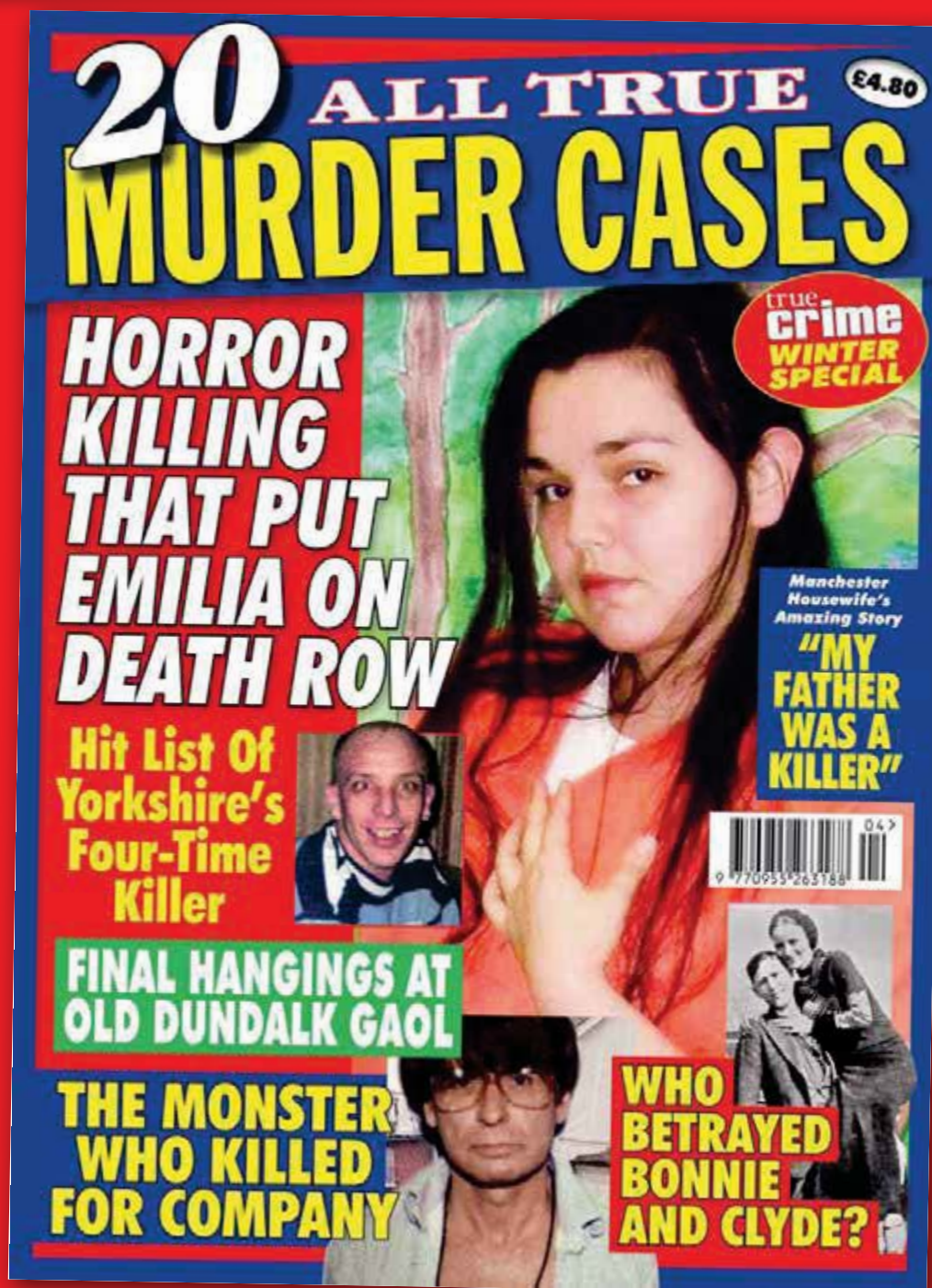
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